

1935

October

AMERICA IS CONSERVATIVE

by FRANK R. KENT

The American Mercury

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by HASSOLDT DAVIS

UNCLE WILLY. *A STORY*

CLOSE HARMONY

THE LEAF-TREADER. *VERSE*

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PORTRAIT OF A YEAR: 1929

THE HIGH COST OF CULTURE

WIFE OF THE HERO. *A STORY*

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THE ASCENDANCY OF THE PEASANT

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William Faulkner

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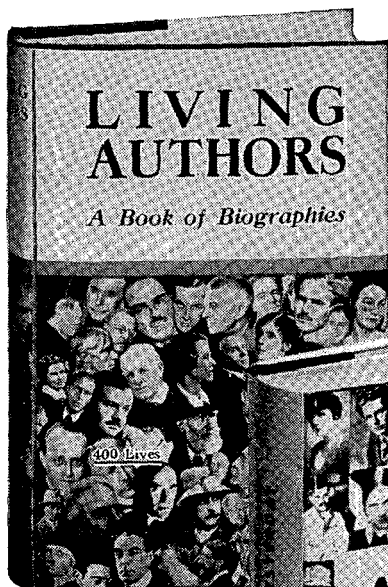
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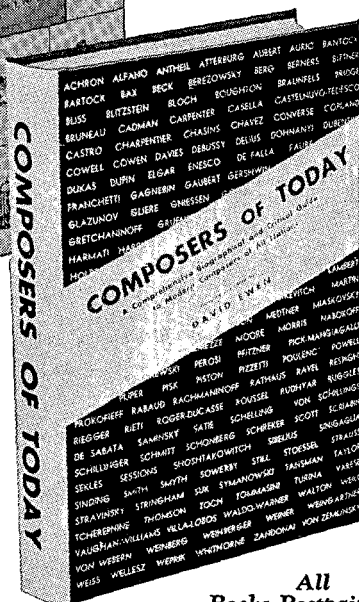
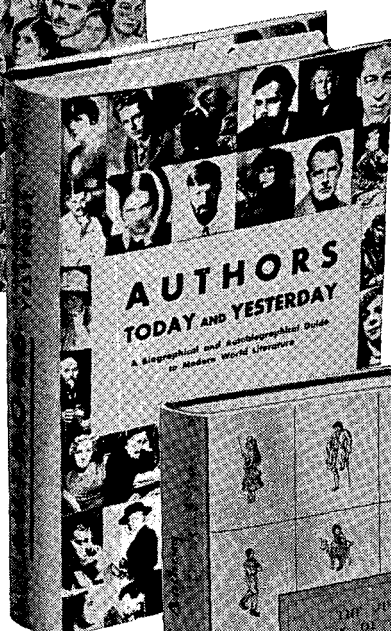
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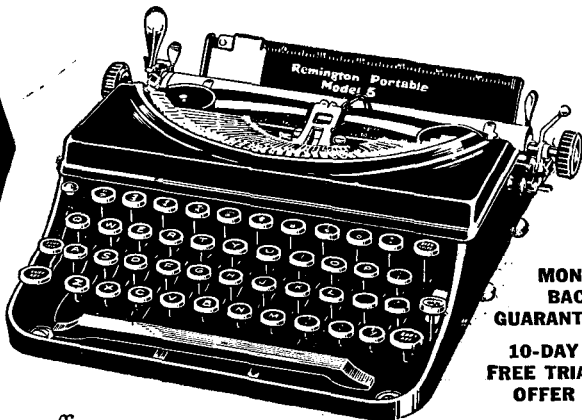
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TRAVEL

NORTH TO THE ORIENT.

By *Anne Morrow Lindbergh.* *Harcourt, Brace*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 255 pp. *New York*

Here is a genuinely good travel-book by a woman whose literary talent has apparently been completely overshadowed in the past by the aeronautical achievements of her famous husband. Mrs. Lindbergh, in describing the flight to the Orient in the summer of 1931, writes in a style that is at once individual, colorful, and deftly restrained — rich in humor and unflinching in its vivid realism. The book is mostly a record of personal impressions, intended to convey to the average groundling the magic of life in the air. Her account of the life at Baker Lake, of the Thanksgiving dinner at Point Barrow, of the forced landing on an Alaskan lake at night, of the Chinese floods — any one of these scenes alone would make the book worth the reading. But then there are so many more that could be mentioned: the description of her first experiences at the radio receiving set; the depressing picture she paints of Nome, with its decaying remnants of better days; the account of the accident on the Yangtze River; or — to go back to the beginning — the amusing description of their preparation for the flight. *North to the Orient* is as refreshing and as different a travel-book as has appeared in a good many months.

THE SAN LUCA.

By *Cilette Ofaire.* *Simon and Schuster*
\$2.50 5¼ x 8¼; 307 pp. *New York*

This is a quiet narrative of considerable charm and genuine literary quality. It relates the unusual experiences of two artists, man and wife, who since 1923 have been traveling up and down the waterways of Europe in an old boat which they found abandoned in a canal, and which they rehabilitated for their own use. Most of the important nations of Europe are visited in the course of the book, and although the life, as

described, has not always been easy, one doubts if it has ever been dull. Mme. Ofaire writes with a sincerity which is singularly impressive, and her simple descriptions of canals and harbors and picturesque river-folk are certain to please the discriminating reader.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SNAKES.

By *F. G. Carnochan and H. C. Adamson.* *Stokes*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 290 pp. *New York*

Mr. Carnochan was sent to Africa by the Smithsonian-Chrysler Expedition for the purpose of obtaining specimens of fauna for the National Zoological Park in Washington. After exploring northwestern Tanganyika for several weeks he came by chance upon the secret Empire of the Snakes where he was kindly received by the Emperor himself and straightway enrolled as an honorary member of the strange colony. The Snake Men, as he was soon to learn, had acquired a monopoly on the catching and killing of serpents, and had furthermore developed an immunity to the deadliest venom. Cobras and mambas they picked up with their bare hands and snapped against the ground like whips. Indeed, as Mr. Carnochan does not hesitate to admit, these people had perfected a chemical means of counteracting neuro-toxins which would put many of our American and European scientists to shame. Mr. Adamson, the collaborator, is Assistant to the President of the American Museum of Natural History.

SCIENCE

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By *J. W. N. Sullivan.* *Thomas Nelson*
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(Continued on page vii)

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(Continued from p. iv)

discussion of the earth, and passes on to a consideration of gravitation, matter, radiation and evolution. The structure of the atom, the quantum theory, and Einstein's relativity are explained in a manner which should render them intelligible to the most unscientific mind. And in a chapter entitled "The New Outlook", Mr. Sullivan reveals the apparent stalemate to which the wave theory of matter has brought the modern scientist. Light, we learn, is now not only a wave but a sort of particle; while matter, too, is wave and particle. It is all very puzzling, as Mr. Sullivan admits. But such a comprehensive outline as this does much to explain the metaphysical antics of certain contemporary writers, including Eddington and Jeans, who find in the mysterious Wave Theory of Matter the invisible fingerprints of the Holy Spirit. The book is illustrated.



ANECDOTAL HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF SOUND.

By Dayton Clarence Miller. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 6 x 8 3/4; 114 pp. New York

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By Lucien Levy-Bruhl. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$5 6 x 8 3/4; 405 pp. New York

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AMERICA IS CONSERVATIVE

BY FRANK R. KENT

SOME years ago a vivid and unforgettable comment upon the general electorate was made by William Allen White, that wise old political philosopher of Kansas. Speaking of the voters who so nearly elected the absurd goat gland specialist, Dr. Brinkley, governor of that state, Mr. White wrote: "In every civilization there is a moronic underworld which cannot be civilized. It can be taught to read and write but not to think, and it lives upon the level of its prejudices and emotions." Every competent politician and experienced observer knows well enough that this accurately describes the great bulk of the population, and that the sonorous American statesmen who so eloquently proclaim their "abiding faith in the intelligence of the American people" either do not mean what they say or do not know what they are talking about. Again and again experience has proved the futility of treating the voters generally as capable of clear-headed thought concerning public questions. Certainly not more than ten per cent of them — and I want to be generous — have the power to analyze the simplest issue or comprehend a political principle. It

is sheer bunk to pretend they can. In the face of this incontestable fact the folly of trying to formulate a concrete definition of the conservative belief of the masses is apparent. With the great majority it is not a question of belief at all — it is a question of instinct and self-protection.

But, the purpose of this article being to discuss conservative political thought in the United States from the practical point of view, it will not be necessary, either, to deal with the intellectual or political leaders, who are sometimes high-minded, able, sincere, and full of public spirit, or sometimes silly, sordid, selfish, and as false as a china egg. Rather, the subject must be approached from the angle of the average American conservative whose name is legion, who does not know why he is a conservative or — largely — even that he is one. Thus, it will be well to state the case in the simplest possible terms, laying down the two basic propositions and presenting the proof:

First, except when in a state of fright, this country is strongly conservative.

Second, a conservative is a citizen with a stake in the community, who, in the eco-

nomic sense, is a little ahead of the game. He is willing to have things improved, if the improvement can be made without changing the rules under which he is winning.

Now, the notion which both liberal and radical leaders seek to inculcate, and with which it must be conceded they have considerable success, is that under our system there are more losers than winners; that eighty per cent of the wealth of the nation is held by two per cent of the people; that the great bulk of the citizenry is down-trodden and oppressed. But not one of these things is true. On the contrary, they are all completely mendacious, and unless that fact is grasped there can be no real understanding of either the strength or the character of conservative sentiment — nor, it seems to me, of the country itself as a whole. Let us take each of them in turn.

First, the proposition that there are more losers than winners. The reverse of this seems proven by the presence in the United States of 65,000,000 individual life insurance policyholders; of 45,000,000 individual savings bank depositors; of 15,000,000 home owners. As to the second fallacy: instead of eighty per cent of the wealth being in the hands of two per cent of the people, it has been authoritatively established that approximately thirty-eight per cent of the wealth is held by approximately thirteen per cent of the people, which is a ratio so completely devastating to the theory of overwhelming poverty and unfair distribution that the soap box senators most addicted to mouthing the 80-2 per cent statement, simply ignore the figures and repeat the fallacy. It seems altogether too succulent and savory a morsel to drop. And as to the contention that the bulk of the people are in a distressed condition, just a jump ahead of starvation, it appears to be

adequately disproved by the federal relief figures themselves. At the depth of the depression there were slightly more than five million cases on relief, which means twenty million people. This, of course, is an enormous number, but it is less than one sixth of the total population. Despite the fact that it was for a long time the policy of the federal authorities to see how many could be put on the relief rolls; that it was made easy for the lazy and worthless to get on; that many of the needy preferred to accept relief rather than work; and that the heavy padding of the lists was conceded: despite all such premiums placed upon idleness by the Administration, five-sixths of the American people were self-sustaining and independent during the worst days of the depression. It suits the "share-the-wealth" and "soak-the-rich" demagogues to assume the opposite, but the evidence is clear and overwhelming.

The truth, of course, is that the discontented element which wants to throw its weight around, kick the bucket over, and rush in new directions is noisy but not numerous. It has a great nuisance value and an immense news value, but it is so far from constituting a majority as to be ridiculous. The most convincing demonstration of this was in the 1924 campaign when John W. Davis was the Democratic and Calvin Coolidge the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Agriculture, as always, was in distress, and denunciations of "Money Power," "Wall Street," and "Entrenched Wealth" rang through the land. The elder LaFollette, a flaming and magnetic figure, ran on a Third Party ticket, standing upon a platform cleverly designed to appeal to every grade and type of liberal, progressive, and radical. He was endorsed by the Socialist Party, which made no nomination of its own, and was

supported by the American Federation of Labor. He was fairly well financed, had magnificent publicity, and his name was on the ballot in every state. Yet, the LaFollette ticket polled, all told, four million votes—less than one sixth of the total—and carried exactly one state—Senator LaFollette's own Wisconsin. It has always seemed to me that the LaFollette candidacy, which was conducted under ideal conditions for the development of the full strength of such a movement, offers about as strong proof of the essential conservatism of this country as can be had.

It may be argued that there was no depression in that year, and that in hard times with widespread unemployment the radical strength would be much greater. I agree to this extent—under such conditions the popular disposition to resent the party in power is much stronger, and the susceptibility to the lure of new leaders and legislative experiments is greater. However, this does not alter the basic fact that it is an abnormal condition and that as soon as the crisis passes and things become normal, the reaction is inevitable and irresistible. Could a better illustration possibly be afforded than the experience of Mr. Roosevelt since March, 1933? When he entered the White House he became the President of a thoroughly frightened nation. There is no doubt of that. People generally lacked the sense to know what is now generally conceded, that the bottom of the depression had been reached in June, 1932, and the upswing had begun. They regarded the banking collapse as the final calamity, rather than as the easily avoidable incident it really was. They were, in fact, in such a jittery state of mind that Mr. Roosevelt, a professed Progressive and self-styled "forward-looking man," seemed an heroic figure in whom rested all our hopes.

Swept off their feet by the Presidential charm and drama, impressed by the glamor and glitter of the New Deal, most of the people accepted with alacrity and enthusiasm experiments which, in a calmer day, they would have viewed with a cold and fishy eye. Clear through the congressional elections of 1934 they stayed with him, convinced that the emergency justified the strange schemes, and that at heart Mr. Roosevelt was a conservative. Under this illusion they supported the President with such ardor and to such an extent that as late as January of this year it was not easy to find anyone who was not ready to agree that he was unbeatable, and that his re-election came under the head of "finished business."

But all that is now a thing of the past. There has been a marked change, such as few contemplated six months ago. As conditions got better in a business way, both the glamor and the fright wore off. The conservatives of the country—and I do not mean the so-called Business Interests, but rather the little insurance-policy-holding and savings-bank-depositing conservatives—began to see things as they really were. For example, they saw the complete disintegration of the terrifically ballyhooed NRA—even before the Supreme Court decision which killed it—and they grasped the trenchant fact that despite the tremendous outpouring of federal funds and the undoubted improvement in business, the number of people on the relief rolls increased rather than diminished. Sensing the size of the mountainous debt and the danger of the deepening deficit, the idea began to seep into their so-called minds that ultimately they would have to pay the bill, which would be very steep indeed. That thought chilled them to the bone, and when the Supreme Court spoke in May with three unanimous decisions,

practically knocking the props from under the whole New Deal philosophy, the people started to backtrack on their hero. In brief, they reverted to type. Extremely sick of adventure they became extremely anxious for safety again. The net result is that now, instead of a general acceptance of the Roosevelt re-election as assured, there is a great doubt about it in the country as a whole, and some within the Administration itself. Instead of an overwhelming confidence, Administration politicians are distinctly concerned, and admit the President has lost ground.

On the other hand, the Republicans, who had been practically without hope and in a deeply depressed state of mind, are now full of fight and optimism about 1936. It seems beyond dispute that the change is due to the fact that the small conservative citizen, no longer scared stiff, has recovered his customary viewpoint and is reacting the way he always reacts when conditions become normal. It may be that the political assets of the Administration, such as the four-billion dollar relief fund and the enlarged federal payroll, will be sufficiently potent to check the ebbing tide short of defeat next year. No one can tell at this time; but that it has begun to ebb hardly any one, I think, will dispute.

The fact is that today the little conservative is beginning to be almost as much afraid that Mr. Roosevelt may sink the ship as he was afraid a year ago that he would not save it from sinking. Scared now about the cost and the futility of the New Deal, the tendency is toward such fundamentals as the balanced budget and an end to spending and experiments. If the people keep going back, and Mr. Roosevelt keeps to the Left, if there is no fresh crisis and a conservative alternative is presented in the election, then the Roosevelt triumph which seemed so certain six months ago

is very doubtful indeed. Neither the four-billion-dollar relief fund, the "gentle rain of checks" with which soothing phrase Professor Moley so sweetly describes the bonuses to the farmers, nor the enhanced size of the federal machine will be enough to save Roosevelt if the cleavage is clean cut between conservatives and radicals.

II

The point I am trying to establish is the one I made in the beginning — to wit, that at heart this country is normally and heavily conservative except when scared, and that as soon as the fright abates, it looks coldly upon experiments and experimenters. On the subject of beliefs I want to emphasize again that I am not dealing with the "leaders" but with the "little fellow," whose ideas are often cloudy and confused but who nevertheless is vastly more important than the flag-wavers and standard bearers. He believes of course in the capitalistic system and the Constitution. He reveres the Supreme Court, and is strong for the budget, the Bible, and the flag. As a matter of fact, he does not know a great deal about any of these things, but they mean a lot in his life nonetheless, and his conviction about them is deep, ingrained, and unshakable. He is all for the "Founding Fathers," the "fundamentals," and "basic doctrines," although he would be very hard put to define or describe exactly the significance of these mouth-filling phrases. As an interpreter of his beliefs the conservative is far less facile than the radical or liberal, though it is my belief that the conservative's roots are much deeper. The radical and the liberal are far more articulate, which is explained as well as in any other way by the well-known political axiom laid down by that charming old Republican reactionary, for-

mer Senator James E. Watson of Indiana, who said: "It is easier to indict than to alibi, harder to defend than attack." The little conservative is for "safety, sanity, and soundness," is averse to Socialism, inflation, legislative panaceas, political messiahs, and breast-beaters — but it is a matter of feeling with him rather than thought. And he would be rather choked and incoherent in an effort to explain his feelings, for he is largely unimaginative.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that very often the smaller the amount of property the voter owns the more intense is his conservatism. The man with \$100 in the bank or a \$1000 life insurance policy in his safe is frequently more strongly opposed to new governmental ideas and what he covers with the all-embracing word "Socialism," than the man with a million dollars. Perhaps the common characteristic of all conservatives is that they *have* something — at least a little money or property, acquired through inheritance, or thrift, or plain hard work.

It is perfectly true that if the conservatives had complete control of the government, and unchecked power, there would be virtually no progress at all in the country. We would stand still and stagnate. Or rather we would slip back, because nations, like individuals, do not stand still; they either go forward or backward. The existence of a strong, virile, militant, liberal element seems to me absolutely indispensable for the welfare of the nation. Without it we would be in an extremely sad state. Without it — whether you use the terms liberal, or radical, or progressive — without such an element to prod and probe, criticize, disturb, assail, and agitate, the conservatives in control would become insufferably smug, corrupt, arrogant, inefficient, and ineffectual. About once every generation it is absolutely neces-

sary that they be driven from power and the liberal element take over. But it is just as essential that they should speedily return. Otherwise the country would be wrecked. The radicals or liberals or progressives should stay in office just long enough to initiate their reforms, to put their proposals — or some of them anyhow — upon the statute books, but not long enough to try them out. They are congenitally unfit for executive duties and administrative responsibilities. It is just as essential that a liberal or radical administration be promptly succeeded by a conservative one, as it is that every sixteen years or so the conservatives should be beaten. Otherwise, two things, I think, are fairly sure to happen. The first is that the reforms written into law by the liberals would not be properly consolidated and given practical effect. Partly this would be due to the lack of practical administrative ability and partly to the absence of a sufficiently strong public sentiment behind the liberal administrators who are advocates, not executives. Second, faced with the burden of translating their reforms into concrete action, the tendency of the liberals is always to go too far, to discredit their own experiments by rushing to extremes, the result being that the inevitable reaction comes too quickly and the whole advance is lost.

In brief, the liberals are long on ideas and short on execution. They have lots of vision but lack balance. They are absolutely indispensable in a free country, but they should never be entrusted with power for a long period. Just as I should hate to live in a country where the conservatives were not forced against their feelings to take steps in the direction of the liberals, so should I hate to live in one where the liberals held power over the government more than, say, one fourth of

the time. They would, I am convinced, smash it up. The real progress of the nation, it appears, hinges upon preserving that ratio of four to one in the matter of administrative control. The real national risks occur when a country loses its sense of proportion and, through either inertia or ignorance or for some other reason, keeps one or the other element in the saddle longer than is demonstrably good for the national health.

There are two basic troubles with the average conservative citizen. One is his smug feeling of superiority, not in the least justified by his intellectual equipment, which blinds him to the presence of the really dangerous national problems and tends to strengthen his natural belief in the adequacy of the doctrine of *laissez faire*. The other is his disposition to look upon all radicals and liberals as half-baked lunatics whose ideas always have three thumbs and twenty-eight toes. The best way for the conservative to serve his country is to shed his conviction that new ideas in politics and government must necessarily be unsound, and with an open mind examine the proposals of the other side to see which are susceptible for practical adaptation for the benefit of the whole.

There are two reasons why conservatives should do this. One is because it is the patriotic and right thing to do; the other is because it is the smart thing to do, in that it would block the radical game, lengthen the period of power of the conservatives, and avoid the pain of being forced to swallow the dose. It would, in fact, produce pretty nearly the ideal con-

dition, but it probably will never come to pass.

However, it does seem clear that our progress toward real national intelligence is exactly equal to the progress toward that state of mind in the conservatives. Tolerance is one of the rarest of human qualities. One does not expect it in the liberals and radicals. If they were tolerant they would not belong to those groups. They are essentially intolerant, impatient, resentful, and revolutionary. But tolerance ought to be part of the equipment of every intelligent conservative. Tolerance is the trait above all others he should cultivate — and for two excellent reasons. First, because he is the majority, and the best way to stay the majority is to be tolerant; intolerance is the surest method of transforming a majority into a minority; arrogance, smugness, and intolerance inevitably will bring about this result. The second reason is because the acceptance of the practical and popular part of the liberal program and policies, without waiting to be forced to yield, weakens the opposition, prevents the accumulation of public sentiment behind the proposals, and makes it possible to adopt them in sounder, more moderate, and less offensive form. In other words, it makes it possible to approach the goal step by step, in the way it should be done, instead of taking a headlong leap in the dark, likely as not to an unhappy landing.

I submit that this sort of tolerance, for the conservatives, is merely enlightened selfishness. It is simply sense. Undoubtedly it would be good for the conservative cause. But even more important, it would be good for the country.

CLOSE HARMONY

BY JAMES M. CAIN

Y ou are familiar, no doubt, with the lament that people don't make music any more; that what they do is sit around and listen to it, on the radio, the phonograph, or some other device that gives it to them canned, without effort to themselves. Indeed, if you believe the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, this state of affairs has become a national calamity, with sales of sheet music reduced to pitiful figures, and that sturdy home group, consisting of Brother, with his violin, Father, with his cornet, and Sister, at the piano, vanished from the scene, never to return. Well, I used to discuss this with a friend, Henry Myers, the playwright, and he felt, as I did, that it was deplorable. And then one night we did an about-face, and decided it was all nonsense. The human race can't have changed overnight, we said. Nowadays, people have no way to make music, yet given the chance, they would betray their natural exhibitionism now as of yore and for aye. So we decided to try an experiment. We would actually try to make some music, and see what happened.

So we started out. We got some music and rounded up some singers. We set Friday night of each week for the outcry, and warned neighbors to chain up dogs. We spit on our hands and promised to mean it. I give you one guess how it turned out. We made so much music that it snowed us under; we got so tied up with duets, trios, and solos with chorus

that we couldn't work, and it got so bad after a while that in self-defense we had to ring down the curtain, so we could make our livings. We proved our theory all right, with plenty to spare. But that wasn't all we did. We found out a few things about music, and some of them may interest you.

How, for example, does music stand up when homemade in this way? We may grant at once that the ultimate test of it is the test of the jungle: what it sounds like when played by professionals, how it weathers time, how it wins a place in repertoire, how it holds that place. But this other test, the one you make in your own home, has a certain validity too. It is rather hard, perhaps, if you have never taken part in such a rite, to understand the excitement that takes hold of you when you do good music, the sense of accomplishment that you get when you have mastered it, the feeling that comes to you after a whole evening of it, of having stood in the shadows of great edifices, of having identified yourself with something that was pointed at the stars. There is no particular awe mixed up with it; it is not like being in church, and you don't see any particular eye-rolling on the part of the performers, or rhapsodical outbursts of any kind. It is comparable, I should say, with eating a good dinner, and drinking with it a great wine, as distinguished from merely a good wine; there is a sense of becoming a part of positive beauty, some-

thing beyond words, something that can be felt alongside the most commonplace cerebration, and the most casual talk.

It eliminates certain factors, too, which greatly corrupt your judgment of music when you merely listen to it, as for example the entertainment coefficient. Music is subject to this, as drama is, and literature, and everything else. You sit in a theater, and you hear John Charles Thomas sing the *Pagliacci* Prologue, and you clap wildly, probably under the impression that you are applauding music. But what you are really applauding is lights, costumes, orchestra, smart rendition, and Thomas's *A flat*. When you try *Pagliacci* in your home, and regard it from the inside-looking-out instead of from the outside-looking-in, you discover in short order what a piece of claptrap it really is, for it gives you none of that feeling I was just talking about. It is valid theatrically, that is as entertainment, but it is almost worthless musically. In your home, you see, entertainment doesn't entertain. Nobody comes there to clown, to put on an act, to bring down applause. What they come for is just what I spoke of: that sense of accomplishment, that excitement in the presence of greatness, that feeling that what was done was worth doing—and that is all they come for. There is no audience, except a few kibitzers sitting around. There is no show going on next week. There is nothing that makes entertainment, as such, an object. Music, in your home, must win as music, and as nothing else.

And it brings into the open certain factors that you would never become aware of in a million years of just listening to music. Singers are a peculiar breed. They will take all sorts of care, submit to the most gruelling punishment, simply to get something right, provided they feel it is worth it. If they don't feel it is worth

it, they won't take any care at all, and you had just as well quit trying to make them take care. They would take care, of course, if you were paying them; but if you are not, and the only reward in store for them is the music itself, then the music had better be good if you want to get any work out of them. It is the chance to observe this factor at work, I think, that is one of the main values of home music, and that eventually will cause you to revise many of your previous estimates of music, regardless of how dearly those previous estimates were cherished.

The biggest surprise we got was the indifferent quality of the music of Arthur Sullivan. Like everybody else, we were going to do Gilbert and Sullivan, and like everybody else, once we got started with it we were grievously disappointed. The main thing to remember here is that Sullivan, regardless of how simple he sounds in the theater, is very difficult to execute. He is not difficult vocally, for while the range of his arias is tolerably wide, the *tessitura* is comfortable, and he had an instinct for melodies that are singable. He is difficult musically. He disliked the obvious, and he had the technical equipment to avoid the obvious; this led him into musical syntax that was intricate, to say the least. Literally, there is hardly a number in all these operas that does not involve some tricky piano cue, some left-handed bit of harmony, some improbable rhythm, that makes rendition hard. Such roles, for example, as Ko-Ko, Deadeye, and the Lord Chancellor, that sound so simple, and that you probably associate with clowns rather than singers, are in reality not simple at all. The Lord Chancellor, even in the jigging number he sings on his entrance, has an accompaniment that will throw him out of step unless he glues his eyes on the conductor; in the finale of

Act I he has intervals so arbitrary that I have yet to hear him sing completely in key; in the trio in Act II he has a couple of measures of deceptive tonality; as for the Nightmare Song, it is truly a nightmare, and I wonder he ever gets through it at all.

To sing Sullivan requires hard work, and plenty of it, and after you put that much work on it you are pretty clearly aware of what you've got. Well, what have you got? So far as we were concerned, we had a most pretentiously designed cream-puff. It seemed almost impossible for us really to get our minds on this stuff and lick it; we just couldn't make ourselves take pains with it. We took pains with other things, but not with this. And even when we occasionally did take pains with it, we didn't feel it was worth it. Sullivan, I am afraid, is an over-rated man, at least by those who assume he has a musical validity in addition to his theatrical effectiveness. He simply doesn't stick to your ribs. I suspect that really he was a function of Gilbert, and that secretly he knew it, as some of his correspondence indicates. When Gilbert was good, Sullivan was good; when Gilbert was bad, he was bad; when Gilbert wasn't there at all, Sullivan didn't exist, as his symphonies, and such things as *Ivanhoe*, readily attest.

If Sullivan turned out to be a turkey, it would be most unkind to say what his colleagues of the same faculty turned out to be. For many years, I had been one of the light opera boys; I was most impatient with those who sniffed at music merely because it was light; indeed, I seem to remember myself saying, "There's more music in *The Merry Widow* than there is in most grand opera,"—and I really believed this. Unfortunately, it isn't true. There just ain't no music in *The Merry*

Widow at all. It sounds swell when you are half full of beer, and Lüchow's orchestra plays it; but when you get in there with it, it merely sounds sick. I got it, and *Robin Hood*, and *The Chimes of Normandy*, and thought we would do one of them when we were a little tired of Sullivan. We tried them over, and I got cured. What is it about these things that makes them seem so charming when presented, and that crumbles and blows away when you move up close to them? I don't know. It is like those short stories that seem so sensational when they come out, illustrated, in some magazine: reprinted, between covers, they are absurd. These things, in the various arts, are produced by men with great talent and no brains; with the gift of speech, they have nothing to say. The futility of glibness strikes home to you when you repeat after them, and say their platitudes yourself.

II

If music of this kind doesn't repay your efforts, then what music does? I am sorry to disappoint you if you have been hoping for some recondite titles that nobody has thought of before, but I am afraid I shall have to. The music that stands up, when you are spending your own sweat on it, is that same music you have heard about all your life, and somehow forgotten. You can trot out your old English folk songs, your German *lieder*, your transcriptions from the Ukrainian, your four-part arrangements of the worthy Negro's efforts, and very pretty they will all sound, very worth your trouble they will be; but when it comes to something to sink your teeth into, you will sing Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Palestrina, and the Scarlattis, together with their lesser heirs and assigns,

and that is about all you will sing. They still rule the roost. There is an impression they do not, since grand opera became fashionable; this impression is wrong. If light opera, on rendition, turns out to be molasses, grand opera turns out to be molasses and sulphur, a most unpleasant dose. We tried numbers from *Traviata*, *Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Martha*, *Aida*, and no doubt others: of the result, the less said the better. The strangest flop was Puccini. He is beloved, of course, by tenors and sopranos, and our performers had to give him a whirl. Their efforts were appalling, and it wasn't entirely the way they did it. So far as I can make out, there is simply nothing in Puccini. The biggest part of him, I suspect, is his orchestra. It plays on your ears sensuously, rather than musically, lulls your critical sense, and obscures the tripey essence of the show. But this orchestra, when transcribed for piano, sounds God-awful. You may say it was not supposed to be transcribed for piano; and so saying, you will be wrong. Music, whether played by orchestra, piano, or harmonica, should have some inner core of beauty that survives any rendition. All you can say about Puccini is that he is another Sullivan, effective in the theater, and no place else: subtract the tenors, the violins, the lights, the paint, and the tears, and there is nothing left.

Our great discovery was Rossini. Friends, there's a man. We had a soprano with a superb voice; it wasn't oppressively big, but it had that curious quality called "noble" by the critics and "rich" by the teachers, that made it suitable for heroic stuff. So I got her the *Inflammatu*s from the *Stabat Mater*. When she stepped into the G that opens it, the effect on the rest was electrical. When she had ripped off the strain beginning "*Inflammatu*s et *accensus*," there was no more chance that

they would fall down on the chorus part of the number than that they would go home without their hats. And they didn't. We filed, sandpapered, and polished on that number until it became, as Henry said, our "masterpiece."

Then, having done so well on that, we decided to see what the rest of the mass looked like. It turned out to be a veritable gold mine, and we dug into it hard. You understand: Rossini is even more difficult than Sullivan. He isn't musically as difficult, for where Sullivan wrote the obvious with a hocus-pocus of originality, Rossini wrote the original with a hocus-pocus of obviousness. Having no secret shame over his material, he didn't have to trick it up to make it look good; thus his idiom is clear, natural, and simple. But he is vocally formidable. His range is even wider than Sullivan's, and his *tessitura* lies high; like all Italians, he assumed that singers can sing. The *Cujus Animam*, for example, goes to D flat in alt; that is, to D flat above high C, and presents breath problems that can hardly be worked out without the aid of logarithms. That didn't feaze our tenor. He could sing a D flat in alt: as for the breath problems, he kept at them until he solved them, one after the other. Every night he arrived with the thing in a little better shape, and after a while he had it: he did credit to us all. The choruses were difficult, because they were true *andantes*, something very difficult for amateurs, and something, by the way, that Sullivan seemed unable to write. But we licked them. We worked on them until you could feel their pulse, even during the rests, and I have yet to hear a complaint about the number of times we had to go over them.

It was our great regret that we hadn't quite mastered it all when we suspended operations. Well, this is what I am getting at: with hard work required for prac-

tically everything we attempted, what we were willing to work on was something that was musically worth while. And that, I suppose, is why *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, the *Missa Solemnis*, the Bach *B Minor*, and perhaps half a dozen other works of a similar kind, supply choruses with three-fourths of the music they sing, now as a hundred years ago. These things, when we are flipping through catalogues trying to decide on some new selections for our electric phonograph, usually strike us as worn, trite, hardly worth hearing any more. That is because most of us, as mere listeners to music, have become connoisseurs of novelties rather than appraisers of value. As a participant in music, one finds that these works, supposedly so familiar, are not familiar at all; what is familiar is their titles, and possibly a few strains out of them: the great body of their texts, and particularly their component parts, which have to be mastered before they can be given — these seem new, and they come as a revelation to you when you move in close and really get acquainted with them.

All of which makes me wonder whether modern music, like modern football, hasn't gone off on a completely wrong tack: that is, whether it hasn't let the ticket holders become so important that it has lost sight of the fundamentals of the game. Modern music is written for the audience, pure and simple. The idea that one could enjoy somebody like Richard Strauss while playing him is absurd. And yet I think it could be demonstrated that listening to music, as such, is downright impossible. Whether we realize it or not, we all participate in music, even when we think we are only listening to it, some of us so vividly that we cannot keep our feet still. And music which disregards this, and treats us as though we were all mind, all taste, all criticism, impatient of the

slightest banality, has somehow lost its roots. It is blasé, rather than original, dazzling, rather than moving. They pay off, in this art as in all others, on what reaches the emotions, and stirs them.

Music, in its golden age, seems to have been regarded by the composers as much more of a community affair than it is now. They expected it to be more or less home-made, with home soloists and home support. The traveling orchestra, with its soloists chosen because they are a draw, was unknown: hence there was a much more general participation than we are supposed to have now. Hence the music was pretty definitely utile: it served the needs of a community, spoke to emotions that the community felt. That is, it was pretty generally religious. That didn't hurt it any. The main point is that when it got down-to-earth, as the movie people say, it had vitality, and vitality is what gets into your heart and stays there.

III

Before I finish I think I had better pass out some tips about the home chorus, for you may be thinking about one yourself, and I can save you a lot of grief.

Be advised, then, that it is very easy to assemble people who like to sing. It is so easy, in fact, that in this very circumstance lurks a pitfall for the unwary. The first danger, what with this one who is crazy to come and that one who sang *Floradora* with the Triangle Club, is that the thing gets too big. Twenty people standing around, all with a vague yen to sing and no clear idea how to go about it, won't make much music, and what they do make won't be much good. Furthermore, most of the twenty, after the first time or two, are likely to develop dilatory notions of attendance; with so big a crowd, nobody

feels any particular responsibility, so that one night there will be a handful and the next night an overflow meeting, which is annoying.

The ideal number, for an ordinary living room, is eight; that is, a double quartet. They will give enough volume, and they can sing all parts of most of the numbers attempted. The eight should consist of two sopranos, a mezzo, and a contralto; two tenors, a baritone, and a bass. It is well to have a mezzo and a baritone, for they can sing the low parts in choruses, and they can also sing G's in solos, which is important. The eight should be selected with care, and not every candidate should be accepted. I warn especially against that "musical" person who has neither voice nor experience, but who likes to sing, and is sure he will get along all right if he can stand beside somebody that knows it. This amiable oaf can wreck a whole evening. For what he is going to do is yell melody from 9 o'clock until 12; if he tries a part, he must be taught it by rote, and he will slip off it the second you take your eye away from him; he will slow up the show and make it impossible for the others to work. The singers should have pretty good voices, they should read music with reasonable ease, and they should be able to stay on a part once they are assigned to it.

The simplest rule, if you spot somebody and have to make up your mind quick, is to go entirely by the voice. It might seem that this plan is likely to assemble people with much in their throats and nothing in their heads, but actually it won't. The truth is that a good voice, with no knowledge of music to back it up, hardly exists. The person with a voice has always known he had a voice, and at one time or another he has done something about it. So if somebody speaks of a friend with a swell

bass voice, it is pretty safe to call him on spec and invite him around. And if his voice is as good as reported, he is pretty sure to like good music: voices fit for grand opera aren't much intrigued by *The Isle of Capri*.

To get the eight, of the specifications desired, may take a little time; if so, time should be taken, and when they have been got, the lists should be closed. They will get better as they grow used to each other; also, they will feel it is their outfit, and not a shifting mob to which they are occasional visitors. I mean, they will acquire an identity of their own, which is vital. In addition to the eight singers, there must be an excellent accompanist, and here again care must be taken to find the right person.

A good pianist, for some reason, is usually a bad accompanist. The person who can execute a Chopin nocturne in concert style usually dislikes to play at sight; often he can't play at sight, and sometimes he has the soloist's temperament, which dislikes to submerge itself in an ensemble. Your good accompanist, as a rule, can't play a Chopin nocturne for buttons. He is a rough-and-tumble fellow who can read anything at sight, who has a good time at the piano, and pays no more attention to whether people are looking at him than a tree toad does. He is enthusiastic about his job, and is not afflicted with the caprices of boredom, japery, and fatigue that mark his more gifted brother. He has an instinct to follow performers, and can retrieve errors without letting the show crack down. He is as important as any two singers.

And there must be somebody to take charge of things and see that they get somewhere: a leader, conductor, drillmaster, or whatever you call him. But here again, care must be taken to get the right

person, and possibly various members of the outfit will have to try their hands before the ultimate choice emerges. The best musicians, for some reason, don't always make the best leaders. Indeed, the musical qualifications needed here are very slight: most of them can be met by the simple stratagem of learning the composition by heart, so that beating the time, cuing the parts, catching mistakes, and such things are almost automatic. What is needed is that curious impulse, felt by some people, to improve on what the composer wrote. Your good leader must have a passion for "effects"; without taking liberties with the music, he will so bring out its form, intent, and meaning that it will be something more than a set of notes correctly executed. This is important in singing, for the failure to breathe at the proper point, or to phrase well, can so blur a composition that it sounds like nothing at all.

All these people can be assembled with reasonable ease, and without coaxing professionals. It is surprising, indeed, how good amateur musicians really are, particularly amateur singers. Any local performance of *Robin Hood* will have fine voices; in our little outfit, we had voices better than most you hear in grand opera. Why they get that good and no better I don't know; it has something to do with the wide chasm that separates the amateur from the professional. But if they are that good they are good enough; my only point is that they should be that good instead of no good.

When they are assembled, the piano should be tuned at international pitch, not concert pitch. Concert pitch is so high that their throats will ache at the end of an hour, and there will be no more singing that night. There should be enough copies of the music to go round, so they don't

have to peep over the pianist's shoulder. Expense, by the way, is slight. Octavo music costs from 8 to 15 cents a copy; operetta scores run around \$1.50, opera scores \$2.50. After the first outlay, \$10 a month ought to cover the music, as one new number a night is about all that can be attempted. The social problem is nil. The various wives and husbands who show up manage to amuse themselves somehow; as for the heterogeneity of the singers, it isn't a factor. They can be sixteen or sixty, married or single, realtor or poetess, but on this lyric spot they will meet as equals, and, as long as the music lasts, get along with a cordiality most touching.

IV

It turns out, by the way, that the crisis over mechanical music has been somewhat exaggerated. The Preeman-Matthews Company in Los Angeles, where I buy my music, assures me that they sell a great deal more choral music now than they ever did before; that the growth of amateur organizations is the main development, musically, of the past decade. The reason, it seems, is the decision of the public school systems to go in for music in a big way. Practically every high school now has its orchestra and chorus; the talent so trained wants to continue its efforts after it gets out of school, and so there have come into being many more organizations than we used to have. These range from the fifty-voice choruses of the fraternal societies, many of them doing good music, to the big 500-voice affairs that every city has nowadays. Then there are the various women's organizations, maintained in connection with clubs of various kinds, and the Parent-Teacher Associations. These last, it appears, fre-

quently starting out to give comical programs at the meetings, often get switched over to something better; so that many a lady who thought Carrie Jacobs Bond was farthest north in classicism begins to sing Brahms, Schubert, and Sibelius. When this happens, I am assured, the lady is never the same afterwards, for a big event has taken place in her life, and she takes care that the whole world knows it.

Of course this isn't exactly home music, but it is music that occupies thousands of persons who don't get a cent for it, so things can't be hopeless. What the bottom has dropped out of is not good music, but bad music; that is, popular music, which is what the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers chiefly

represents. (They rapped me for \$150 once, for printing eight lines of a forgotten song in a book I wrote, so this is where I get back at them.)

As for what happens to popular music, I don't care. I don't think it is the foundation course on which good music will be laid; I don't think it is anything but a bore. If the radio has killed it, robbed its confectors of the incentive to work, then all I have to say is: more power to the radio.

Well, I have achieved the feat of writing a piece which says exactly what any musician could have told me, and in point of fact, exactly what every musician *has* told me. But this much you have to admit: I tell it a lot better than they do.



A LEAF-TREADER

BY ROBERT FROST

I HAVE been treading on leaves all day until I am autumn-tired.
 God knows all the color and form of leaves I have trodden on and mired.
 Perhaps I have put forth too much strength and been too fierce from fear.
 I have safely trodden under foot the leaves of another year.

All summer long they were overhead more lifted up than I;
 To come to their final place in earth they had to pass me by.
 All summer long I thought I heard them threatening under their breath;
 And when they came it seemed with a will to carry me with them to death.

They spoke to the fugitive in my heart as if it were leaves to leaf.
 They tapped at my eyelids and touched my lips with an invitation to grief.
 But it was no reason I had to go because they had to go.
 Now up, my knee, to keep on top of another year of snow.

PORTRAIT OF A YEAR: 1929

BY RANDOLPH BARTLETT

SIX years ago this month, one of the most dramatic periods in the history of the Republic reached its turning point. The economic crisis of October, 1929, was looked upon at the time as an isolated and highly technical phenomenon; but today it is seen in true perspective as a logical outcome of the conditions and the events of an amazing year, a surface manifestation of deeper currents which gripped the country. It is now apparent that 1929 will be known to future historians as one of America's crucial periods: they will label 1776 the year of creation, and 1860 the year of crystallization; but what relative evaluation will be awarded to 1929 it is impossible to predict. Only this much is clear, that 1929, with all its complex ramifications, was no less significant than those other two years, and from the critical viewpoint of its effect upon the future, is even more worthy of analysis. Its twelve extraordinary months lend themselves perfectly to portraiture, by reason of the fact that, with all their sharp contrasts and contradictions, they form a complete and unified pattern.

A portrait is not a biography; it is an attempt to suggest, in small space, the character, the color, the charm, the humor of the subject. Here, then, is a portrait of 1929, an effort to make it live again for those who knew it well, no less than for those who, in their too great intimacy, were blind to its deadly virtues and its delightful sins.

JANUARY

The Smiling Babe

Strong, silent Calvin Coolidge was President, and United States Steel was selling at 167 $\frac{3}{8}$, as 1929 was born with a golden spoon in its mouth. Everyone had money, and was spending it freely. The New York Automobile Show opened with three hundred new models of forty-six cars. An arbiter of fashion laid down the dictum that the well-dressed man must have two watches, one for the wrist in the daytime and a very thin one for the pocket at night. The two-car garage represented the standard of living in the average American family.

"Some influences that will shape this year's financial history," said the *New York Times*, "are extremely favorable; among them, the country's great wealth, its sound banking system, its expanding production and consumption, the conservative methods of trade, labor's high wages and contentment, and the increasing exports."

Jerome Kern sold his collection of rare books and manuscripts at auction for \$1,729,462 of which \$34,000 was for the manuscript of one of Thomas Hardy's minor performances, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, and \$48,000 for a manuscript of Charles Lamb's; while *Strange Interlude*, Eugene Gladstone O'Neill's device for compelling people to pay twice to see one show, was just entering its second year. The police, raiding speakeasies in the principal cities

on New Year's Eve, reported them well patronized, and at Nice, France, Frank Jay Gould opened his \$5,000,000 *Palais de la Méditerranée*, to accommodate Americans who wanted even more expensive entertainment.

Unemployment in America was an isolated phenomenon. The first Sunday in January the New York *Times* printed ten pages of Help Wanted advertisements, offering about three thousand jobs.

"In the industrial world," said Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, "conditions seem to be on an even keel." He saw a slight upward tendency.

The then conservative New York *Evening Post* flung its hat in the air and observed, in the words of its financial expert, Paul Willard Garrett, "There are basic conditions that indicate this prosperity is self-perpetuating."

In such a chorus of shouts, few heard the mild whisper of the New York University's Bureau of Business Research, "We do not expect the year to be quite as good as 1928, on the average."

Los Angeles issued its annual claim to the position of fourth city in the United States in population. For the housing of the growing volume of business in New York, the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was to be torn down, and the world's largest office building erected on the site. S. Parker Gilbert, the Agent General of Reparations, returned from Germany, reporting that the Reich was well able to pay its war debts. The Kellogg-Briand Peace Treaty was approved in the Senate by a vote of 85 to John J. Blaine of Wisconsin. Herbert Hoover was making a pre-inaugural grand tour of Latin America. His eventual successor in the White House, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had been sworn in as Governor of New York State.

Mae West, who had been arrested a few

months before because of her play, *The Pleasure Man*, was appearing on Broadway in *Diamond Lil*.

Steel closed at 183½.

FEBRUARY

The Precocious Child

The Federal Reserve Board issued a warning to banks against the "tremendous expansion of speculative loans," appending a threat of "drastic action" unless there was a decided curtailment. The Bank of England increased its discount rate one per cent, to prevent a flow of money to Wall Street. Call money went up to ten per cent. Prices dropped suddenly and generally, some stocks losing as much as 19 points. The situation soon adjusted itself, however, and losses were quickly recovered.

New York opera devotees were biting their fingernails because Samuel H. Insull was building a palatial home for the Chicago Opera Company, while the Metropolitan seemed doomed to remain in its glorified barn. Tentative approaches were made to the Rockefellers, who were said to be contemplating extensive building operations west of Fifth Avenue.

Paris *couturiers* prescribed flannel tennis trousers for women, and also pajamas as a luncheon costume. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney created a brief sensation at Palm Beach, following out the latter idea. The Guaranty Trust Company and the National Bank of Commerce of New York combined in the creation of the first two-billion-dollar financial institution in America. Lilly Langtry died. The New York Stock Exchange, overwhelmed by the volume of business, decided to increase the number of its seats by twenty-five per cent, the last recorded sale of a seat having been for \$625,000. The directors of the United States Steel Corporation approved an in-

crease of common stock to the amount of \$500,000,000 and the retirement of \$270,000,000 of its bonds.

Louis B. Mayer, a movie executive, said he was considering Hoover's appointment of him as Ambassador to Turkey. Mussolini granted autonomy to the Vatican State, Commander Byrd discovered Antarctica, Comrade Stalin threw Comrade Trotzky out of Russia, seven gangsters were massacred on St. Valentine's Day in a Chicago garage, Lindbergh made a trail-blazing flight to Central America, and newspaper headlines announced: "Primo de Rivera Clinches His Hold on Spain."

The Bureau of Economics of the Department of Agriculture made the revolutionary suggestion of limiting food production in order to stabilize prices of farm products. The farmers complained that they were not getting their share of prosperity.

President Coolidge, delivering his valedictory, intimated that the limitation of armaments was virtually an accomplished fact, and signed the Administration Bill calling for fifteen new cruisers.

Steel closed at 191½.

MARCH

Growing Pains

President Hoover, in the first inaugural address ever to be broadcast, told his 63,000,000 listeners that: "Superficial observers . . . fail to see that the American people are engrossed in the building for themselves of a new economic system, a new social system, a new political system." Huey P. Long, the youngest Governor Louisiana ever had, was accused by the state legislature of bribery, misuse of state funds, unlawful use of the militia, of having attempted to hire a former pugilist to kill one of its members, and impeachment proceedings were started.

Off the coast of the same state, a Canadian rum-runner, the *I'm Alone*, was sunk by a United States revenue cutter. In New York, Walter Chrysler announced plans for the tallest structure in the world, 800 feet high, to cost \$15,000,000. Old-age pensions were discussed at a session of the New York state legislature. The full horror of talking pictures was revealed for the first time in *Sonny Boy*, starring Al Jolson. Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth* was published. R. C. Sherriff's war play to end all war plays, *Journey's End*, was produced on Broadway.

Mr. Hoover opined that the Chief Executive should not try to influence the legislative branch of the government. Congress passed the "five-and-ten" law, providing five years in prison and \$10,000 fine for violators of the Volstead Act. It was introduced by Senator Wesley Jones, Washington, who once said: "There is no such thing as personal liberty in a republic."

Sir George Paish, a British economist, declared: "We are facing the greatest financial crisis the world has ever seen, because the governments of the world have followed a policy of trade restriction, preventing debtors from paying their debts." Senator Carter Glass of Virginia said Sir George "no doubt based his prediction on the reckless stock gambling in this country." On March 16 the stock market touched a new high. Marshal Foch died. Call money went to twenty per cent and prices tumbled. Ambassador Herrick died. On March 26 all New York Stock Exchange records were broken with 8,246,740 shares sold. In this crisis, Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, and a director of the Federal Reserve Bank, ignored the Federal Reserve Board warning of February, and threw \$25,000,000 into the call market. His resignation from the Reserve Bank was demanded by Senators

Glass, Norris and Fletcher; on the ground that this was a "slap in the face" for the Reserve Board. Mitchell did not resign. Brokers' loans reached a total of \$5,793,000,000.

In Paris, the Reparations Commission, upon which Owen D. Young and J. Pierpont Morgan were the American representatives, delivered another "last word" to Germany — \$28,000,000,000 was the total demand. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht went back to Berlin to think it over.

On the fiftieth birthday of Albert Einstein, the Mayor of Berlin called and told him that a house had been set aside for his use throughout his lifetime, in the Neucladow suburb. Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator, said he was beginning to feel old, and might retire. He was 59. He derided a revolt of Spanish students as "trivial." James J. Braddock, a promising young lightweight, knocked out Jimmy Slattery, and was described as "a hard guy."

Steel closed at 183¾.

APRIL

Measles and Mumps

President Hoover was making an excellent impression. The Democratic New York Times said, "Everybody knew, of course, that Mr. Hoover had a mind of his own, but few could have expected his display of personal vigor, promptitude, resolution, and courageous dealing with public affairs." Dolly Curtis Gann, sister of Vice-President Curtis and head of his household, demanded precedence at Washington social functions. Social arbiters voted that Mrs. Gann was right, Alice Roosevelt Longworth dissenting. John J. Raskob and others liquidated the debt of \$1,500,000 resulting from the efforts of the Democratic Party to elect Alfred E. Smith to the Presidency.

Charles M. Schwab said that labor rela-

tions in this country were more sound and wholesome than in any other era. The United States Labor Department reported that 200,000 more workers were employed than a year previously. Ninety-three investors in Boca Raton, a Florida real estate venture, brought suit for \$1,450,000 against T. Coleman Dupont, Jesse Livermore and Addison Mizner, charging that "real estate of little value had been represented as a good investment."

The Federal Reserve Board was pained to learn that, despite its warnings, brokers' loans still stood well above five billion dollars. Another warning was sent to the banks that unless there was "a definite reversal of recent trends" the Reserve System would Take Steps. Federal bond sale values were found to have decreased more than half a billion dollars, but the Treasury Department regarded this as "merely a temporary condition which will adjust itself when the high money rates prevailing in the open market are brought down to a more (*sic*) normal level."

The House passed a Farm Relief Bill providing a revolving fund of half a billion dollars to maintain a higher level of prices for farm products. In Paris, Dr. Schacht came back from Berlin with a "final offer" of \$14,652,000,000, a little more than half of the Commission's demand. This was declared entirely unsatisfactory. Calles announced officially that the Mexican revolt, which had been going on for two months, was suppressed. On the New York Stock Exchange all was quiet, with prices generally firm.

Helen Wills, the tennis champion, announced her engagement to a man by the name of Moody, and sailed to Europe for the tournaments. George Bernard Shaw and Gene Tunney were seen in earnest conversation at a resort on the Adriatic. The St. Louis Browns and Boston Braves

headed their respective baseball leagues. Frank A. Munsey left \$17,305,594 to the Metropolitan Museum. Charles G. Dawes was appointed Ambassador to England: he took his underslung pipe with him.

Automobile registrations in New York State passed the two million mark. Senator James Couzens of Michigan created a trust fund of \$10,000,000 to be used to promote the health, wealth and happiness of children in Detroit and elsewhere. A Boston bookseller was found guilty of disseminating immoral literature by selling Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Texas Guinan and Helen Morgan, public entertainers, arrested for violations of the liquor laws in night clubs, were acquitted. Mr. Coolidge took up magazine writing on a quantity-production basis. The *S.S. Leviathan* was bought by the United States Lines: it was announced that there would be no liquor bar, but several hundred cases of medicinal supplies were taken aboard.

Steel closed at 188½.

MAY

Adolescence

Mr. Schwab's wholesome labor conditions became somewhat less wholesome. Building trades workers in New York City demanded a five-day week and a ten per cent increase in pay, and got it. So did the iron workers. The cloak and suit trade unions prepared for a strike. A full-page advertisement of Bernarr Macfadden's *True Story* magazine in the daily press ended on this majestic note: "American business . . . began dividing its very profits with its hired help and making the man at the lathe a brother stockholder. . . . Here, for the first time in history, we have a new tone so thrilling in the great diapason of life that it seems almost like a new and fundamental note in human affairs."

In Berlin the May Day communist demonstration developed into rioting that lasted five days and resulted in twenty-seven known deaths and many arrests. In New York, for the first time since 1916, the communists were given a permit to parade. Later in the month, on the day of the annual New York police parade, the communists displayed over their Union Square headquarters a banner reading, "Down with Walker's Police Brutality." Policemen destroyed the sign. In the resulting riot, twenty-seven communists were arrested and a number of heads cracked. By a vote of 70 to 14, the Senate rejected a resolution in which Senator Heflin asked for the condemnation of the person or persons unknown who threw a bottle at him at a Ku Klux Klan meeting he was addressing in Brockton, Mass., on March 18.

Harry F. Sinclair, an oil magnate, was sent to the District of Columbia jail for ninety days for contempt of court. Wheat dropped to \$1.10½, a five-year low. Al Capone was arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of carrying concealed deadly weapons, and within sixteen hours had started serving a sentence of one year in jail. Huey Long's impeachment was dropped, without any evidence being presented, when fifteen Louisiana State Senators declared the proceedings illegal. Eddie Cantor announced that he was worth a million dollars and intended to retire in 1930 to enjoy it. Henry Ford said, "Absolute Prohibition must come. The law must be strictly enforced and the country made absolutely dry."

John J. Raskob was working on a plan whereby workers could invest in stocks on the installment plan. Dr. Julius Klein, the Assistant Secretary of Commerce, declared that eight to ten billion dollars was chargeable to waste every year in American business. The Reparations Commission in Paris

was still at an *impasse*, when Owen D. Young offered an entirely new plan, which was received with tremendous enthusiasm until word was received from London that it was not acceptable there.

H. G. Wells visited Berlin. In Washington, a Committee on Recent Economic Changes, of which Mr. Hoover was chairman, reported that a "demand for loans that seems almost without limit, and is impervious to moderate advances in rates, cannot fail to affect unfavorably the development and functioning of the New York money market." The first week in the month, brokers' loans increased \$40,000,000. Later in the month, prices of stocks broke from two to eighteen points, through apprehension over an early increase in the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. There was an immediate recovery, but the market remained nervous. Charles Evans Hughes predicted that America would enter the World Court.

August Heckscher, the New York capitalist, donated \$4,000,000 to day nurseries, playgrounds and dental clinics. Walter Hagen won the British open golf championship for the second successive year. The Flonzaley Quartet, which for a quarter of a century had been the last word in chamber music, disbanded.

The Hall of Fame of New York University received the busts of H. W. Longfellow, Emma Willard, William Cullen Bryant, James Madison, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Francis Parkman, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Pulitzer Prizes were: best novel, Julia Peterkin's *Scarlet Sister Mary*; play, Elmer Rice's *Street Scene*; poetry, Stephen Vincent Benet's *John Brown's Body*. Air mail time to California was cut to thirty-one hours. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and Anne Spencer Morrow were married. The Cardinals and Athletics were out in front.

Adolf Hitler, an Austrian house painter, won a libel suit in Munich in which he charged that political opponents had falsely accused him of accepting money from France and Italy to create dissension in Germany.

Steel closed at 166.

JUNE

Vacation Time

Early in June, Dr. Schacht brought Germany's final offer to the Reparations Commission in Paris — nine billion dollars in full settlement of all claims. It was accepted on the spot, the agreement signed, and Owen D. Young given full credit for a stroke of genius. No reference was made to the fact that the previous offer of the Reich had been \$14,652,000,000.

The Emperor of Japan formally ratified the Kellogg peace treaty. Ramsay MacDonald, the new Labor premier of Great Britain, announced that he intended to visit America and talk things over with Mr. Hoover. Helen Wills won the tennis championship of France, and Pola Negri sued Prince Serge Mdivani for divorce. Three French aviators, Jean Assolant, René Lefèvre and Armeno Lotti made a South Atlantic flight, but were forced to land in Spain, where they found a stow-away in the fuselage. Captain Frank M. Hawks broke the transcontinental flight record, his time from the West Coast being 17 hours, 38 minutes.

The Senate passed the Farm Relief Bill, providing \$500,000,000 to aid agriculture. The Treasury reported that the surplus for the year probably would reach \$150,000,000. Congress adjourned on June 19.

Investigation of the bankruptcy of a bucket shop concern in New York revealed the fact that Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, had been

doing considerable speculating in stocks. Yale and Harvard announced increases in their endowments of \$10,000,000 and \$13,500,000, respectively. The Rockefeller Foundation reported expenditures in the preceding year of \$21,690,738, with assets of \$203,000,000. Call money went to ten per cent. The market was booming. A Federal Reserve Board survey stated that high money rates had been an influence against over-expansion.

The American edition of Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* appeared, with a few words eliminated so as not to offend Puritan sensibilities. Shaw's satire on European intrigue, *The Apple Cart*, had its premiere in Warsaw. Bliss Carman died. The Cubs led the National League and the Athletics led the American. Bobby Jones won the national open golf championship for the third time.

Ambassador Dawes declared profanely that he would not wear short pants at the royal functions in Buckingham Palace.

Steel closed at 190³/₄.

JULY

Achievement

The President had a busy July. He called a White House conference on the health and protection of children. He completed the Farm Board, appointing Alexander Legge, formerly head of the International Harvester Company, as its president. He came to an agreement with the British that enabled him to halt work on three new cruisers, and arranged to receive Mr. MacDonald at Washington in the Fall and discuss naval limitation. In the presence of forty-three representatives of the forty-five signatory nations, he proclaimed the Briand-Kellogg peace treaty in force. He named Senator Walter E. Edge of New Jersey as Ambassador to France.

China ousted the Russians who were operating the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria. Russia broke off diplomatic relations and began troop movements. Premier Poincaré of France resigned and was succeeded by Aristide Briand. Trotzky was barred from England.

At Wimbledon, Henri Cochet of France beat Big Bill Tilden in three straight sets, but the women's British tennis championship was won by an American girl, Miss Wills, who defeated another American, Miss Helen Jacobs. In Paris the American Davis Cup team lost to the French. There was a good deal of transatlantic flying, and several planes fell into the ocean. A St. Louis team set a new endurance record for a refueling flight, staying in the air 420 hours, 21 minutes. The *Bremen* crossed from Cherbourg in four days, seven hours, forty-two minutes, beating the *Mauretania's* record by nearly nine hours. The French Line announced that it was going to build a bigger and faster boat than the *Bremen*.

The Farm Board proposed a \$20,000,000 corporation, farmer-owned and controlled, to market grain. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union called out 25,000 workers in a New York strike. Riots and several deaths attended a street car strike in New Orleans. A textile strike in the South persisted, and Actors Equity was trying to unionize the Hollywood movie studios.

Dr. James M. Doran, the Prohibition Commissioner, announced he would permit the production, for medicinal purposes, of two million gallons of whisky in the next year. A number of dry enforcement agents were indicted in various parts of the country for murder and graft. The first of a series of outbreaks in prisons throughout the United States took place at Danemora, N. Y., three convicts being killed and twenty wounded.

Bethlehem Steel increased its dividends

from \$1.57 to \$5.33 a share, and the stock of the First National Bank of New York rose \$500 a share in one day, giving George F. Baker a profit, on paper, of \$11,000,000. The Department of Commerce reported that American investments in Europe were \$2,500,000,000 and loans \$4,000,000,000. American investments outside of United States totalled \$14,000,000,000 and foreign investments in this country were half that figure. A number of bank failures in Florida were imputed to reaction from real estate speculation. Three banks were closed as "unsafe" in Passaic, N. J., but these were declared purely local phenomena.

Dustin Farnum, a noted romantic actor, and Robert Henri, painter of Indians, died. The new American currency was issued, the bills being two-thirds the size of the old ones. Radclyffe Hall's novel of lesbianism, *The Well of Loneliness*, was held by the Customs Court not to be immoral. The Athletics and the Cubs still led the major leagues.

It was a nervous month in Wall Street. Call money went to fifteen per cent because of heavy dividend and interest payments, but the market held up under the strain, and when the rate dropped again to six per cent the entire list leaped. Brokers' loans reached a total of \$5,793,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller celebrated his ninetyeth birthday "in perfect health and full of hope for the future, with nothing but kindness and goodwill for everybody."

Steel closed at 209 $\frac{3}{4}$.

AUGUST

Expansion

The shares in the Insull Utility Investments on the Chicago market dropped thirty-three points. The New York Stock Market took a sudden dip, but brokers'

loans went to a new high, passing the six billion mark, and half the losses were recovered. The Exchange ordered ten thousand tickers of a faster model, costing \$4,000,000, to keep up with the speed of the market. "Such slight letdowns as this unusually active summer has seen," said the *New York Times*, "are now definitely passed and the rising current in trade and industry has put in an appearance. The reports from Federal Reserve districts indicated that prosperity is widespread."

At The Hague, representatives of the Allies and Germany discussed the reparations agreement, now labelled the Young Plan. Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated with flat finality that the terms were not satisfactory to his government. After weeks of fruitless debate, Dr. Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, said that unless the Allies came to an understanding by September 1, Germany would reduce its offer. Also he wanted the occupation of the Rhineland to cease by that same date. Something more than eleven million dollars additional was allotted to Great Britain as her share of the German payments, and the agreement was signed. Also it was decided that the evacuation of the Rhineland would begin on September 15 and be complete by June, 1930. In London, Premier MacDonald and Ambassador Dawes puffed their pipes and discussed disarmament.

The Arabs raided Jewish cities in Palestine in a sort of Holy War, and Hitler made a series of speeches in Germany on the subject of nationalism, attacking Jews and communists. In New York, mass meetings were held and money subscribed for the relief of Jews in Palestine. There was desultory fighting in Manchuria, as Russia refused to consider the Chinese demands. China appealed to the world and mobilized an army of 100,000 men. Japan began mov-

ing troops through Korea to the Manchurian border.

The communists announced "International Red Day Against Imperialistic War and for the Defense of the Soviet Union." Manhattan was moderately peaceful on this occasion, but there were two riots in the Bronx, scores were beaten by the police in Boston, forty-two arrests were made in Pittsburgh, and 1500 communists engaged in a riot in Chicago. The garment workers, having just completed one strike, prepared for another, and voted to issue \$250,000 in bonds to finance it. Cemetery employees went on strike and picketed St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Equity called off its strike in Hollywood, President Frank Gillmore blaming the fiasco on Ethel Barrymore. Troops were called out to quell disturbances at the textile mills in Marion, N. C.

Rudy Vallee suddenly became the great radio star. Mary MacLane, whose book *I, Mary MacLane*, was a sensation at the beginning of the century, died in want. Victor Berger, the socialist leader, died. Mrs. Coolidge followed her husband's example, and wrote a series of articles telling what it was like to be First Lady of the Land. Al Smith's autobiography, appearing serially in a popular magazine, contained the statement that Charles F. Murphy was not a real boss of New York in the sense in which the term was ordinarily applied to Tammany leaders.

The Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., took steps to form a Planned Prosperity League. The theory was that whenever the country was seen heading toward depression, credits for the construction of public works should be made available, to take up the slack in unemployment. The Institute held unemployment to be the "great communal crime of civilization."

Mr. Hoover's Law Enforcement Com-

mission was getting down to work, George W. Wickersham and Newton D. Baker taking charge of the liquor phase. A seven-day air line route to Buenos Aires was organized, following the Lindbergh specifications. The *Graf Zeppelin* made its second trip across the Atlantic, 17 hours faster than its first. Forty-nine boys arrived in East Orange, N. J., for the Thomas Edison scholarship test, the winner to be adopted as the inventor's *protégé*. "When do you consider a lie permissible?" was one of the questions, and the contest was won by Wilber B. Huston, son of a Seattle bishop. The Cubs and Athletics continued to lead the baseball leagues. The Farm Board made available \$10,000,000 for the cotton co-operatives of the South to finance marketing. Life insurance policies in effect reached a total of \$100,000,000,000.

It was noted that Canada, which usually followed the New York trend in finance, had definitely turned from stocks to bonds.

Steel closed at 256½.

SEPTEMBER

Maturity

The steadiness of business during midsummer showed very little of that slump formerly considered characteristic of the season, according to the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Lamont. He reported a general upward trend of business, and pointed out that since 1921 there had been an unusually prolonged period, "substantially free from so-called crises." He added, "This result must be attributed to greater foresight on the part of business men."

The League of Nations held an extremely harmonious session. An European federation was discussed, and everyone seemed in favor of the idea. Dr. Stresemann said Germany would cooperate in such an organization, although he intimated that if

France would evacuate the Saar coal fields it would help a great deal to establish an *entente cordiale*. Premier MacDonald and his daughter sailed for America on September 27. It had already been agreed that the MacDonald-Hoover conversations would form the basis for a five-power naval conference, to include Great Britain, United States, Japan, Italy and France. The French Ministry of Marine announced an increase of naval appropriations for the ensuing year of \$7,920,000.

Heavy fighting in Manchuria was reported, with Russia on the offensive. China had now two separate and unrelated wars on her hands, one being the normal or permanent civil war, and the other the war with Russia. Members of the Republican National Committee, meeting in Washington, brought word that the country was prosperous and well satisfied with the Hoover policies. Stock market prices took a tremendous leap upward, and so did brokers' loans, which now totalled \$7,881,691,426. Suddenly, with no apparent reason, the entire list dropped, but only for a day. Then it went back up, and higher. American Telephone and Telegraph shares rose fourteen points in one day, to 307½, making the value of the company's stock in the market \$4,407,241,500.

While the Senate was tinkering with the tariff, Congress discovered the lobbying activities of William B. Shearer who, it was charged, had been hired by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation and allied interests, to go to Geneva and elsewhere, and spike the naval limitation idea. The reply was that Mr. Shearer was acting merely in the capacity of an observer of the trend of events. In New York, Fiorello La Guardia was running for Mayor on the Republican ticket against several candidates, including the incumbent, Jimmy Walker of Tammany. Investigation of the

estate of the murdered gambler, Arnold Rothstein, revealed the fact that he had made large loans to a judge and other city officials.

Ernest Hemingway published *A Farewell to Arms*. Preston Sturges's comedy, *Strictly Dishonorable*, was produced. Mayor Nichols of Boston prohibited the presentation of *Strange Interlude* as an immoral play. *Liberty* magazine claimed the largest newsstand circulation in the world, 2,350,000. A. T. & T. stock reached its high at 310¼, as did Standard Oil of N. J., at 83.

Roger Babson said: "Stocks are due for a collapse not unlike the collapse of Florida real estate."

Steel closed at 222¾.

OCTOBER

Waterloo

Sharp fluctuations characterized the stock market in the early days of the month. The gains seldom quite made up for the losses, and brokers were advising customers to weed out of their holdings all but the best shares. Still, Professor Irving T. Fisher, the noted economist of Yale University, said: "Even in the present high market the prices of stocks have not yet caught up with their real values." Two days after this assurance was issued, thousands of speculators dumped their shares on the market. "The selling interests," said the mystified professionals, "could not be identified."

The next day was Thursday, October 24, the day of the deluge. Nearly thirteen million shares were sold on the New York Stock Exchange and about half that many more on the Curb. A group of leading bankers met in the offices of J. P. Morgan & Company and agreed to form a pool of several billions of dollars to stem the tide. Thomas W. Lamont called in the reporters

and said: "There seems to be some disturbed selling on the Stock Exchange . . . more in the way of a technical matter than a fundamental one."

Richard Whitney went over to the Exchange and made his historic gesture, shouting for all to hear, "205 for 25,000 Steel." This was nearly ten points higher than the quotation of the moment, and the word was quickly circulated that he represented a bankers' pool. It had its calming effect, and Friday the turnover was cut in half. Mr. Hoover issued a statement declaring that fundamentally the country was on a sound and prosperous basis. The Treasury blamed conditions on speculation and Senator Glass blamed them on Charles E. Mitchell. Senator King of Utah thought it would be a good plan to conduct an investigation of the Federal Reserve System.

On Saturday, stocks sagged again, but the Farm Board came to the rescue of wheat with \$10,000,000 of Federal funds. Such incidents inspired confidence. On Monday, the *World's* headlines said, "Gigantic Bank Pool Pledged to Avert Disaster as Second Big Crash Stuns Wall Street." But the Metropolitan Opera House never saw a more brilliant audience than at its opening that evening, with the lovely Lucrezia Bori singing *Manon Lescaut*.

On Tuesday, 16,388,700 shares were sold, this being even more than the previous Thursday, but without the same feeling of panic, and there was a slight rally in prices as the bankers' pool supported the market. Extra dividends were declared with great emphasis by American Can and United States Steel. The Federal Reserve Board assured the country that the worst was over and basic economic conditions were sound. Albert Conway, State Superintendent of Insurance of New York, was so firmly convinced that Exchange prices "provided an opportunity for buyers to reap great

profits," that he tried to evolve a plan whereby insurance companies might legally buy common stocks. From Pocantico Hills came a thin, piping voice. The nonagenarian, John D. Rockefeller, "believing that the fundamental conditions of the country are sound," said, "I have for some days been purchasing sound common stocks."

Stewart & Company opened a *de luxe* department store on Fifth Avenue in New York, the building for which alone cost \$7,500,000. Dr. William Beebe returned from Bermuda with a big string of fish. Resolutions were addressed to Mayor Walker by the Fifth Avenue and Retail Dry Goods Associations, expressing confidence in and admiration for him. The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, foe of modernism, died. Jeanne Eagels (Sadie Thompson of *Rain*) died wearing \$200,000 worth of jewelry. Premier MacDonald arrived from England, and the broadcast of his reception was so perfect that London heard Grover Whalen cough.

The Senate rejected the flexible tariff system, which the President had virtually demanded, and annoyed him still further by tacking an amendment on the tariff bill providing for the farm exports debenture plan. On October 4 the Chinese rebellion was reported crushed; on October 10 it assumed a serious aspect. The Briand Cabinet was overthrown in France, and it was feared that this might jeopardize the Young Plan of reparations. England was veering toward recognition of the Soviet government.

Flying over Yucatan and Guatemala, Colonel Lindbergh discovered extensive Mayan Indian ruins. The fiftieth anniversary of Thomas Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp was celebrated, many eminent men congratulating the inventor who was then 82 years old. Albert B. Fall, President Harding's Secretary of the In-

terior, was found guilty of accepting a bribe from E. L. Doheny of Los Angeles in return for an oil lease, and was sentenced to a year in prison.

The Athletics won the World Series from the Cubs, Albie Booth of Yale defeated the Army football team 21 to 13, and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching said that one athlete out of seven in intercollegiate sports was subsidized to a point bordering on professionalism. Dr. Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, died, and France called it a major calamity. Adolf Hitler was backing a referendum to compel the *Reichstag* to disown German war guilt and repudiate all reparation agreements.

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, said: "The standard of living in this country is the highest ever achieved anywhere in the world, and will continue to rise."

Steel closed at 193 $\frac{1}{4}$.

NOVEMBER

Dutch Courage

Paul Block, a newspaper owner, published an editorial in his own newspapers, (and paid to have it reprinted in the advertising columns of other dailies), in which he said: "In most of the cities and towns in this country, this Wall Street panic will have no effect." The market was jumpy. On Wednesday, November 6, prices dropped ten to thirty points, all the way down the list. The next day they recovered five to fifteen points. On Monday, November 11, they dropped again, and again on Tuesday and Wednesday, but on Thursday many issues gained thirty points. The brokers admitted they were mystified.

The hand of the Rockefellers was seen in a bid, of \$50 a share, well above the price on the board, for 100,000 shares of Standard Oil of New Jersey. Secretary

Mellon suggested a reduction of corporation and income taxes. A Poverty Party was held at the Club Plaza, the dowagers wearing last year's gowns, the debutantes last month's, and the men their business suits. Ravel's *Bolero* was played for the first time in America by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Suicide by jumping from a high building became fashionable. William Gillette started a farewell tour in *Sherlock Holmes*.

Mr. Hoover called conferences at the White House of the leading representatives of three groups of interests—railroad, business and agriculture. He said: "Any lack of confidence in the economic future or the basic strength of business in the United States is foolish." Mayor Walker of New York, reelected by a plurality of 497,165, outlined development plans for the city to cover a period of ten years and cost a billion dollars. Henry Ford reduced the price of his Tudor Sedan from \$525 to \$500.

A utility group, built up by Wilbur B. Foshay in Minneapolis, was thrown into bankruptcy because of "over-expansion and the lack of a market for securities." President Hoover sent telegrams to the governors of all states, urging public works construction, and received assurances of expenditures amounting to \$400,000,000. Utility groups guaranteed development work in 1930 to put into circulation nearly two billion dollars. Raymond Hitchcock, comedian, forty years on the stage, died. Thomas Mann, the German novelist, was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. Commander Byrd flew over the South Pole, and five hundred subscribers of the New York *Times* fainted at the display of black type on the front page of that conservative newspaper. Edwin Dickinson's *The Fossil Hunter* won the second Altman prize at the New York Academy show, after which it was discovered that

the painting had been hanging sideways.

China ended two of her wars, one by buying off a rebel general and the other by capitulating to Russia in Manchuria. Ortiz Rubio, a school teacher, was elected President of Mexico. Representative Edward E. Dennison, a dry congressman from Illinois, was indicted for illegally possessing a trunkful of liquor. Georges Clemenceau, war premier of France, died. Six thousand girls in Hunter College, New York, rebelled at the Paris dictum that skirts must be longer. The stock market sagged again.

Roger Babson said: "The fact that the decline has been so drastic indicates the worst is over. The advance should be rapid."

Steel closed at 162½.

DECEMBER

Vale

Congress returned to Washington from its Thanksgiving holiday to resume its arduous wrestle with the tariff. President Hoover submitted a voluminous message, reviewed the business conferences at the White House, and added: "I am convinced that through these measures we have re-established confidence. The crash has caused capital to return to former channels."

Henry Ford raised his minimum wage to \$7 a day, and Secretary Mellon said he saw no reason why the reduction of \$160,000,000 in corporation and income taxes, passed by Congress, should not be permanent. Charles M. Schwab said to the Illinois Manufacturers Association: "Never before has American business been so firmly entrenched for prosperity as it is today." The *Saturday Evening Post* issue of December 7 was the largest ever to be published, containing 270 pages of which 161 were advertising, and of these 75 were

in color. The magazine's gross advertising receipts for 1929 were \$52,359,112.

Commander Byrd was appointed Rear Admiral on the retired list, there was a fire in the White House offices, a woman who had been suing Mr. Tunney for \$500,000 for breach of promise abandoned the case, the length of skirts was to be six inches below the knee, a dirigible mast 200 feet high was designed for the top of the Empire State Building to make it higher than Mr. Chrysler's, and the Chinese government quelled the sixth rebellion of the year. The Provincetown Players disbanded with \$25,000 in debts. *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, a musical show, opened on Broadway, and another Frenchman, Maurice Chevalier, made quite a hit in a musical movie, *The Love Parade*. Professor Fisher of Yale felt that Prohibition had been "a partial failure."

The Hitler referendum in Germany to repudiate the war debts was a complete failure. Fifty communists staged a demonstration in front of the White House, demanding the withdrawal of the Marines from Haiti. Conversations preliminary to the approaching naval conference developed the embarrassing fact that the Kellogg peace treaty was too weak to serve as a basis for disarmament discussions. A Treasury issue of \$325,000,000 at 3⅛ per cent was over-subscribed. The Insull Utility Investments, Inc., of Chicago, launched a \$65,000,000 financing enterprise.

Liquor was cheap. Drinkable Scotch could be had for \$5 a bottle, and spurious Courvoisier for \$15. Gin was \$25 a case and call your own doctor.

Secretary Mellon said: "I see nothing in the present situation that is either menacing, or warrants pessimism."

Prosperity, according to general opinion, was just around the corner.

Steel closed at 171.

UNCLE WILLY

A Story

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

I KNOW what they said. They said I didn't run away from home but that I was tolled away by a crazy man who, if I hadn't killed him first, would have killed me inside another week. But if they had said that the women, the good women in Jefferson had driven Uncle Willy out of town and I followed him and did what I did because I knew that Uncle Willy was on his last go-round and this time when they got him again it would be for good and forever, they would have been right. Because I wasn't tolled away and Uncle Willy wasn't crazy, not even after all they had done to him. I didn't have to go; I didn't have to go any more than Uncle Willy had to invite me instead of just taking it for granted that I wanted to come. I went because Uncle Willy was the finest man I ever knew, because even women couldn't beat him, because in spite of them he wound up his life getting fun out of being alive and he died doing the thing that was the most fun of all because I was there to help him. And that's something that most men and even most women too don't get to do, not even the women that call meddling with other folks' lives fun.

He wasn't anybody's uncle, but all of us, and grown people too, called him (or thought of him) as Uncle Willy. He didn't have any kin at all except a sister in Texas married to an oil millionaire. He lived by himself in a little old neat white house where he had been born on the

edge of town, he and an old nigger named Job Wylie that was older than he was even, that cooked and kept the house and was the porter at the drugstore which Uncle Willy's father had established and which Uncle Willy ran without any other help than old Job; and during the twelve or fourteen years (the life of us as children and then boys), while he just used dope, we saw a lot of him. We liked to go to his store because it was always cool and dim and quiet inside because he never washed the windows; he said the reason was that he never had to bother to dress them because nobody could see in anyway, and so the heat couldn't get in either. And he never had any customers except country people buying patent medicines that were already in bottles, and niggers buying cards and dice, because nobody had let him fill a prescription in forty years I reckon, and he never had any soda fountain trade because it was old Job who washed the glasses and mixed the syrups and made the ice cream ever since Uncle Willy's father started the business in eighteen-fifty-something and so old Job couldn't see very well now, though papa said he didn't think that old Job took dope too, it was from breathing day and night the air which Uncle Willy had just exhaled.

But the ice cream tasted all right to us, especially when we came in hot from the ball games. We had a league of three teams in town and Uncle Willy would

give the prize, a ball or a bat or a mask, for each game though he would never come to see us play, so after the game both teams and maybe all three would go to the store to watch the winner get the prize. And we would eat the ice cream and then we would all go behind the prescription case and watch Uncle Willy light the little alcohol stove and fill the needle and roll his sleeve up over the little blue myriad punctures starting at his elbow and going right on up into his shirt. And the next day would be Sunday and we would wait in our yards and fall in with him as he passed from house to house and go on to Sunday school, Uncle Willy with us, in the same class with us, sitting there while we recited. Mr. Barbour from the Sunday school never called on him. Then we would finish the lesson and we would talk about baseball until the bell rang and Uncle Willy still not saying anything, just sitting there all neat and clean, with his clean collar and no tie and weighing about a hundred and ten pounds and his eyes behind his glasses kind of all run together like broken eggs. Then we would all go to the store and eat the ice cream that was left over from Saturday and then go behind the prescription case and watch him again: the little stove and his Sunday shirt rolled up and the needle going slow into his blue arm and somebody would say, "Don't it hurt?" and he would say, "No. I like it."

II

Then they made him quit dope. He had been using it for forty years, he told us once, and now he was sixty and he had about ten years more at the outside, only he didn't tell us that because he didn't need to tell even fourteen-year-old boys that. But they made him quit. It didn't

take them long. It began one Sunday morning and it was finished by the next Friday; we had just sat down in our class and Mr. Barbour had just begun, when all of a sudden Reverend Schultz, the minister, was there, leaning over Uncle Willy and already hauling him out of his seat when we looked around, hauling him up and saying in that tone in which preachers speak to fourteen-year-old boys that I don't believe even pansy boys like: "Now, Brother Christian, I know you will hate to leave Brother Barbour's class, but let's you and I go in and join Brother Miller and the men and hear what he can tell us on this beautiful and heartwarming text," and Uncle Willy still trying to hold back and looking around at us with his run-together eyes blinking and saying plainer than if he had spoke it: "What's this? What's this, fellows? What are they fixing to do to me?"

We didn't know any more than he did. We just finished the lesson; we didn't talk any baseball that day; and we passed the alcove where Mr. Miller's men's Bible class met, with Reverend Schultz sitting in the middle of them like he did every Sunday, like he was just a plain man like the rest of them yet kind of bulging out from among the others like he didn't have to move or speak to keep them reminded that he wasn't a plain man; and I would always think about April Fool's one year when Miss Callaghan called the roll and then stepped down from her desk and said, "Now I'm going to be a pupil today," and took a vacant seat and called out a name and made them go to her desk and hold the lesson and it would have been fun if you could have just quit remembering that tomorrow wouldn't be April Fool's and the day after that wouldn't be either. And Uncle Willy was sitting by Reverend Schultz looking littler than ever,

and I thought about one day last summer when they took a country man named Bundren to the asylum at Jackson but he wasn't too crazy not to know where he was going, sitting there in the coach window handcuffed to a fat deputy sheriff that was smoking a cigar.

Then Sunday school was over and we went out to wait for him, to go to the store and eat the ice cream. And he didn't come out. He didn't come out until church was over too, the first time that he had ever stayed for church that any of us knew of—that anybody knew of, papa told me later—coming out with Mrs. Merridew on one side of him and Reverend Schultz on the other still holding him by the arm and he looking around at us again with his eyes saying again only desperate now: "Fellows, what's this? What's this, fellows?" and Reverend Schultz shoving him into Mrs. Merridew's car and Mrs. Merridew saying, loud, like she was in the pulpit: "Now, Mr. Christian, I'm going to take you right out to my house and I'm going to fix you a nice glass of cool lemonade and then we will have a nice chicken dinner and then you are going to take a nice nap in my hammock and then Brother and Sister Schultz are coming out and we will have some nice ice cream," and Uncle Willy saying, "No. Wait, ma'am, wait! Wait! I got to go to the store and fill a prescription I promised this morning—"

So they shoved him into the car and him looking back at us where we stood there; he went out of sight like that, sitting beside Mrs. Merridew in the car like Darl Bundren and the deputy on the train, and I reckon she was holding his wrist and I reckon she never needed any handcuffs and Uncle Willy giving us that single look of amazed and desperate despair.

Because now he was already an hour past the time for his needle and that afternoon when he finally slipped away from Mrs. Merridew he was five hours past it and so he couldn't even get the key into the lock, and so Mrs. Merridew and Reverend Schultz caught him and this time he wasn't talking or looking either: he was trying to get away like a half-wild cat tries to get away. They took him to his home and Mrs. Merridew telegraphed his sister in Texas and Uncle Willy didn't come to town for three days because Mrs. Merridew and Mrs. Hovis took turn about staying in the house with him day and night until his sister could get there. That was vacation then and we played the game on Monday and that afternoon the store was still locked and Tuesday it was still locked, and so it was not until Wednesday afternoon and Uncle Willy was running fast.

He didn't have any shirt on and he hadn't shaved and he could not get the key into the lock at all, panting and whimpering and saying, "She went to sleep at last; she went to sleep at last," until one of us took the key and unlocked the door. We had to light the little stove too and fill the needle and this time it didn't go into his arm slow, it looked like he was trying to jab it clean through the bone. He didn't go back home. He said he wouldn't need anything to sleep on and he gave us the money and let us out the back door and we bought the sandwiches and the bottle of coffee from the cafe and we left him there.

Then the next day, it was Mrs. Merridew and Reverend Schultz and three more ladies; they had the marshal break in the door and Mrs. Merridew holding Uncle Willy by the back of the neck and shaking him and kind of whispering, "You little wretch! You little wretch! Slip off from *me*, will you?" and Reverend Schultz say-

ing, "Now, Sister; now, Sister; control yourself," and the other ladies hollering Mr. Christian and Uncle Willy and Willy, according to how old they were or how long they had lived in Jefferson. It didn't take them long.

The sister got there from Texas that night and we would walk past the house and see the ladies on the front porch or going in and out, and now and then Reverend Schultz kind of bulging out from among them like he would out of Mr. Miller's Bible class, and we could crawl up behind the hedge and hear them through the window, hear Uncle Willy crying and cussing and fighting to get out of the bed and the ladies saying, "Now, Mr. Christian; now, Uncle Willy," and "Now, Bubber," too, since his sister was there; and Uncle Willy crying and praying and cussing. And then it was Friday, and he gave up. We could hear them holding him in the bed; I reckon this was his last go-round, because none of them had time to talk now; and then we heard him, his voice weak but clear and his breath going in and out.

"Wait," he said. "Wait! I will ask it one more time. Won't you please quit? Won't you please go away? Won't you please go to hell and just let me come on at my own gait?"

"No, Mr. Christian," Mrs. Merridew said. "We are doing this to save you."

For a minute we didn't hear anything. Then we heard Uncle Willy lay back in the bed, kind of flop back.

"All right," he said. "All right."

It was like one of those sheep they would sacrifice back in the Bible. It was like it had climbed up onto the altar itself and flopped onto its back with its throat held up and said: "All right. Come on and get it over with. Cut my damn throat and go away and let me lay quiet in the fire."

III

He was sick for a long time. They took him to Memphis and they said that he was going to die. The store stayed locked all the time now, and after a few weeks we didn't even keep up the league. It wasn't just the balls and the bats. It wasn't that. We would pass the store and look at the big old lock on it and at the windows you couldn't even see through, couldn't even see inside where we used to eat the ice cream and tell him who beat and who made the good plays and him sitting there on his stool with the little stove burning and the dope boiling and bubbling and the needle waiting in his hand, looking at us with his eyes blinking and all run together behind his glasses so you couldn't even tell where the pupil was like you can in most eyes. And the niggers and the country folks that used to trade with him coming up and looking at the lock too, and asking us how he was and when he would come home and open up again. Because even after the store opened again, they would not trade with the clerk that Mrs. Merridew and Reverend Schultz put in the store. Uncle Willy's sister said not to bother about the store, to let it stay shut because she would take care of Uncle Willy if he got well. But Mrs. Merridew said no, she not only aimed to cure Uncle Willy, she was going to give him a complete rebirth, not only into real Christianity but into the practical world too, with a place in it waiting for him so he could hold up his head not only with honor but pride too among his fellow men; she said that at first her only hope had been to fix it so he would not have to face his Maker slave body and soul to morphine, but now since his constitution was stronger than anybody could have believed, she was going to see that he assumed that position

in the world which his family's name entitled him to before he degraded it.

She and Reverend Schultz found the clerk. He had been in Jefferson about six months. He had letters to the church, but nobody except Reverend Schultz and Mrs. Merridew knew anything about him. That is, they made him the clerk in Uncle Willy's store; nobody else knew anything about him at all. But Uncle Willy's old customers wouldn't trade with him. And we didn't either. Not that we had much trade to give him and we certainly didn't expect him to give us any ice cream and I don't reckon we would have taken it if he had offered it to us. Because it was not Uncle Willy, and pretty soon it wasn't even the same ice cream because the first thing the clerk did after he washed the windows was to fire old Job, only old Job refused to quit. He stayed around the store anyhow, mumbling to himself and the clerk would run him out the front door and old Job would go around to the back and come in and the clerk would find him again and cuss him, whispering, cussing old Job good even if he did have letters to the church; he went and swore out a warrant and the marshal told old Job he would have to stay out of the store. Then old Job moved across the street. He would sit on the curb all day where he could watch the door and every time the clerk came in sight old Job would holler, "I ghy tell um! I ghy do hit!" So we even quit passing the store. We would cut across the corner not to pass it, with the windows clean now and the new town trade the clerk had built up—he had a lot of trade now—going in and out, just stopping long enough to ask old Job about Uncle Willy, even though we had already got what news came from Memphis about him every day and we knew that old Job would not know, would not be able to get

it straight even if someone told him, since he never did believe that Uncle Willy was sick, he just believed that Mrs. Merridew had taken him away somewhere by main force and was holding him in another bed somewhere so he couldn't get up and come back home; and old Job sitting on the curb and blinking up at us with his little watery red eyes like Uncle Willy would and saying, "I ghy tell um! Holting him up dar whilst whipper-snappin trash makin free wid Marse Hoke Christian's sto. I ghy tell um!"

IV

Uncle Willy didn't die. One day he came home with his skin the color of tallow and weighing about ninety pounds now and with his eyes like broken eggs still but dead eggs, eggs that had been broken so long now that they didn't even smell dead anymore—until you looked at them and saw that they were anything in the world except dead. That was after he got to know us again. I don't mean that he had forgotten about us exactly. It was like he still liked us as boys, only he had never seen us before and so he would have to learn our names and which faces the names belonged to. His sister had gone back to Texas now, because Mrs. Merridew was going to look after him until he was completely recovered, completely cured. Yes. Cured.

I remember that first afternoon when he came to town and we walked into the store and Uncle Willy looked at the clean windows that you could see through now and at the town customers that never had traded with him, and at the clerk and said, "You're my clerk, hey?" and the clerk begun to talk about Mrs. Merridew and Reverend Schultz and Uncle Willy said, "All right, all right," and now he ate some

ice cream too, standing at the counter with us like he was a customer too and still looking around the store while he ate the ice cream, with those eyes that were not dead at all and he said, "Looks like you been getting more work out of my damned old nigger than I could," and the clerk began to say something else about Mrs. Merridew and Uncle Willy said, "All right, all right. Just get a holt of Job right away and tell him I am going to expect him to be here every day and that I want him to keep this store looking like this from now on." Then we went on behind the prescription case, with Uncle Willy looking around here too, at how the clerk had it neated up, with a big new lock on the cabinet where the drugs and such were kept, with those eyes that wouldn't anybody call dead, I don't care who he was, and said, "Step up there and tell that fellow I want my keys." But it wasn't the stove and the needle. Mrs. Merridew had busted both of them that day. But it wasn't that anyway, because the clerk came back and begun to talk about Mrs. Merridew and Reverend Schultz, and Uncle Willy listening and saying, "All right, all right," and we never had seen him laugh before and his face didn't change now but we knew that he was laughing behind it. Then we went out. He turned sharp off the square, down Nigger Row to Sonny Barger's store and I took the money and bought the jamaica ginger from Sonny and caught up with them and we went home with Uncle Willy and we sat in the pasture while he drank the jamaica ginger and practiced our names some more.

And that night we met him where he said. He had the wheelbarrow and the crowbar and we broke open the back door and then the cabinet with the new lock on it and got the can of alcohol and car-

ried it to Uncle Willy's and buried it in the barn. It had almost three gallons in it and he didn't come to town at all for four weeks and he was sick again, and Mrs. Merridew storming into the house, jerking out drawers and flinging things out of closets and Uncle Willy lying in the bed and watching her with those eyes that were a long way from being dead. But she couldn't find anything because it was all gone now, and besides she didn't know what it was she was looking for because she was looking for a needle. And the night Uncle Willy was up again we took the crowbar and went back to the store and when we went to the cabinet we found that it was already open and Uncle Willy's stool sitting in the door and a quart bottle of alcohol on the stool in plain sight, and that was all. And then I knew that the clerk knew who got the alcohol before but I didn't know why he hadn't told Mrs. Merridew until two years later.

I didn't know that for two years, and Uncle Willy a year now going to Memphis every Saturday in the car his sister had given him. I wrote the letter with Uncle Willy looking over my shoulder and dictating, about how his health was improving but not as fast as the doctor seemed to want and that the doctor said he ought not to walk back and forth to the store and so a car, not an expensive car, just a small car that he could drive himself or maybe find a negro boy to drive for him if his sister thought he ought not to: and she sent the money and he got a burr-headed nigger boy about my size named Secretary to drive it for him. That is, Secretary said he could drive a car; certainly he and Uncle Willy both learned on the night trips they would make back into the hill country to buy corn whisky and Secretary learned to drive in Memphis pretty quick, too, because they went every

Saturday, returning Monday morning with Uncle Willy insensible on the back seat, with his clothes smelling of that smell whose source I was not to discover at first hand for some years yet, and two or three half-empty bottles and a little notebook full of telephone numbers and names like Lorine and Billie and Jack. I didn't know it for two years, not until that Monday morning when the sheriff came and padlocked and sealed what was left of Uncle Willy's stock and when they tried to find the clerk they couldn't even find out what train he had left town on; a hot morning in July and Uncle Willy sprawled out on the back seat, and on the front seat with Secretary a woman twice as big as Uncle Willy, in a red hat and a pink dress and a dirty white fur coat over the back of the seat and two straw suitcases on the fenders, with hair the color of a brand new brass hydrant bib and her cheeks streaked with mascara and caked powder where she had sweated.

It was worse than if he had started dope again. You would have thought he had brought smallpox to town. I remember how when Mrs. Merridew telephoned Mamma that afternoon you could hear her from away out at her house, over the wire, clean out to the back door and the kitchen: "Married! Married! Whore! Whore! Whore!" like the clerk used to cuss old Job, and so maybe the church can go just so far and maybe the folks that are in it are the ones that know the best or are entitled to say when to disconnect religion for a minute or two. And Papa was cussing too, not cussing anybody; I knew he was not cussing Uncle Willy or even Uncle Willy's new wife, just like I knew that I wished Mrs. Merridew could have been there to hear him. Only I reckon if she had been there she couldn't have heard anything because they said she still had

on a house dress when she went and snatched Reverend Schultz into her car and went out to Uncle Willy's, where he was still in bed like always on Monday and Tuesday, and his new wife run Mrs. Merridew and Reverend Schultz out of the house with the wedding license like it was a gun or a knife. And I remember how all that afternoon — Uncle Willy lived on a little quiet side street where the other houses were all little new ones that country people who had moved to town within the last fifteen years, like mail carriers and little storekeepers, lived — how all that afternoon mad-looking ladies with sunbonnets on crooked came busting out of that little quiet street dragging the little children and the grown girls with them, heading for the mayor's office and Reverend Schultz's house, and how the young men and the boys that didn't work and some of the men that did would drive back and forth past Uncle Willy's house to look at her sitting on the porch smoking cigarettes and drinking something out of a glass; and how she came down town the next day to shop, in a black hat now and a red-and-white striped dress so that she looked like a great big stick of candy and three times as big as Uncle Willy now, walking along the street with men popping out of the stores when she passed like she was stepping on a line of spring triggers and both sides of her behind kind of pumping up and down inside the dress until somebody hollered, threw back his head and squalled: "YIPPEEE!" like that and she kind of twitched her behind without even stopping and then they hollered sure enough.

And the next day the wire came from his sister, and Papa for the lawyer and Mrs. Merridew for the witness went out there and Uncle Willy's wife showed them the license and told them to laugh

that off, that Manuel Street or not she was married as good and tight as any high-nosed bitch in Jefferson or anywhere else and Papa saying, "Now, Mrs. Merridew; now, Mrs. Christian," and he told Uncle Willy's wife how Uncle Willy was bankrupt now and might even lose the house too, and his wife said how about that sister in Texas, was Papa going to tell her that the oil business was bankrupt too and not to make her laugh. So they telegraphed the sister again and the thousand dollars came and they had to give Uncle Willy's wife the car too. She went back to Memphis that same afternoon, driving across the square with the straw suitcases, in a black lace dress now and already beginning to sweat again under her new makeup because it was still hot, and stopping where the men were waiting at the post office for the afternoon mail and she said, "Come on up to Manuel Street and see me sometime and I will show you hicks what you and this town can do to yourselves and one another."

And that afternoon Mrs. Merridew moved back into Uncle Willy's house and Papa said the letter she wrote Uncle Willy's sister had eleven pages to it because Papa said she would never forgive Uncle Willy for getting bankrupted. We could hear her from behind the hedge: "You're crazy, Mr. Christian; crazy. I have tried to save you and make something out of you besides a beast but now my patience is exhausted. I am going to give you one more chance. I am going to take you to Keeley and if that fails, I am going to take you myself to your sister and force her to commit you to an asylum." And the sister sent papers from Texas declaring that Uncle Willy was incompetent and making Mrs. Merridew his guardian and trustee, and Mrs. Merridew took him to the Keeley in Memphis. And that was all.

V

That is, I reckon they thought that that was all, that this time Uncle Willy would surely die. Because even Papa thought that he was crazy now because even Papa said that if it hadn't been for Uncle Willy I would not have run away, and therefore I didn't run away, I was tolled away by a lunatic; it wasn't Papa, it was Uncle Robert that said that he wasn't crazy because any man who could sell Jefferson real estate for cash while shut up in a Keeley institute wasn't crazy or even drunk. Because they didn't even know that he was out of Keeley, even Mrs. Merridew didn't know it until he was gone two days and they couldn't find him. They never did find him or find out how he got out and I didn't either until I got the letter from him to take the Memphis bus on a certain day and he would meet me at a stop on the edge of Memphis. I didn't even realize that I had not seen Secretary or old Job either in two weeks. But he didn't toll me away. I went because I wanted to, because he was the finest man I ever knew, because he had had fun all his life in spite of what they had tried to do to him or with him, and I hoped that maybe if I could stay with him a while I could learn how to, so I could still have fun too when I had to get old. Or maybe I knew more than that, without knowing it, like I knew that I would do anything he asked me to do, no matter what it was, just like I helped him break into the store for the alcohol when he took it for granted that I would without asking me to at all and then helped him hide it from Mrs. Merridew. Maybe I even knew what old Job was going to do. Not what he did do, but that he would do it if the occasion arose, and that this would have to be Uncle Willy's last go-round and if I wasn't

there it would be just him against all the old terrified and timid clinging to dull and rule-ridden breathing which Jefferson was to him and which, even though he had escaped Jefferson, old Job still represented.

So I cut some grass that week and I had almost two dollars. I took the bus on the day he said and he was waiting for me at the edge of town, in a Ford now without any top on it and you could still read the chalk letters, \$85 *cash* on the windshield, and a brand new tent folded up in the back of it and Uncle Willy and old Job in the front seat, and Uncle Willy looked fine with a checked cap new except for a big oil stain, with the bill turned round behind and a pair of goggles cocked up on the front of it and his celluloid collar freshly washed and no tie in it and his nose peeling with sunburn and his eyes bright behind his glasses. I would have gone with him anywhere; I would do it over again right now, knowing what was going to happen. He would not have to ask me now any more than he did then. So I got on top of the tent and we didn't go toward town, we went the other way. I asked where we were going but he just said wait, rushing the little car along like he couldn't get there quick enough himself, and I could tell from his voice that this was fine, this was the best yet, better than anybody else could have thought about doing, and old Job hunched down in the front seat, holding on with both hands and yelling at Uncle Willy about going so fast. Yes. Maybe I knew from old Job even then that Uncle Willy may have escaped Jefferson but he had just dodged it; he hadn't gotten away.

Then we came to the sign, the arrow that said Airport, and we turned and I said: "What? What is it?" but Uncle Willy just said: "Wait; just wait," like

he couldn't hardly wait himself, hunched over the wheel with his white hair blowing under his cap and his collar riding up behind so you could see his neck between the collar and the shirt; and old Job saying (Oh yes, I could tell even then): "He got hit, all right. He done done hit. But I done tole him. Nemmine. I done warned him." Then we came to the airport and Uncle Willy stopped quick and pointed up without even getting out and said, "Look."

It was an airplane flying around and Uncle Willy running up and down the edge of the field waving his handkerchief until it saw him and came down and landed and rolled up to us, a little airplane with a two-cylinder engine. It was Secretary, in another new checked cap and goggles like Uncle Willy's and they told me how Uncle Willy had bought one for old Job too but old Job wouldn't wear it. And that night — we stayed in a little tourist camp about two miles away and he had a cap and goggles all ready for me too; and then I knew why they hadn't been able to find him — Uncle Willy told me how he had bought the airplane with some of the money he had sold his house for after his sister saved it because she had been born in it too, but that Captain Bean at the airport wouldn't teach him to run it himself because he would need a permit from a doctor ("By God," Uncle Willy said, "damn if these Republicans and Democrats and XYZ's ain't going to have it soon where a man can't even flush the toilet in his own bathroom.") and he couldn't go to the doctor because the doctor might want to send him back to the Keeley or tell Mrs. Merridew where he was. So he just let Secretary learn to run it first and now Secretary had been running it for two weeks, which was almost fourteen days longer than he had

practiced on the car before they started out with it. So Uncle Willy bought the car and tent and camping outfit yesterday and tomorrow we were going to start. We would go first to a place named Renfro where nobody knew us and where there was a big pasture that Uncle Willy had found out about and we would stay there a week while Secretary taught Uncle Willy to run the airplane. Then we would head west. When we ran out of the house money we would stop at a town and take up passengers and make enough to buy gasoline and food to get to the next town, Uncle Willy and Secretary in the airplane and me and old Job in the car; and old Job sitting in a chair against the wall, blinking at Uncle Willy with his little weak red sullen eyes, and Uncle Willy reared up on the cot with his cap and goggles still on and his collar without any tie (it wasn't fastened to his shirt at all: just buttoned around his neck) sometimes sideways and sometimes even backward like an Episcopal minister's, and his eyes bright behind his glasses and his voice bright and fine. "And by Christmas we will be in California!" he said. "Think of that. California!"

VI

So how could they say that I had to be tolled away? How could they? I suppose I knew then that it wouldn't work, couldn't work, that it was too fine to be true. I reckon I even knew how it was going to end just from the glum way Secretary acted whenever Uncle Willy talked about learning to run the airplane himself, just as I knew from the way old Job looked at Uncle Willy, not what he did of course, but what he would do if the occasion arose. Because I was the other white one. I was white, even if old Job

and Secretary were both older than me, so it would be all right; I could do it all right. It was like I knew even then that, no matter what might happen to him, he wouldn't ever die and I thought that if I could just learn to live like he lived, no matter what might happen to me I wouldn't ever die either.

So we left the next morning, just after daylight because there was another fool rule that Secretary would have to stay in sight of the field until they gave him a license to go away. We filled the airplane with gas and Secretary went up in it just like he was going up to practice. Then Uncle Willy got us into the car quick because he said the airplane could make sixty miles an hour and so Secretary would be at Renfro a long while before we got there. But when we got to Renfro Secretary wasn't there and we put the tent up and ate dinner and he still didn't come and Uncle Willy beginning to cuss and we ate supper and dark came but Secretary didn't and Uncle Willy was cussing good now. He didn't come until the next day. We heard him and ran out and watched him fly right over us, coming from the opposite direction of Memphis, going fast and us all hollering and waving. But he went on, with Uncle Willy jumping up and down and cussing, and we were loading the tent into the car to try to catch him when he came back. We didn't hear him at all now and we could see the propeller because it wasn't running and it looked like Secretary wasn't even going to light in the pasture but he was going to light in some trees on the edge of it. But he skinned by them and kind of bumped down and we ran up and found him still sitting in the airplane with his eyes closed and his face the color of wood ashes and he said, "Captin, will you please tell me where to find Ren—" before he

even opened his eyes to see who we were. He said he had landed seven times yesterday and it wouldn't be Renfro and they would tell him how to get to Renfro and he would go there and that wouldn't be Renfro either and he had slept in the airplane last night and he hadn't eaten since we left Memphis because he had spent the three dollars Uncle Willy gave him for gasoline and if he hadn't run out of gas when he did he wouldn't never have found us.

Uncle Willy wanted me to go to town and get some more gas so he could start learning to run it right away but Secretary wouldn't. He just refused. He said the airplane belonged to Uncle Willy and he reckoned he belonged to Uncle Willy too, leastways until he got back home, but that he had flown all he could stand for a while. So Uncle Willy started the next morning.

I thought for a while that I would have to throw old Job down and hold him and him hollering, "Don't you git in dat thing!" and still hollering, "I ghy tell um! I ghy tell um!" while we watched the airplane with Secretary and Uncle Willy in it kind of jump into the air and then duck down like Uncle Willy was trying to take the short cut to China and then duck up again and get to going pretty straight at last and fly around the pasture and then turn down to land, and every day old Job hollering at Uncle Willy and field hands coming up out of the fields and folks in wagons and walking stopping in the road to watch them and the airplane coming down, passing us with Uncle Willy and Secretary side by side and looking exactly alike, I don't mean in the face but exactly alike like two tines of a garden fork look exactly like just before they chop into the ground; we could see Secretary's eyes and his mouth run out so you could almost

hear him saying, "Hoooooooooooo!" and Uncle Willy's glasses shining and his hair blowing from under his cap and his celluloid collar that he washed every night before he went to bed and no tie in it and they would go by, fast, and old Job hollering, "You git outer dar! You git outer dat thing!" and we could hear Secretary too: "Turn hit loose, Unker Willy! Turn hit loose!" and the airplane would go on, ducking up one second and down the next and with one wing higher than the other one second and lower the next and then it would be traveling sideways and maybe it would hit the ground sideways the first time, with a kind of crashing sound and the dust spurting up and then bounce off again and Secretary hollering, "Unker Willy! *Turn loose!*" and at night in the tent Uncle Willy's eyes would still be shining and he would be too excited to stop talking and go to sleep and I don't believe he even remembered that he had not taken a drink since he first thought about buying the airplane.

Oh yes, I know what they said about me after it was all over, what Papa said when he and Mrs. Merridew got there that morning, about me being the white one, almost a man, and Secretary and old Job just irresponsible niggers, yet it was old Job and Secretary who tried to prevent him. Because that was it; that was what they couldn't understand.

I remember the last night and Secretary and old Job both working on him, when old Job finally made Secretary tell Uncle Willy that he would never learn to fly, and Uncle Willy stopped talking and stood up and looked at Secretary. "Didn't you learn to run it in two weeks?" he said. Secretary said yes. "You, a damn, trifling, worthless, ignorant, burr-headed nigger?" and Secretary said yes. "And me that graduated from a university and ran a fifteen-thou-

sand-dollar business for forty years, yet you tell me I can't learn to run a damn little fifteen-hundred-dollar airplane?" Then he looked at me. "Don't you believe I can run it?" he said. And I looked at him and I said, "Yes. I believe you can do anything."

VII

And now I can't tell them. I can't say it. Papa told me once that somebody said that if you know it you can say it. Or maybe the man that said that didn't count fourteen-year-old boys. Because I must have known it was going to happen. And Uncle Willy must have known it too, known that the moment would come. It was like we both had known it and we didn't even have to compare notes, tell one another that we did: he not needing to say that day in Memphis, "Come with me so you will be there when I will need you," and me not needing to say, "Let me come so I can be there when you will."

Because old Job telephoned Mrs. Merri-dew. He waited until we were asleep and slipped out and walked all the way to town and telephoned her; he didn't have any money and he probably never telephoned in his life before, yet he telephoned her and the next morning he came up running in the dew (the town, the telephone, was five miles away) just as Secretary was getting the engine started and I knew what he had done even before he got close enough to holler, running and stumbling along slow across the pasture, hollering, "Holt um! Holt um! Dey'll be here any minute! Jest holt um ten minutes en dey'll be here" and I knew and I ran and met him and now I did hold him and him fighting and hitting at me and still hollering at Uncle Willy in the airplane. "You telephoned?" I said. "Her? Her? Told her where he is?"

"Yes," Uncle Job hollered. "En she say she gonter git yo pappy and start right away and be here by six o'clock," and me holding him; he felt like a handful of scrawny dried sticks and I could hear his lungs wheezing and I could feel his heart, and Secretary came up running too and old Job begun to holler at Secretary, "Git him outer dar! Dey comin! Dey be here any minute if you can jes holt him!" and Secretary saying, "Which? Which?" and old Job hollered at him to run and hold the airplane and Secretary turned and I tried to grab his leg but I couldn't and I could see Uncle Willy looking toward us and Secretary running toward the airplane and I got onto my knees and waved and I was hollering too. I don't reckon Uncle Willy could hear me for the engine. But I tell you he didn't need to, because we knew, we both knew; and so I knelt there and held old Job on the ground and we saw the airplane start, with Secretary still running after it, and jump into the air and duck down and then jump up again and then it looked like it had stopped high in the air above the trees where we thought Secretary was fixing to land that first day before it ducked down beyond them and went out of sight and Secretary was already running and so it was only me and Uncle Job that had to get up and start.

Oh yes, I know what they said about me; I knew it all that afternoon while we were going home with the hearse in front and Secretary and old Job in the Ford next and Papa and me in our car coming last and Jefferson getting nearer and nearer; and then all of a sudden I began to cry. Because the dying wasn't anything, it just touched the outside of you that you wore around with you for comfort and convenience like you do your clothes: it was because the old garments, the clothes

that were not worth anything had betrayed one of the two of us and the one betrayed was me, and Papa with his other arm around my shoulders now, saying, "Now, now; I didn't mean that. You didn't do it. Nobody blames you."

You see? That was it. I did help Uncle Willy. He knows I did. He knows he

couldn't have done it without me. He knows I did; we didn't even have to look at one another when he went. That's it.

And now they will never understand, not even Papa, and there is only me to try to tell them and how can I ever tell them, and make them understand? How can I?



THIS TIME SURELY

BY JOHN HOLMES

Put all the past behind.
 One bird we sent away
 Will come back with its kind,
 And come this time to stay.
 Beneath the great green tree
 Where once it had a nest,
 Again stand close to me,
 Again stare east and west.
 We have not long to wait
 Until with an airy thunder
 Our ears reverberate,
 Our eyes are filled with wonder
 To see the flock fly home,
 And wheeling down in flight,
 Come suddenly to bloom,
 And turn the green tree white.

THE HIGH COST OF CULTURE

BY CONSTANCE CASSADY

ONE of the enigmas of the present era — a situation which, while not peculiar to these years of confusion, has undoubtedly been heightened by the depression — is the problem confronting those who, for pecuniary reasons, are forced to rear their children in environments wholly opposed to their own cultural ideals. All over the country, there must be families like mine which have been constrained by financial circumstances to strike their roots in alien soil — alien in standards, in taste, and in reasoning. It was relatively easy for Sinclair Lewis, ten or twelve years ago, to point out the tawdry qualities of American middle-class life, but neither he nor anyone else, so far as I know, has suggested a means of escape for the poor but intelligent. Yet, to those who find themselves thrust willy-nilly into the pattern of predominant mediocrity, the situation is more menacing now than it was then.

It will be necessary, in order to view the picture clearly, to understand the exact status of such a family. The parents are products of a cultural background. Their preferences reflect a high standard of taste, and a certain breadth of outlook. But they are poor in the world's goods, and it is out of the question for them to live in a better-class neighborhood. They must find a home where rents are low enough to be encompassed by a shrinking budget. We find them, therefore, moving into a community made up of the families of store

clerks, salesmen, and the better-paid types of factory workers.

For the parents this is all well enough. Realizing that they have nothing in common with their neighbors, they will pursue their own interests without much thought for immediate surroundings. Their lives are enriched by the social and cultural factors which even those of limited means can enjoy (if they are so minded), and they have little actual contact with their environment. But for their children it is another matter. For, even if children were not by nature gregarious, the physical circumstances surrounding modern childhood would preclude their living apart from their fellows. Every child must have companionship of his own age, and it is in his contacts with other children that most of the difficulty arises.

In his own home, the child is surrounded by evidences of good taste. He has glimpsed, darkly perhaps, the truth of the axiom that cheapness is not determined by price but by intrinsic worthlessness; that all good things are simple, unpretentious, enduring. It is something which he has, in his first years, taken for granted. It is accepted on faith, as is the knowledge that people do not scream at each other, that children go to bed early, and have a daily bath. Then, without warning, he is adrift in an alien world. His neatly-catalogued accumulation of ideas is abruptly upset, and he must revise his conceptions of the life about him. He goes into the homes of his

new friends, and finds them utterly different from his own — noisy, exciting, cluttered with a wealth of exotic objects hitherto almost unknown to him. It is all strange. The child begins to feel a little apologetic for his own familiar but staid surroundings. . . .

He finds, moreover, as he forms a few tenuous friendships with neighborhood children, that he is being constantly reminded of divergences in training and point of view which seem to fix a barrier between him and his companions, and make him feel vastly inferior. "All the other kids" stay up later than he is allowed to, consume quantities of soda pop and penny candy, attend the dance marathon, bathe once a week if then, and go to the movies every other day. The movies particularly are a bone of contention. The child of the lower classes has been weaned on Hollywood's insidious milk. He is taken, squalling, to sit through the latest Garbo sensation before he can walk, and by the time he has reached school age, he has not only ceased to protest, but has developed an unquenchable craving for the drug. The daughter of our own family feels herself at a decided disadvantage because this source of glamor has been withheld from her. Her companions speak with authority on such matters as *The Bride of Frankenstein*; they keep voluminous albums devoted to their favorite stars; they can imitate Mae West to a nicety; and their brothers cultivate the speech of Cagney and Robinson. The child whose parents have taken him to only a few selected pictures is definitely out of it. A privilege has been denied him, and his more fortunate comrades eye him askance. They pity his ignorance, and are inclined to attribute it to a lack of the necessary ten cents — surely nothing but a serious financial shortage could keep one from the movies!

It is inevitable that, before long, a sense of inferiority should begin to manifest itself in this child. His friends have had so many experiences which he has not; they discuss subjects never even touched on in his family circle. He is torn between two opposing creeds, and the majority, so far as his experience goes, is entirely on the side of the world beyond his father's walls. He is beset by a growing suspicion that his parents do not know as much as he had believed they did: it would be strange if they were right, and everybody else wrong. He finds that his own unfolding consciousness of a world of graciousness and beauty — a sense which had, by slow degrees, been ripening to maturity — has apparently no value in the community of which he is now a part. These other children not only know nothing of the matters in which he is versed — they are not *interested* in them. The sense of inadequacy is wholly on his side. He may know the names and the habits of the birds about his house, he may be able to distinguish the different instruments in a symphony orchestra, he may have the beginnings of an appreciation of color and line in art as well as in nature, he may be at the threshold of literary appreciation, but all this counts for nothing if he cannot recognize the popular film stars and talk glibly about the comparative merits of Fords and Chevrolets. He is confronted on every hand with evidences of his own ignorance, and it becomes apparent all too soon that he must conform or become an object of ridicule.

As this whole situation progresses, there are bound to be heart-searchings on the part of the parents. They are truly caught upon the horns of a dilemma. Lurking in a corner of their minds is the unwelcome suspicion that they have not done right by their child. Is it possible that they have been training him into an insuffer-

able little prig, or that most anomalous of freaks—an intellectual snob? Still worse, have they set him a standard too high for his years; have they attempted to guide his footsteps along a path that will lead nowhere but to disillusionment in the world he must inhabit; have they equipped him with a set of values which will be not only useless, but will condemn him to isolation, at least throughout his childhood and youth? Has it been worth the struggle, not only for them, but for the child himself, to raise his ideals of taste, behavior, and thought beyond the reach of those with whom he must associate? Their minds are torn by indecision. They observe the other children and are inclined to the opinion that, while they give every evidence of a lack of home training and have no vestige of cultural background, they are not bad children. At least, they are growing up in the way most satisfactory to themselves, and many a psychologist has deplored the unremitting supervision which is saddled upon the youngsters of the upper classes.

It is at this point that the intelligent parents, if they are worthy of the qualification, will inquire more closely into the forces at work about their child. It is all very well to admit that the middle class has deplorable taste, but a society is built upon more essential foundations than that. One must strike through the top-soil of manners and customs to the basic strata beneath, in order to know whether this is rich or sterile earth.

II

In the years before the World War, this great majority class was popularly supposed to be the repository of all the virtues. Whether this was simply a form of flattery on the part of those above, or that tendency toward shaking hands with one's self

which has always been a national weakness, I am unable to say. I believe it possible, however, that there did exist, at that time, an honesty and a spirit of industry in the mass mind of America which has since vanished. No doubt the war and the boom years following it were responsible for the change. At any rate, even the minor virtues are now regarded with a lofty contempt. Principles *per se* have fallen into disrepute. Even such mild moral stimuli as pride in the domestic arts have been cast into the discard. The average housewife covers her culinary atrocities with whipped cream, or patronizes the bakery and delicatessen. The creative urge has largely disappeared from the kitchen, and the daughter of the middle class works off her excess energy in the study of tap-dancing.

Superficially this may appear an unimportant phase, except to those unfortunate victims whose colitis bears witness to the decline of culinary science. But I am not sure that it has not a certain significance. All through the popular mind, there runs a thread of disdain toward the job at hand. There is work to be done. Very well, let us do it in the quickest and easiest way possible. Get it over with! The dignity of labor, the joy of a task well done, are unknown quantities. The idea of anyone performing his duty for the satisfaction of accomplishing something, of creating perfectly and painstakingly and with patience, would be met with derision. There wouldn't be anything "in it." These people have never recovered from the too-good years when they bought at fifty and sold at a hundred. They are still obsessed by the myth of easy money, and the joy of the worker has been lost somewhere in the shuffle. This unhealthy attitude is reflected inevitably in their children. They have heard about money ever since they have heard anything. Imbedded deep in their

communal consciousness is the conviction that wealth is something to be acquired rapidly and without effort, and, closely following, is the companion thought: Anything is all right as long as you can get away with it. To be sure, the forty-dollar-a-week clerk may have all the instincts of a wolf, but he is not particularly menacing as long as he can only eye the main chance wistfully, and vision the sharp practices which he would put over if only he had the opportunity. His son, however, is not hampered by the discouraging weight of adult realism. He bullies and browbeats his smaller and weaker comrades, snubs the child with patches on his pants, and, in expansive moments, announces that he is going to make a million dollars. He knows his world too well to suppose that anyone would care how he made it.

Cupidity and money-worship are unquestionably the *leitmotifs* of the populace. Snobbery, in this middle group, blossoms rank and unashamed. No one pretends that anything but money makes the Big Shot. All the desire of the people is for Things—things which will represent money. And their children absorb it and carry it with them into the community of childhood, and it poisons and degrades their relationships, and blinds them to values which they might otherwise comprehend.

The middle classes, in so far as they are aware of their shortcomings at all, are obsessed by the idea that they would be charming and cultivated people—if only they had four, or five, or ten times as much money as they have. This attitude is, I think, responsible for many of their unlovely qualities. Honesty has long been considered one of their peculiar virtues, but in recent years it would appear to have dropped into a position of minor importance. One feels that the upright citizen is

merely a bit resentful because the opportunity for racketeering didn't come his way rather than the other fellow's. More than ever, the real crime is in being found out, and the children have not been slow to profit by example. The "sense of honor" which played so important a part in the early training of some of us, while it did not invariably work a charm, at least gave us pause in many a tight spot. It was in some instances a powerful deterrent. But now, what deterrents there may be are feeble ones at best. The public school, as I have said, makes nothing of social training. The parents are either too busy or too lax themselves to give it any attention. The church makes a half-hearted effort to instill some vague idea of right and wrong in the young, but religion is admittedly a dead force in most respects. The only stimulus toward honesty and honor would seem to be the fear of consequences—a deterrent which may work wonders among criminals, but seems hardly an admirable one for adolescents.

Yet, contradictory as it may appear, the middle class has not dropped any of its old-time intolerance while it has been letting down the bars to an unprecedented moral laxity in itself. The walls of prejudice are as high as ever, the vista between them as constricted. The mere admission that other people, other ways, may have points of superiority, would be impossible. The middle class still embraces its shoddy and second-rate ideals with a passionate exclusiveness. It is ready at any instant to turn and rend the individual who deviates from the pattern it has established. The middle-class mind has its own creed which it accepts without question—an unwritten constitution based upon cruelty, ignorance, and hypocrisy. Its innumerable by-laws are mouthed over and over, and the children learn to parrot them in the cradle. "I never

sit next to a nigger in the street car." "If they don't like this country, they can go back where they came from."

One of the most interesting manifestations of the popular mind is its abhorrence of sex. The word, and everything pertaining to it, is so rigorously forbidden that one is inclined to wonder if these self-confessed ascetics must not have produced their own offspring by immaculate conception. A relentless whispering campaign is carried on against sex — though there is nothing these good citizens enjoy more thoroughly than the vicarious thrill of a salacious book or movie. The children, of course, are stifled by the frustrations of their parents. The dirtiness of the sources of life are made known to them, by devious means, in their earliest years, and thus the keynote is sounded for their adult attitude toward sex. One of the most appalling problems which confronts intelligent parents is the furtive curiosity displayed in this direction by their children's playmates. The child of the cultured home will have acquired a healthy acceptance of sex along with his nursery rhymes. He has been privy to the family life of his own pets, and it is a natural and interesting phenomenon, but no more so than, say, the growth of plants or the habits of insects. Then he encounters the widely-different ideas of his companions. Their information is of the hit-or-miss variety picked up from other youngsters, or else a garbled account imparted by an embarrassed parent — probably in the hushed voice of one who deals with rather indecent mysteries. The outsider suddenly finds that his own knowledge (which had not hitherto seemed particularly important), is a source of great interest. Curious, shifty eyes devour him when he speaks of very obvious matters having to do with his cat or dog, there is nudging and giggling, and certain words he hadn't known before

are introduced into the conversation. It is his first encounter with the leering underside of life, but, unfortunately, it will not be his last.

III

What, then, is to be done? Are men and women of high cultural and social ideals to accept the premise that, because they cannot afford to live in a community of their equals, or to pay tuition for private schools or camps, their children must grow up in the mental and moral stasis of the surrounding middle class? As one who has personally been confronted with this particular problem, I have found that, while there is no entirely satisfactory answer, there are several possible methods of meeting the situation.

One which I have heard advocated is a line of *laissez-faire*. Some of my acquaintances maintain that the child of the superior home should be permitted to run with the pack, and to accept the standards of the masses *temporarily*. The contention is that, in the end, being innately superior to his environment, he will turn from the second-rate and gravitate naturally back to the ideals represented by his home. This strikes me as a risky and highly problematical kind of reasoning. I cannot help believing that the creed embraced in formative years will have a great deal to do with the ensuing lifetime. Moreover, the habits of life and thought espoused by the masses are necessarily those which follow the lines of least resistance. They are the result of mental and moral inertia — of a devitalizing incapacity for independent thought or action, of the all-too-easy submersion of the individual in the mire of collective mediocrity. For my part, I feel it an injustice to the child to stand back and permit him to follow the crowd, if one is aware of

the utter futility of its goal. The constant cry of even the child who is above the average intelligence is: "But *everyone* does that!" It is no easy matter to convince him that this is not a valid reason for him to do it, but rather the contrary. Still, it can and should be done.

Another school of opinion — and here I must include some eminent authorities — insist that it is positively harmful for the child to grow up detached from the life of the community. Their stand is that no matter how low the standard of his environment, he must become a part of it, or he is in danger of developing anti-social tendencies. This brings up the old problem of the relative importance of the individual or the machine. It harks back to a fundamental divergence in philosophies. Yet there are few parents who would care to see their children forced into an inferior mass-mold as a sacrifice to society. The proponents of this theory maintain that, by encouraging the child to stand apart from his surroundings, we are condemning him to a life of loneliness and possible maladjustment. The only answer is that the intelligent man or woman is consecrated from the beginning to partial isolation. The ways of the mob will never be his ways, so why not let this be understood at the start? It is far easier for the plastic mind of childhood to accept such truths than it is for the adult. Leave the knowledge of good and evil for the years of maturity, and the lesson will either be a bitter disillusionment, or will never be learned at all.

There is also a more practical aspect of this question which arises sooner or later. Assuming that the parents find themselves thrust willy-nilly into a *milieu* which is foreign to their tastes and ideals, what reason is there to suppose that their child will be able to escape from it when *they*

have not? It is possible that these are the material circumstances in which he will exist for the rest of his life. If he is to escape them, in the most obvious sense, he must learn that the possession of money is of paramount importance. And, by following this line of reasoning, one will have completed a cycle, only to arrive at the precise point from which one has been running away. The child will find himself urged forward by the identical stimulus with his less intelligent companions, and, while the end in view may be different, the means toward its fulfillment, and the basic values involved, are disturbingly alike. It would seem, therefore, extremely unwise to impress upon a child the desirability of mercenary ideals. The implication that culture and intelligence are inseparable from wealth is a dangerous one, and dollar-worship is made all too easy. It is the religion of the screen, the radio, and particularly of the street. Certainly the home ought not to magnify still further its importance.

I believe, however, that in a truer sense an escape from mediocrity is quite possible. There is no reason why the child should not learn, as surely as he learns the more tangible objects about him, that the whole vast world of the intellect is his, whether he be prince or pauper. There is no reason why he should accept poverty of thought along with poverty of purse, no law which condemns him to the cultural level of those who happen to live in the same financial circumstances as himself. His parents must, of course, face the fact that there will be a period of unremitting conflict — countless occasions, particularly in the earlier years, when the child will turn eagerly to the glittering excitement of the here-and-now, rather than trust to that dim future which they see for him.

I think that, to combat this, there is no

sharper weapon than ridicule. If the child comes to a realization that the tawdry enthusiasms of his companions are matters for jest, he will not be apt to stultify himself by espousing them, and, moreover, he will have taken the first step toward becoming a civilized human being. The moronic doings of the populace may be portentous enough to the reformer, but to the average intelligent bystander they are merely food for mirth. Let us, then, amuse ourselves at the expense of cheapness, of intolerance, and irrationality, for surely gaiety is the natural prerogative of childhood.

By way of contrast, we can set up a standard of values within the home which even the child, by slow degrees, will come to recognize as preferable to that outside. We can assuage his spirit's hunger with such deeply satisfying food as the knowledge of the recurrent miracles of nature, the joy of creating well with hands or mind, the study of music. We can use the radio as a means of bringing him to Schumann and Tschaiikowsky, rather than to Orphan Annie. We can have the cream of the world's literature from the public library, even if we cannot afford to buy books, and we can show by our own satisfaction, rather than by preachment, that here is a way to a richer, happier understanding of all things. We can admit the relation between the sexes as a splendid and essentially happy provision of nature. We can open the door to a fuller compre-

hension of all people, all faiths, all thought, so that in time the intolerance of the masses will be as repugnant to our children as it is to ourselves. Not by force, which so often results in directly the opposite end from that intended, but by the constant demonstration of our own joy in abundant living, can we clarify the values of life for our children. Our endeavor must be to make of the home a vital and self-contained unit, compact within its four walls, and yet as wide as the catholicity of human thought—an integral part, not of the negligible community close at hand, but of the whole of civilization.

The child who has caught a glimpse in the beginning of the majesty of man's progress down the ages, the sweep of philosophy and the arts, the dignity of simplicity, and the harsh beauty of truth, will not be led astray in later life by ballyhoo. He will be conscious of his own significant place as a link in the continuity which is history behind him, and before him the still unwritten future. He will not lack the courage to stand alone and aloof from all that is meretricious. That he should accept his parents' beliefs on faith would be neither possible nor desirable. He must attain his own philosophy of living, but, whatever it is, it will be the result of a deep-rooted integrity. In the end, he will go his way, not necessarily happy, but content in the strength of his growing understanding. And I believe that we can wish him no finer future than that.

EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE

BY CHARLES MORGAN

GEORGE MOORE was born on February 24, 1852, and died in Ebury Street on January 21, 1933. He was old and aloof; he belonged to no clique; his habit of publishing his work in limited editions had for many years restricted public knowledge of him. When he was taken to Golders Green on his way to burial in Ireland, a few great painters followed him; and the Prime Minister found it in his heart and in his honor to do his last duty to a pagan aristocrat who was dead. But English literature abstained.

That neglect is surprising, for Moore wrote an autobiography which is entitled to rank with the *Confessions* of Rousseau, and, in his version of *Daphnis and Chloë*, a modern translation from an ancient writer which stands with Pater's and with Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass*. His *Avowals*, however sharply one may dissent from his judgments, is a landmark in the history of criticism, even what we may consider its errors having a vitality and an independence more valuable than the safer compromises of other men. All this is but a small part of his achievement. Twice George Moore recreated the English novel—first in 1894 when *Esther Waters* gave us our liberty, and again ten years later when there began that series of tales, extending from *The Lake* through *The Brook Kerith* to *Aphrodite in Aulis*, in which we discover a new cadence and discipline, a new reconciliation between the written and the spoken word.

These are the attainments of the artist. The man was not less remarkable. He had the passion for self-renewal which is a universal impulse, influencing all our lives; but it took in Moore a peculiar form and had peculiar consequences. In men of even temperament who are fortunate enough to have found a natural outlet for their powers, it appears as a continuous growth of their character and craftsmanship. When they become men, they put away childish things—at any rate from their active consciousness. Their advance may be likened to the ascent of a ladder; the rungs they have passed are not encountered again. A painter paints in one manner when he is twenty, in another at forty, in a third at sixty-five. The latest manner may or may not be better than the earliest—that is not the point. The point is that the change, when made, is complete and final. When the mature painter approaches a fresh canvas, he does not find that the young man of twenty is standing before it, and that, even while he is painting a mature masterpiece, this young man continually snatches his brush from him and must be disciplined anew before maturity can have its effect. This is what happened to George Moore.

The plainest and most concrete example of it is to be found in his method of composition. In his later years he worked by dictating to shorthand. The passage was typed, read by him, and, to some extent, revised with the pen. Then he would go

to his secretary again and, with the typed draft on his knee, re-dictate, not only elaborating and expanding as Balzac did in proof, but often using the draft for no more than a sentence or two and giving to his secretary, who was sometimes distracted by his drifting to and fro, what was in effect a new draft unconnected with the old. The process was then repeated, and repeated again and again, the structure of the story itself as well as the forms of expression being built up as the revisions continued. If we heard that this method was used by another writer, we should be tempted to say that his purpose was infirm, that he was garrulous merely, and that only chaos could result. It is, in fact, responsible for certain long digressions which I cannot but think were structural flaws in George Moore's later work, and which gave to *Aphrodite in Aulis* an unmistakable air of having been written by a very old man. In brief, the method had its defects even under his stern control; but to say that infirmity of purpose was responsible for it is completely to misunderstand his special difficulties and his method of overcoming them.

Sometimes I was able to see his very early drafts. They were a revelation of the writer and the man. They were not the imperfect beginnings of work that was recognizably a master's. A passage would open with excellent quietness and dignity. Here, in the rough, one exclaimed, is prose as memorable as any in *The Brook Kerith*. Then, suddenly, a sentence would appear that seemed to have been interpolated by some flashy writer of novelettes for the lesser magazines of the 'eighties. These drafts could be bad with a virulent badness, with a pretentiousness, a snobbery, a sentimentality, a seemingly hopeless incompetence which, if one had not known that the genius of Moore was

waiting to redeem them, would have tempted one to say that they and their writer were beyond redemption. Who wrote them? Not Homer, however disastrously he might nod. Their authorship is to be discovered in a collection of stories, one signed "George Moore," which, under the general title of *Wine, Women and Nuts*, is on the shelves of the British Museum. It is probably to be detected likewise in his contributions, which I have not investigated, to his brother, Augustus Moore's magazine, *The Hawk*. It is certainly to be perceived again and again in certain passages of *A Modern Lover*, his first novel dated 1883, which afterwards became *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*. The astonishing and significant thing is the persistence of the unregenerate Moore. To the very end of that long life, he had to be tortured and whipped and expurgated. He was forever popping up, seizing the pen and writing nonsense. In every book he wrote, George Moore went through the whole process of self-renewal; he went back to the beginning and taught himself to write all over again. If for a moment his watchfulness slackened, something clearly written not by him but by that awkward youth, his predecessor, would reach the printer—perhaps even the public. Then the book had to be rewritten, and, if all rewriting failed, to be excluded from the canon.

In a preface to a final edition of *The Lake*, Moore himself speaks of this besetting adolescence:

I will confess [he says] to very little admiration for *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa*. The writing of *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa* was useful to me inasmuch as that if I had not written them I could not have written *The Lake* or *The Brook Kerith*. It seems ungrateful, therefore, to refuse to allow two of my most successful books into the canon merely because

they do not correspond with my aestheticism. But a writer's aestheticism is his all; he cannot surrender it, for his art is dependent upon it, and the single concession he can make is that if an overwhelming demand should arise for these books when he is among the gone — a storm before which the reed must bend — the publisher shall be permitted to print *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa* from the original editions, it being, however, clearly understood that they are offered to the public only as apocrypha. But this permission must not be understood to extend to certain books on which my name appears — viz., *Mike Fletcher*, *Vain Fortune*, *Parnell and His Island*; to some plays, *Martin Luther*, *The Strike at Arlingford*, *The Bending of the Bough*; to a couple of volumes of verse entitled *Pagan Poems* and *Flowers of Passion* — all these books, if they are ever reprinted again, should be issued as the work of a disciple — Amico Moorini I put forward as a suggestion.

Amico Moorini, then, shall be his name, but he was very far from being George Moore's disciple or his friend. He was his enemy who, though beaten down a thousand times, always rose up from under his feet; and it was this struggle which gave Moore's character the stress of an extreme complexity.

II

In some respects, George Moore was still an adolescent even in his old age; in some, a figure of comedy that swung continually towards farce; but in his devotion to his art, and his readiness to sacrifice all else to it, he was saint or devil, according to your prejudice. To study him and his work was to be instructed in the innermost meaning and penalties of self-discipline and self-creation. Self-creation was the end, self-discipline the means, and the penalty he had to pay for this everlasting labor of the spirit, compelling the

man he had been to bring forth the man he would become, was an exhaustion of the vital energy given by others to the joy, the ease, the warmth, the natural humanity of living. It was precisely this that caused so many acquaintances to feel that there was in him something chill and snakelike; they knew him only when he was on his guard, when Amico Moorini was at his elbow. The limp hand, the sloping shoulders, the pale almost creaseless face, the eyes that were sometimes vacant and sometimes the eyes of a hawk, filled many observers with profound unease. There were times in which they felt that he was naturally cruel; they experienced a physical repulsion; and, as though they were engaged with a creature not of their own kind, were reluctant that his hand should touch theirs. It needed more than superficial knowledge of him to understand that his cruelty was for himself.

Impressions of this sort always have their date in his middle or later life, never in his youth. They appear in contemporary accounts of him after his writing of *Esther Waters* and, generally, later still, when he had passed his fiftieth year and had written *The Lake*, and that volume so significantly named: *Memoirs of My Dead Life*. Amico Moorini himself appears to have been by no means a repulsive young man. One who knew Moore when he was young and remained his friend until her death a few years ago said that, though ugly, he was always "exciting and amusing." Mr. Shaw, who knew him in his very early days in London, described him to me in a conversation of which I have a note containing this illuminating passage:

Shaw said he knew Moore when he lived in Cecil Street, Strand. He seldom, if ever, saw George and Augustus together. There was always a certain delicacy about George and he knew how to be a gentleman when

he wanted to. He was always telling stories about himself and women. In every story there was a room full of mirrors and chandeliers, and the story usually ended with some woman throwing a lamp at George and driving him out of the house. Everybody used to laugh at George and no one believed him, but he had an imperturbable good humour and if you said: "But, George, don't talk such nonsense, you are making it all up," he was not in the least put out or angry but just said: "Don't interrupt me," and went on as before.

Shaw added that, after this early knowledge of Moore, he lost sight of him for a time, "until one day Archer came to me and said he had been reading a most wonderful naturalistic book by a new writer. It was called *A Mummer's Wife*. 'But who is the writer?' I asked. 'Well,' said Archer, 'his name is George Moore.' 'Nonsense!' I said. 'But I *know* George Moore. He couldn't possibly write a real book. He couldn't possibly do anything.' But there it was. He had written it, and then I began to understand the incredible industry of the man."

This was in 1884, ten years before the publication of *Esther Waters*, Moore then being thirty-two. Mr. Shaw speaks of his "imperturbable good humour." The general impression is of a foolish, rather flashy man about town, an affable and outwardly ineffectual creature who only in solitude was beginning to lay the foundations of his artistic life. There is no hint here of anything abnormally cold or aloof, still less of a cultivated inhumanity; and I do not doubt that the contemporary impression is just.

Contrast with it an account, by Mr. Ford Madox Ford, of a meeting with George Moore in his maturity. It appeared in an essay on Moore and Galsworthy contributed by Mr. Ford to *The Atlantic Monthly* soon after their deaths.

I have that early image of him, [Mr. Ford writes] standing rather rigid and grim, chilled and monarchical in his long dressing-

gown. He was dismissing me with one hand on the door-knob of his dim, overheated room. I had at the moment for the first time the impression of his extreme pallor. That was owing, possibly, to a shaft of light coming from the passage. And he seemed as aloof as if he had been a denizen of another world where there was neither sun nor wind. The impression was so strong that I was relieved that he did not remove his hand from the door-knob and offer it to me.

Mr. Ford hazards the opinion that it was, perhaps, George Moore's aloofness from life that led to his being so often omitted from critical discussion, although there was not a critic "with any pretensions to knowledge of letters who would not acknowledge when challenged that Moore was infinitely the most skillful man of letters of his day — the most skillful in the whole world." Then Mr. Ford describes how a friend of his, speaking of Galsworthy, said:

"He wasn't, at least, wicked like George Moore . . ." Then he checked and exclaimed almost in mental distress: "I don't know why I say that George Moore was wicked. I know nothing against him personally. I have never heard anything against him, and *The Brook Kerith* is one of the most beautiful books in the world. But you know what I mean . . ." I knew what he meant, [Mr. Ford continues]. It was that something wicked seemed to distill itself from the pages of Moore's books so that whilst you read them you felt, precisely, mental distress. You felt even mentally distressed at merely remembering the writings of George Moore — as if you were making acquaintance of what goes on in the mind behind the glacial gaze of the serpent that is the Enemy of Man.

Mr. Ford's choice of words is, perhaps, over-spectacular. Certainly I was never aware in George Moore of anything that could be appropriately described as "the glacial gaze of the serpent that is the En-

emy of Man"; he was too often pathetic and too often ridiculous for that. Nor can anyone who knew Moore intimately do anything but smile at the use of the word "wicked" in connection with him. He could be as wilful as a child and as impatient as a shrew. I have seen him march into a chemist's shop where he was unknown, and, regardless of five customers waiting to be served, cry out from the door: "I want something to make me sleep." Everyone yielded place to him; he took his bottle and marched out, as if this were a shop in Ballyglass and he still owner of Moore Hall. What other people's feelings might be, he did not consider when he wanted something; it was not cruelty or vanity or even selfishness; it was a kind of imperial oblivion. He could be, on occasions, so absorbed by his own interests that for the sake of a phrase or a whim he could wound his oldest friends to the heart. At any moment he might say or do something so unreasonable, so fiercely intolerant, that only a fixed determination to treat such outbursts as if they had not been could preserve a friendship of forty or fifty years. I have heard him so belabor an old friend for no worse crime than a defense of Keats that the whole friendship was imperiled and might have been broken irreparably if that friend, himself an artist, had not leaned back in his chair at dinner and said: "Well, Morgan, you continue the conversation, and, when Moore has finished talking about Keats, I will rejoin you." The effect was magical. As always when Moore perceived that he had been at his worst, he bestirred himself to be at his best. He would not apologize, but he had a miraculous gift for the prolongation of sentences, and the sentence which had been begun in rage against Keats was led on, with a forced smile and a slow waving of the hand, by a

painful and devious route until at last, emerging from the tunnel of unreason, it found itself in the eager sunlight of the French Impressionists. What a sentence! What skill, what swift and iron self-discipline had made it possible! The younger man whom Shaw knew long ago, wilful, flashy, wrong-headed, vulgar, the unregenerate Moore who never outgrew the tantrums of adolescence, had looked up over the edge of the dinner table, had behaved like a fool and, in the course of a single sentence, had been crushed by a genius.

III

This invasion of his new by his dead life was perpetual in George Moore, for the truth is that his dead life would not stay in the grave. He was engaged in everlasting conflict with it, not as man only, but as writer. The history of this battle is to be read throughout his works, and, above all, in his rewriting of them. Those who imagine that these rewritings were governed by a desire to give a new twist to an anecdote or to fiddle with the turn of a sentence mistake their man. Nothing is more wearisome to an imaginative writer than to take up again old work written in a mood long since passed away; and nothing is more dangerous. It is better to let the work stand or to suppress it. Moore did suppress a great part of his work. *Mike Fletcher* and *Vain Fortune*, by no means *juvenilia* for they were written after *The Confessions of a Young Man* and appeared between his thirty-third and thirty-fifth years, have vanished utterly. *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa*, though in print, were for him under a cloud; they were a subject repugnant to him, for here, he felt, even revision had failed; and these two books were written not in his thirties but in his late forties, long after *Esther*

Waters. They mark as it were a relapse between that masterpiece and the final struggle to re-create himself which began in his going to Ireland at the time of the Boer War and resulted instantly in *The Untilled Field* and *The Lake*.

Look back over his literary history from that date. Twenty years earlier he had written one very good book, *A Mummer's Wife*, being then thirty-two. At thirty-six, he had produced his first immature but original essay in autobiography, a hint, so to speak, of the life to come, but not in itself of much value as a work of art. Then, for six years he had done pale, tentative work with no greater merit than is to be found in the charm of *Spring Days*, until suddenly real boldness, real genius emerged in *Esther Waters*. Then came another period of stumbling until, at the age of fifty-one, he published *The Untilled Field*, and stumbled no more. There is more in this than the customary ups-and-downs of a literary life. The ebb and flow of his powers represent the failure and the success of a process of exorcism. His rewritings will all be found upon examination to have had one dominating purpose: to silence the voice and eliminate the follies of the young man whom Shaw knew and who was still lively enough, when George Moore was in his eightieth year, to appear at the dinner table on the evening I have described.

It will have been noticed that Mr. Ford, in the passage I have quoted, says that in reading Moore's books, "you feel, precisely, mental distress." There is, I think, a measure of truth in this, for I experience sometimes, while reading even the masterpieces, a sense of strain, of enforced calm, powerful enough to enable me to understand a deeper unease in others. It would be easy to dismiss such objections as aesthetically irrelevant and the objectors as

obtuse. More is to be gained by facing the objection, and enquiring how much of it is critically spurious and how much valid.

What is the element in Moore that causes many readers, who are by no means without equipment to appreciate his mastery of his craft, to shrink from his work? Why has the general public never taken to itself a writer of so much wit, so keen an invention, whose stories, far from being "difficult" or obscure, have a lucidity unparalleled in modern English? A part of the answer, a part that is of no critical importance, may be conveniently summarized in the saying, which I have heard a thousand times, that George Moore was what the English call "French." To speak of a woman as if she were a goddess—that, in England, is pardonable, that is romantic, no matter how the goddess may behave; to speak of her as a doll inseparable from her garments—that, too, is permissible, having polite precedents in Thackeray, *malgré lui*; to speak of her as if she were a square meal is a practice that the heartier English will always approve for what they are pleased to call its "honesty"; but to see her with the eye of a connoisseur—ah, no! that is "French." And Moore saw everything with the eye of a connoisseur.

This idea that Moore's sensual passages have a forbidding chill—is it not to express in different terms another idea: that they were at their best free of sentimentality? He was by no means without sentiment, if by the word we mean a just tenderness and that pity for men and women which springs from perception of the difference between what they are and what they dream themselves to be. *Esther Waters*, his realistic masterpiece, is informed by sentiment of this integrity; but sensuality is its antithesis. To mingle the two is to produce a debased sentimentality,

and Moore did not mingle them. But Amico Moorini did, and there we arrive again at the core of the problem.

George Moore, the mature master, when writing independently and at his ease, could be shocking to prudes, but never to discerning and intelligent men; his so-called improprieties had a kind of fabulous simplicity—for example, in the lovely early chapters of *Héloïse's* girlhood—that protects them from attack. It is only when Amico Moorini takes up the pen, as he does sometimes in *A Story-Teller's Holiday*, and in detached sentences throughout the novels, that a false sensuality, springing, in most instances, from an adolescent desire to shock, breaks the evenness of the narrative surface. Moore knew well enough that there was within him an immature tendency to this extravagance. To be saved from it, to keep Amico Moorini within the bounds of discipline, he imposed upon himself a rule that is a key to his later style. It was a rule of evenness, a rule against emotional emphasis, a refusal not only of anything that could be called a purple patch but of any conspicuous variation of *tempo* in response to a variation of mood. The result was a classical repose that is delicious among the fevers of contemporary romance. The narrative moves forward like a clear river under a calm sky. The image mirrored in its surface is dissolved and succeeded by another without perceptible transition; the light upon it changes its appearance from gaiety to sadness and from sadness to a profound, brooding melancholy; it responds with exquisite modulations of color to the day's mood and hour. But it remains a steady, calm, unhurrying river; nothing, not even passion, is allowed to break its surface except on the unfortunate occasions when Amico Moorini, escaping from his tutor, tosses in a stone.

In this continuous and deliberate calm there is something spellbound and trance-like. Moore's detractors call it monotonous, frozen, dead. To me it is a calm enforced; I am aware in every line of the exercise of a rigid discipline; but it is a discipline which, though it touches me sometimes with unease, for I cannot escape knowledge of the struggle that produced it, fills me also with admiration and excitement. Here, plainly, at whatever cost to Moore himself, is something new in English literature, something new that will have a lasting influence precisely because it is not new in the sense of being without roots. It will have a future because it has a past. Three great influences are perceptible in it: the majestic austerity of Landor; the translucence of Turgenev, whose stories are shaded by none of the mists that trouble other men; and Pater's doctrine that sensation is the touchstone of value, a doctrine which Moore, having less moral prejudice than the author of *Marius*, was able to accept more fully than Pater himself.

Moore made no more secret of these influences than he did of the earlier influence of Flaubert. His claim was that he had assimilated them, and the claim is just. Landor and Pater were not, in essence, novelists; Turgenev was not an English novelist; and Moore had evolved a style through which all three were made contributors to the English novel. He called them in as allies against Amico Moorini, and *Héloïse and Abélard* was the result. "There are only two prose epics in the English language," Moore would often remark. "One of them is *The Brook Kerith*."

"And what is the other?" you were expected to ask.

"The other," he would reply, "is *Héloïse and Abélard*."

IV

His critics are fond of saying that, if Moore lives, he will live by his style. He himself was a little weary of being praised for his style. "Style?" he said. "They haven't read Landor," and, though this was probably no more than an expression of the desire, which every writer has, to be praised for some quality the praises of which have not grown stale, it is worth recording that Moore's especial pride was in his power to invent anecdote. He was aware that his later narrative method was made perilous by its smoothness; at the same time he was determined that this smoothness must at all costs be preserved, for, if it were not, his whole purpose would be defeated, Amico Moorini would be given a chance to intrude his extravagances, and an element of fashion would appear in his prose. To be fashionable was what Moore did not desire, for to be fashionable today is to be unfashionable tomorrow, and his aim was to write a prose independent of every colloquialism, every trick of phrase, every contemporary allusion that might make it obscure or tedious in the future. He carried this quest of an absolute prose so far that he rejected where he could, and sought occasion to reject, the use of the second person plural, feeling that this use of verb and pronoun was rubbed, and that "thou" and "thee" and "thine" had the double merit of freshness today and of an unshakable establishment in the Bible. But he knew that this smoothness laid a weight on narrative; after many pages the reader might turn from it, seeking stronger contrast, richer variety, more abundant vigor than was to be found in these intertwining cadences, unless by anecdote he was led on from page to page. He had been greatly troubled, while writing *Héloïse and*

Abélard, by the necessity, which he had seen no means to avoid, of discussing Nominalism and Realism, and he would tell me often of the pride he had had in inventing anecdotes which should sustain the narrative beneath the burden of so much philosophy. To him his anecdotes were windows in the corridor of narrative and exposition. They were the light by which the journey was to be made; and to think of his style as if it consisted only in a faultless control of phrase and cadence is to deny him his place in literature. Good English, however good it may be, will gain no man immortality, and we shall arrive at the significance of Moore only by recognizing the validity of his claim to be a master of anecdote and by perceiving to what conclusion it leads us. The conclusion is, I think, that Moore desired above all else to evolve a new method of storytelling.

He used to say that he had introduced "the aesthetic novel" into England. This is true, but the phrase was not fortunately chosen; it expresses only a part of the truth and, at the same time, obscures it, for to many minds the word "aesthetic" suggests the beauty of contrivance, not that perfect marriage of form with purpose which was Moore's understanding of it. He saw round him, and might still see if he were alive, the English novel struggling beneath a burden of literary convention. The uses of dialogue, the means employed to pass from dialogue to narrative and back again, the methods of communicating retrospect, had all stiffened. In the work of unskilled writers, each transition was a jerk, and, even though by skill and experience the jerks might be concealed, one remained aware that the narrative planes were being shifted; there was a momentary break of illusion when the author ended his trickle of dialogue, to which the reader had been

listening as one mortal listens to another, and plunged into the thought-stream which a reader cannot enter except on the basis of his being an omniscient god.

This passing from plane to plane is one of the everlasting difficulties of a novelist. A thousand different ways of avoiding it have been invented. The whole story may be told in the first person, thus excluding the novelist's voice altogether and forcing the reader to identify himself with the imagined narrator. Or the story may be told in the third person, but still consistently from the point of view of one character in it — a method subject to many of the limitations of first-person narrative and lacking its intimacy, but free also of its egoism. Or there is another method, chosen by many writers in recent years — that of avoiding emphasis on major transitions by multiplying minor transitions. The reader is carried forward at so high a speed over so rough a track that he has no time to notice the changes of plane from subjective to objective narrative. Of this method there have been brilliant instances, particularly in America. Mr. William Faulkner's sentences have the crackle and vitality of machine-gun fire; his changes of narrative plane are so many, so swift, so violent that, by breaking continuity into a thousand pieces, he achieves a coherent pattern.

But successful though it may be in short stories, this method is perilous in its application to epic narrative. Either the noise becomes deafening and the reader intuitively closes his ears against it; or, in authors whose irregularity of style is quieter, there is a gradual failure of lucidity, the reader searching in vain for the bread of plain statement among the high and mixed flavors of impressionism. It is not necessary to multiply instances of the attempts that have been made to give unity

to fictitious narrative; the point is that, until Moore's coming, they were literary experiments based upon elaborate investigation of the written word.

From this Moore broke free. He had an extraordinary capacity for observing the simple truths that other men pass by. He had the kind of intelligence that might have invented adhesive postage stamps or, in a yet more ancient world, have prompted him to exclaim to the men who were dragging a sledge: "Why not put the thing on wheels?" And he observed, in his study of narrative, that when one reads it in a book one is much more acutely conscious of its transitions, its interpolated retrospects, its struggling movements from one consciousness to another, than one is in listening to a story that is told orally. A child always prefers a good tale invented at its bedside to a tale, greatly superior in order and substance, that is read from a book; and Moore had the genius to perceive that the modern English novel, even the naturalistic novel that he formerly practiced, had become too far removed from its origin in fables passed down by word of mouth. A lesser man, making this discovery, might have been tempted by it into banal simplicities and an insane, retrogressive abandonment of tradition. Moore set himself to apply the virtues of oral narrative to the rich and complex language he had inherited from the past.

Consider first his treatment of dialogue and the means he discovered to preserve at once an impression of natural speech and the continuity of a prose that would have been broken by photographic naturalism. Abélard has been likening the whiteness of Héloïse to the whiteness of summer:

But my summer is not yet come, Abélard, she said; I am but the month of April. Call me not the month of March, for this is a

cold month, and I am not cold. A fair month, indeed, he answered, is the month of April, one not to be despised, though the month of May is a better month, and the month of June is—well, June is a month for the Gods. But thy June, Héloïse, is many months distant, and waiting for it shall be my joy. Wilt grow tired of waiting? she asked. Tired of waiting? How little thou knowest yet about love. A true love never tires or wanes, Héloïse, but is with us always, like our blood, like our breath.

In this passage there are seven sentences. Each sentence, without exception, hands on a key-word to be repeated in its successor, precisely as each stanza of *terza rima* hands on a rhyme. The first sentence lays an emphasis on "month." The second repeats it twice, and produces an internal echo by a double use of the word "cold." The third sentence has the word "month" no less than six times, and another internal echo on the word "June." The fourth sentence repeats "June," and introduces a new word, "waiting," with a final muffled echo of "month." The fifth sentence repeats "waiting"; the sixth echoes it interrogatively, and strikes the new word "love," to which the last sentence instantly replies. By this means was Moore's dialogue bound together, his repetitions and his vowel-sounds linking his prose as rhyme links a sonnet. The significance of Moore's prose escapes us unless we observe that the purpose of such elaboration was not decorative but structural. He was not making pleasant sounds because they pleased his ear; he was binding dialogue, as an architect binds into unity the component parts of his design.

Consider next a descriptive passage in which narrative and speech are interwoven as they have never before been interwoven on the printed page, but as they might be by some story-teller to the gods:

Abélard did not feel sure that the by-path might not be missed, but to hear the road explained out again would be merely a waste of time, and so they hastened towards the forest in a sort of half-knowledge of the way, allowing the horses to trot a little, thinking that they might draw rein when they passed through the fringe of birch trees that encircled with their pallor the great district pines that showed in black masses over against Étampes. Now we are well within the forest, Abélard said, as much in the forest as if we were in the middle of it; and he asked Héloïse to peep over the undergrowth that lined the rutted path down which they were riding, so that she might see the pines rising up naked and bare some fifty or sixty feet, some straight, some leaning in endless aisles. Like the spears, Héloïse said, of Crusaders going into battle; and how penetrating is the smell of resin. But the pines were in patches only, and the forest passed quickly into rocky hillsides overgrown with oak and beech. . . .

V

Great though George Moore's influence has already been upon a few writers whose struggle with the difficulties of their craft has opened their eyes to his achievement, his full power lies, I believe, in the future, when the personal controversies that surround his name are dead and the world has had time to rediscover, as it will unless story-telling die, that lucidity is a virtue. Then it will be understood what were the services to art of this man whose house in Ebury Street has now become a shop. A card stands in the bow-window, advertising the goods for sale and informing the passer-by that this was the house of the late George Moore. In that room, another friend and I saw him for the last time. It was a winter's morning. A light blind was across the window; the dining table had been moved; George Moore lay in the middle of the room under the blaze

of an electric chandelier. He spoke first of his illness and suffering, a subject of conversation rare in him. Then, rousing himself, he said with an exaltation yet more rare: "Now let us turn from things of the flesh and talk of things of the spirit," and he began to tell us of the book he was then writing and hoped to finish, *A Communication to My Friends*, finding in it an occasion to speak of his early life. He turned from this to general defense of an artist's freedom. Humor, irony, indignation, anecdote, poured from him. We were his guests; he exhausted himself to entertain and hold us, having then—as always except when Amico Moorini showed his head—an ancient and elaborate courtesy.

When it was time to leave him and we stood at the door, he cried out: "Come again! Come separately or come together—but come. All day I lie here alone."

But except when his work itself fought within him, he was not an unhappy man. He was lonely, but reconciled to loneliness by long use and a fanatical desire for independence. He was a single-minded artist, and no one who is that can be altogether unhappy or without armor. His aim, and his achievement, was a constructive simplification of prose narrative. "Ingres and Antiquity," he said, "alone knew how to simplify," and it may well serve as his epitaph that, by infinite labor, he taught himself their lesson and applied it to the English novel.



THUNDER POOLS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Now the sudden shower's done,
A new world and a deeper one
Is lying under every tree,
Small blue cousins of the sea.

Made of water from on high,
These pools of unearthly dye
Show the elm tree's arching crown
And the white clouds upside down.

Such pools are not pools to wade,
It would make the feet afraid
To walk through such a lovely wonder
Poured from the hogsheads of the thunder.

A SOLDIER LOOKS AT PACIFISM

BY W. F. KERNAN

THE world's peace talk has lately begun to take on much of the arrogance and intolerance that used to be associated only with the splenetic outbursts of saber-rattling autocrats. Judging by the epithets that are being bandied about among the self-styled pacifists, we may yet have to resort to ordeal by battle in order to select the best peace plan. When the students of Columbia meditate a strike for the promotion of pacifism, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler heartlessly punctures the *ballon d'essai* of the campus conscientious objectors by an ultimatum to the effect that such a decision will be regarded by him as "a form of war." When Senator Nye proposes to make sure of peace by taking the profits out of the munitions racket, he comes in for a sound drubbing at the hands of Mr. Walter Lippmann. The Senator, we are told, is nothing but a "militarist." And having made this point with the air of one who has sought out and slain a werewolf in his lair, the Bayard of the columns devotes a few well-chosen words to his own panacea. As a substitute for the Nye bill Mr. Lippmann offers us diplomacy.

But in Europe the recent explorations of diplomacy in the person of Mr. Anthony Eden were not markedly successful. The Eastern security pact was earmarked for limbo before it was drafted, but "everything that words could do was done" before Geneva followed Stresa into the wastebasket of international futilities. At present, although it is still the fashion for most

rulers to pretend they are earnest competitors for the Nobel Peace Prize, the disconcerting fact remains that, between the time these very lines are written and the day that they are published, the trenches may be occupied on a dozen fronts throughout the world.

Now it is probably true that the most important and significant characteristic of the present age is its persistent determination to create some sort of machinery that will guarantee humanity against the perpetual recurrence of war. However, due to a profound misconception of the problem confronting the world, the net result of the peace movement to date has merely been the creation of a highly paradoxical situation — a situation that would be ridiculous if it were not so dangerous.

The world is teetering uncomfortably on the ledge of a pacifist peace. In Europe, for example, after all the conversations, conferences, and concessions, after the Kellogg Pact has been signed and the Lytton Report filed, and the rebuke to Hitler dispatched in that rarefied atmosphere of high moral tension which the League is supposed to create, what do we see? We see [this is written on September 1] a peace based not on the love of peace — that is to say, not on any real desire for international co-operation — but a peace based solely on the fear of war. Whether this is called peace by diplomacy or peace by accident, or, as one journalist recently said, peace "by sheer bluff," matters little.

The fact remains that this situation presents a dangerous invitational weakness to any nation that is not afraid of war. By all accounts there are still at least three of this type left.

The last war was caused by a form of militarism which was a perversion of absolutist government as surely as pacifism is a perversion of democracy. The blood-and-iron policy of Bismarck, adopting the philosophy of Hegel and broadcast by Bernhardt and Treitschke, produced Armageddon. After November, 1918, the reaction set in, and, as usual, the pendulum swung too far the other way. The peace-at-any-price crusade began, gained adherents, and allied itself successfully with certain branches of the socialist movement (pink intellectual in America, Laborite in England, *Jeune République* and Leftist in France). By the end of a decade it was controlling constituencies, influencing elections, and speaking with the voice of authority in international affairs. A few more years of this sort of thing and we shall have a war compared to which the late unpleasantness will seem a mere out-post engagement. There is evidence that the dragon's teeth of weakness and fear, which pacifism has been so industriously sowing, are now beginning to sprout.

II

I think it was Walter Bagehot who said that "the sands of history are strewn with the wrecks of nations that sought a little progressiveness at the expense of a lot of hard manliness." In its headlong rush away from war, pacifism is in danger of forgetting that what I have called invitational weakness never produced a condition of real security or a lasting peace. A nation may have the best will in the world; its intentions may be above reproach; but

unless its treaties, promises, concessions, i.e., its moral judgments as expressed through its representatives, are armed with something more than sweet reasonableness, its voice is likely to go unheeded.

When Mithridates the Great violated his treaty obligations with Rome and put 50,000 Romans on the spot in a single night, all the odds were on his side. He had a magnificent army; he was a long distance away; and he was the absolute dictator of a totalitarian state. If he had been living in the modern world of peace pacts, he might have been allowed to get away with it. But not so in the heyday of the Stern Republic on the Seven Hills. It took Rome seventeen years to convince the King of Pontus that a treaty which bore the superscription *SPQR* meant exactly what it said, and in the end it was worth the trouble. The result was the *Pax Romana*, which even our debunking historians are accustomed to mention with respect. But the *Pax Romana* was not created by sitting idly by and holding indignation meetings on the cruelty and rapacity of a neighboring people. It rested squarely on the broad back and burnished helm of the Roman legionary.

This is not an argument for investing a single nation with the police power of the world or for putting teeth into the League. The writer has no peace plan. He would, however, submit the idea that today the fear of war is the specific evil of international co-operation and therefore of peace. Or put it like this: due to pacifism — which is simply the fear of war elevated to the dignity of a doctrine — government has been weakened; diplomacy falters, makes treaties with its tongue in its cheek, evades issues; the state, deprived of the unqualified allegiance of its citizens, is unable to make its moral will felt in the comity of nations because it is un-

able to take the risk of war. But in order that a government may co-operate with another government, it must have, not only a moral will, conscience, sense of international justice, but also the ability to express it, "cash it," as William James would say, in a concrete deed. Unless this is done you may have covetousness masking as expediency, or cowardice speaking with the voice of humanitarianism, but you will not have co-operation. To have a sound foreign policy, a nation must have the power to mean what it says and this involves risk.

Pacifism, claiming a monopoly of conscience, would deny conscience to the state, for it would deprive government of the power to make a moral judgment involving the risk of war. The pacifist is unwilling that the state should take this risk. He wants a foolproof world in which justice is self-enforcing, an open-and-shut foreign policy controlled automatically by reason. This is why an army in pacifist terminology always appears as an "obstacle to international co-operation" and a "menace to peace." The pacifist position here needs careful consideration.

III

Taking his stand on the lofty heights of conscience, the thoroughgoing pacifist would have it that war is a form of activity so hellish that no ethical human being should ever be willing to engage in it for any reason whatsoever. War is "outlawed." This is his first conclusion. As Dr. Muzzey says:

What an irreparable calamity for the cause of human progress if, just at the moment when the nations are chastened by unparalleled misfortune to a point where they might listen to entreaties for disarmament, our country should be found absorbed in the business of increasing its battalions. I for one say: better go down in defeat

with the flag of American Idealism flying, if invasion should come, than to win under the banner besmirched by the blood of men sacrificed to the ambition of a defiant nationalism.

Having established the absolute iniquity of all war, the next step in the general line of pacifist philosophy is the transference of the moral burden to the back of the soldier. Because the soldier is the man who wages war, he is identified with the militarist—the vampire who wants war. He is presented to us either as a stupid barbarian who derives a sadistic pleasure from the evisceration of his enemies, or as a Machiavellian promoter of wars in which innocent citizens shed their blood in order that autocracy may not perish from the earth. The following extract from an editorial in the *Peace Digest* is fairly typical of the blasts that are now being blown on the shrill trumpet of pacifism:

Army and navy officers must not be allowed to dictate to us the lines of our national policy. We shall never get anywhere until we oust them from the saddle. These men ride mankind. . . . The people in every country are sick of war but the military and naval oligarchies hold the government in their fists.

And finally the doom is pronounced. The pacifist high priest, quivering with virtue, announces that no soldier can possibly be saved. Thus Mr. Esme Wingfield-Stratford, writing on the ultimate destination of all members of the ancient and honorable profession of arms, says:

If you should come to believe that progress from blind matter, through man, to something that for a want of a better term we may call divine, is essentially a progress in love, then you must face the fact that among the sacrifices demanded of the soldier, that of life is by no means the greatest. He must sacrifice his soul.

It is evident that we are dealing here with the conscientious objector and that the attack on the soldier is made in utter sincerity. What is the answer? Or is any answer possible?

The heroic pacifist of nonresistance feather — and there are more of them about than it is comfortable to contemplate — simply refuses to fight on any terms, and identifies his stand with the ancient maxim of ethics, *fiat justitia ruit caelum*. Though earth falter in its course and the heavens fall about his ears, he will resist unto death the siren call of “Johnny, get your gun.” It would appear at first sight that to such a man there is no reply to make. And yet, as Spenser Wilkinson says, though “the world cannot conquer him and fear has no hold on him, he can carry out his doctrine only to the extent of allowing himself to be ill-treated.” He cannot, morally speaking, permit himself the luxury of self-sacrifice on the altar of peace if it can be proved to him that his nonresistance to aggression must be abandoned where the welfare of the group, or even the welfare of a single individual, is endangered thereby. If, faced with this alternative and still refusing to accept the categorical imperative of defense, he allows himself to be knocked on the head without a struggle, his mood is simply the mood of suicide — the *reductio ad absurdum* of the sin of pride. Ethically speaking, he ceases to exist.

We have the record of the interrogation by a court-martial of a pacifist deserter during the war, who was asked the question, “What would you do if, with no outside help available or within call, a ruffian attempted to rape your sister before your eyes?”

The answer, characteristic of the moral emasculate, was, “I should attempt to make him desist by reasoning with him.”

“But suppose,” continued the examiner, “your words had no effect on him, what would you do then? Wouldn’t you attack him?”

“No,” said the prisoner, “I wouldn’t attack him but I would endeavor to interpose my body in such a way as to prevent him from accomplishing his purpose.”

This man was acquitted by the court-martial, which tried him for cowardice in action, but will he be acquitted before the bar of human morality and reason? Is he not, by his own admission, either a completely unmoral being or an imbecile? He admits that the prevention of rape is a real objective — not only of his moral but also, to a certain extent, of his physical nature. But he deliberately refuses to adjust the means to the end. The action which he takes is insufficient to accomplish the purpose he has in view — and because of this very insufficiency, or perhaps I should say, this calculated insufficiency, it ceases to be moral. For the will that fails to arm a moral judgment with strength and wisdom is no longer a moral will.

IV

American pacifism got its Dreyfus Case in the decision rendered by the Supreme Court on Professor Douglas Clyde Mackintosh’s petition for naturalization. Here we have a British subject, a professor in the Yale Divinity School, who applied for citizenship in the United States, but who was unwilling to take the oath of allegiance required by law. After passing through the lower courts, his plea for naturalization was finally denied by the Supreme Court on the ground that his attitude disclosed “a present and fixed purpose to refuse to give his moral and armed support to any future war in which this country may be actually engaged.”

As a result of the Mackintosh decision a wave of indignation swept the intellectual and religious centers of the country, and the case has been the fountain and the shrine of conscientious objectors, both plain and fancy, ever since. Student bodies signed agreements never more to engage in war; interdenominational groups of ministers passed resolutions denouncing the Supreme Court; the verdict was compared to the Dred Scott Case, to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to the Albigensian Crusade, and to the proscriptions of Sulla. The *Christian Century* was particularly eloquent in upholding Professor Mackintosh as the champion of the still, small voice of conscience against the Moloch of a Prussianized state.

Outraged at the harsh treatment accorded the Yale professor, the *Century* printed and circulated a pacifist manifesto which bore the imposing title *The Declaration of an American Citizen*, and which its readers were urged to sign and return to the editor immediately. This truly remarkable document called on all native-born Americans to repudiate and cast off the obligation to bear arms which the Supreme Court declared binding on citizens. It denied emphatically that it is the duty of a citizen to defend the government against all enemies whenever necessity arises and it affirmed no less emphatically that the "imposition of such an obligation is the essence of tyranny."

Observe that Professor Mackintosh was only a modified conscientious objector. He did not object to fighting on principle, nor did he think that all war is necessarily wrong, but he had the awful presentment that some day his adopted land might take up the sword in an unjust cause. When and if this happened, he wanted to be certain that he would not be caught fighting on the side of Beelzebub against

the Angels. As he himself put it in his plea to the Court:

I am unwilling to promise beforehand to take up arms without knowing the cause for which the country might go to war . . . before actually going to war I would have to believe that the war was morally justified.

No one can take a higher moral tone than the pacifist when he is putting up "No Trespassing" signs around his private preserve of conscience. And yet no soldier, and no citizen, could possibly assent to the proposition implied in this statement. For what Professor Mackintosh really said to the Supreme Court may fairly be phrased as follows:

I refuse my unqualified allegiance to the nation because I assume that at some future date the United States government is likely to commit injustice, and I desire to reserve the right to be an arbiter of the state's action. In any future crisis involving war I must be free to give or to withhold my allegiance as I see fit.

That is what Professor Mackintosh meant. And this is the answer of Justice Sutherland which located the exact spot on the map of conscience where pacifism parts company with citizenship:

Our government must go forward on the assumption, and can safely proceed on no other, that unqualified allegiance to the nation and to the laws of the land, as well to those made for war as to those made for peace, are not inconsistent with the Will of God.

In other words it is not only illogical, it is also in the highest degree unethical, for the citizen to deny his support to the state on the assumption that it may conceivably go wrong at some future date. Where government is concerned, the action of conscience cannot be first hypothecated *in futuro* and then made the basis of a revolt.

Under a conditional act of allegiance, government becomes impossible.

In order to avoid the charge of absolutism, we must be careful here. We must distinguish between the true action of conscience when confronted with governmental injustice, and the pacifist moralizing in advance of the event. Admitted that man as a moral agent should not connive at an official crime or render his allegiance to an unjust cause, though all the autocrats from Belshazzar to Hitler seek to coerce his will, admitted that the revolt of an Antigone or of an Athanasius is worthy of our highest praise, we must still maintain that, when the individual withholds or conditions his allegiance to government, his action must be taken on some specific grounds. The essence of the commitment which creates the state is that all citizens must endorse it. In a matter as serious as war, a man must choose one of two alternatives: he must either wholeheartedly support his government or wholeheartedly seek to overthrow it in order to found a better government. He cannot be a citizen and stand aloof.

Of course there is a risk in citizenship but, as Professor W. E. Hocking says, "It is a risk taken in the good faith of one's fellows, and only by way of such risk can the state become fully worth deference." To the pacifist who would refuse his unqualified support to government because he is unwilling to take the risk of war, we would point out that without the dual commitment of citizenship—which is both moral and physical—you may have an association, a corporation, a sphere of influence, but you will not have a sovereign state.

We reach here the point where the supersensitive conscience of the pacifist comes into conflict with the conscience of the soldier. For what is the soldier but the citi-

zen who, in a manner of speaking, sleeps with his boots on? The soldier has merely made a more explicit act of allegiance. He has sworn to defend the government against all enemies, both foreign and domestic, and he has taken this oath without reservations. His conscience is definitely committed to the principle that government is a good thing, well-worth the expenditure of power—and powder. He stands or falls with the sovereignty of the state.

If Professor Mackintosh is right, the soldier is wrong. The challenge here is very definite, and the answer is, I think, equally definite. But it is not the answer of militarism to pacifism. It is the answer of government to anarchy.

V

It appears that the pacifist is so otherworldly in his outlook that he is inclined to take government for granted. He seems to think that citizenship is the same sort of thing as belonging to a club from which he can resign at will. Politically, the pacifist is tame. He is too far removed in spirit from the darkness and strife of that jungle through which men have fought their way toward the concept of the state. The pacifist's forehead is too high. His eye, fixed on realms Elysian, is altogether too blue. And now at last his conscience has only led him to a dilemma and left him free to choose the horn upon which he prefers to be impaled. His choice lies, not between this government and some other, presumably better, government, but between this very government which so heartlessly demands of him that he bear arms in its defense and no government at all.

What the pacifist does not see is that government must have a physical as well

as a moral base. He bestows his heart on the state and coyly refuses his hand. But sovereignty is not only impossible, it is unthinkable, without the component of potential force. And from what source is this force component to be drawn if not from that very unqualified allegiance of the soldier which the pacifist would repudiate?

When Justice Sutherland informed Professor Mackintosh that "we are a nation with the duty to survive, whose constitution contemplates war as well as peace", he was not defending militarism, he was simply affirming the principle of trusteeship as applied to government. Since this trusteeship has the duty to survive, it must carry with it the necessary power to guarantee survival. If, as Washington said, "influence is not government", it is because influence, however reasonable and moral it may be, lacks the essential element of power. And how is the soldier to be regarded except as the embodiment of a government's power to enforce its moral will?

Let us make it clear once and for all that the state, which owes its existence to the common consent, has itself a moral obligation which it must discharge. Since it is a trusteeship, it must survive in time

and space. It has assumed certain duties which it can only fulfill by continuing to exist. The individual citizen looks to it to furnish him with the amphitheater of his social will. Again it is the state which must provide the moral and material conditions under which generations as yet unborn are to seek and find their higher, i.e., their social, selves. Men from time immemorial have been willing to pay in blood and treasure for government because they know the value of the calculable.

To confer these benefits, to make good its guarantee, to be able to obey the dictates of the collective conscience, the state needs power. What we call sovereignty is merely this moral obligation of government seen from without. It is the consent of the individual returned to him in the form of group prestige.

The mere fact that there is a risk in placing a matrix of physical force within the penumbra of the state's moral influence does not justify the pacifist's refusal of allegiance. The bond which unites the individual and the collective conscience is not a contract but an act of trust. Unless the citizen is willing to take the risk of an unconditional commitment to the common venture, government, except in a Pickwickian sense, becomes impossible.

WIFE OF THE HERO

A Story

BY SALLY BENSON

THE trouble was, Libby told herself, she had talked too much about him to her family, and now they were curious, quite naturally, and wanted to see him. But there had been so much to explain about him; why he never came out to Pelham to see her, not even on Sundays; why she met him in town for dinner, and then took the train home by herself afterwards. Her mother thought this all very odd, so Libby had tried to explain him and, as her own thoughts were so vague and excited, she had made a separate picture of him for her mother and father and Jeanie that wasn't true at all. But the picture suited them, as she knew it would, because it was a picture with which they were familiar.

She had made him exceptionally fine for Jeanie who was seventeen and still expected the finest.

"What's he like?" Jeanie had asked.

"What's *who* like?"

"Oh, this Mr. X. that you keep seeing and that you're so mysterious about."

"Well," Libby had said as a picture of him that would suit Jeanie began to form in her mind, "he's not like anybody you ever saw, exactly. He's — well — he's simply swell."

"I know. But what's he *like*?" Jeanie had asked again. "Is he like Gene Raymond, or Clark Gable, or who?"

Jeanie was very definite about people. They had to look like somebody or almost

like somebody. Somebody handsome, or famous, or interesting. Men, to Jeanie, who couldn't be classified as, "He's sort of like Dick Powell," or, "He's Bing Crosby's double," just didn't exist. Even though, for a while, during the early part of the summer, she had devoted a few evenings to a young man who wore glasses and had no redeeming features that the family could see. But Jeanie had insisted that he danced like Fred Astaire and, as the floor of the country club was always so crowded that you couldn't tell how anyone was really dancing, no one had been able to prove she was wrong.

So Libby told her, "Well, you see, he's studying to be a doctor. Not a doctor, exactly, though. He's going to do all sorts of work with microbes and things. Like Arrowsmith."

"Oh." Jeanie had exclaimed, terribly impressed. "You're lucky. Someone like Ronald Colman around all the time! Libby, you've *got* to marry him and go to the tropics and everything. Not that I want *you* to die like the girl in *Arrowsmith*, but think how grand it would be to live down there in those funny places and have your husband be like a sort of god to those people. And I can visit you and, maybe, meet someone like him myself. Libby, you can be a hero's wife! I bet you never thought you'd be a hero's wife!"

Libby thought of Arrowsmith, too, and of Arrowsmith's wife in the movies being

brave and waiting for him, to the accompaniment of the kind of music that did things to you and lifted you up to places that were spacious and light.

Then Jeanie had said, "Of course, he's grand looking and everything, too, isn't he, Libby? I mean, he's not one of those funny little men you see with brief cases?"

And Libby had denied this emphatically, although for a moment her heart had sunk. But she was in a haze, those days, and as long as she could keep her inner picture of Joe intact, she was willing to present him to her world in any way that would please them. He was too short, she knew, and when she walked with him she bent her knees a little so that never, by any possible chance, would he be aware of it. As to whether or not he was good looking, she couldn't have honestly said. From the moment she had been introduced to him on a Fifth Avenue bus by Marjory Scott, a rather dreadful girl she had gone to school with, she had had such a feeling of excitement about him that it was as though he were out of focus in her sight. Marjory Scott had got off the bus and Libby had sat with him all the way to Forty-Second Street, and then he had walked over to Grand Central with her. Riding back to Pelham, it seemed to her that she had never said so much to anyone in so short a time, although later when she tried to piece together what she had said, it didn't sound so unusual. And when he had asked her to have dinner with him the next night, his invitation and her acceptance had seemed weighted with a sort of insistence.

After that, everything between them had been wonderful; the little place they went for dinner; the talks they had; and the things he told her about himself. His whole life, as he told it, became Romance

for Libby; about how hard he had worked, about his father's poor little farm in Indiana, about running away from home, about working his way through an obscure little college, and not even belonging to a fraternity. He couldn't drive a car, he said, he'd never owned one, nor did he play any games because he hadn't had time for them. She thought of him as some sort of bright light that had found its way up from depths of darkness she didn't know existed. She was terribly in love with him and she became fiercely partisan for him in hundreds of small, absurd ways. She began to despise the boys she knew at home because they had everything and thought nothing of it—the tanned young men who drove up to her house in cars and blew the horns peremptorily, to see if she were home. She felt that she, herself, was too comfortable, and she became aware of money and of how much things cost, and she began to ask for very little and to be ashamed of extravagances. She wouldn't let Joe ride home on the train with her, the fare was too much, and at dinner she said she wasn't hungry and ordered the cheapest thing on the menu. At night she lay awake thinking, and sometimes, when she thought of the things he had told her, she cried.

She was like a stone wall between him and her family. She was careful to give them no cause to be amused at anything about him. And to do this, she had lied desperately. She told Jeanie that he was a Princeton man of a year before the time of any of Jeanie's young men; she told her mother that he lived in a sort of studio near Gramercy Park, because she knew that One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street was beyond her mother's comprehension; she told her father that she couldn't possibly ask him out for golf

on Sundays because he was taking all sorts of summer classes and was studying terribly hard. She said that his father was dead, which was true, but that he had been a mining engineer some place out West; she said that the reason she met him in town always was because he knew so many interesting people and that it was such fun to sit around and really talk instead of chasing around to night clubs and roof gardens dancing. She won Jeanie over to him completely; her father said that he sounded like an up and coming young man; but her mother was still uneasy and unconvinced.

II

As for herself, Libby was strong in her feeling that she had discovered something that would never come to her again in her lifetime. But it was a feeling she couldn't expose to anyone else just yet. So for over six weeks she battled for Joe with lies to her family, and then the terrible moment came. She had known all along that it was coming, but she had hoped for more time.

It happened one evening just as she was leaving the house to catch the train for New York, where he was to meet her for dinner. As she passed the door to the living room, she knew instantly that her mother and father had been talking about her, and she wished there was some way that she could be out of the house and on her way to the station before her mother called her. But there wasn't.

"Libby," her mother said. "Come here. I want to speak to you a minute."

"I'm late," she answered. "I'll miss my train."

"You have a few minutes," her mother said. "I won't keep you long, Libby. Your father and I have been talking about this

young man you keep meeting in New York. And we both feel, your father and I, that you should ask him to the house so that we can meet him. I don't like the idea of your being constantly in the company of a young man we've never seen. I don't doubt he is all you say he is, but you're young and your judgments aren't formed yet, and I really must insist you ask him here. This Sunday."

"But mother," she said, "I told you. It's awfully hard for him to get away. He's terribly busy and everything. I explained all that."

"Libby," her mother said, "you are talking like a foolish child. No young man is so busy that he can't spare a few hours to come this short way to meet your parents. I don't like it, I tell you. I don't like it at all. And if you won't ask him then I must forbid your meeting him in New York."

"Oh, mother, please!" she begged. But she knew it was no use.

Usually on the train she sat in a happy daze, a queer feeling of anticipation in the pit of her stomach that got better as the train went into the tunnel after it passed One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street. But this evening she was miserable with the sensation that she was facing something she was powerless to handle. She began to wish, for the first time, that Joe was different, that he dressed a little better, that his manner was not quite so brusque, that he wasn't always so terribly on the defensive, that his indignation over things was more subdued. She thought of her father, and supposed that Joe would despise a man like her father, despise him for his golf and his detective stories. And she tried to picture Joe and her father sitting on the porch of the country club having a drink together and talking. Joe would be quiet and polite in a frozen sort

of way, sitting there in his blue suit, his good one, and her father, after a few hearty attempts to talk to him in the manner he always used toward young men, would give up and dismiss him as being queerer than Dick's hatband.

What would Jeanie say when she saw him? She would begin to talk a lot and hand him her line. She would overwhelm him with her silliest talk to cover her own confusion. Afterwards, she would be lovely to Libby about him, saying, "He's terribly nice. Really he is. He must be awfully bright." But. . .

Her family would be too polite to question him much, but Jeanie was sure to ask him about Princeton, and one by one the lies she had told about him would be exposed. If she could only look ahead and be sure of his greatness! How did women like Leora Arrowsmith and Margaret Clive *know* that their husbands were going to be great men? Did they just love them, not caring? Did they have to explain them to their families? She felt she would like to be insured against humiliation and defeat. But how could she say to Joe, "Look, I will love you and marry you and be faithful to you, if you will guarantee me greatness and immortality. I will stand funny little restaurants, dreary apartments, and clothes that aren't right, if you will promise me that some day I will be pictured against a great background with the sound of a symphony orchestra."

III

He was waiting for her in the restaurant and when she saw him sitting at their table in the corner, she saw him for an instant through Jeanie's eyes. "That funny looking little man!" and she felt a rush of indignation toward him.

Then, "Hello," she said.

He only half rose, she noticed, and he made no effort to help her with her coat. Perversely, she made a chore of slipping out of its full sleeves and arranging it on the back of her chair. Then she looked around the little restaurant, at the corrugated tin ceiling, at the pink paper roses on a trellis by the window, at the tiled floor, and her glance stripped the place of glamor. She wondered what her mother would say if she could see it, her mother who always stopped at the Plaza and who understood that sometimes whimsical young people ate at Schrafft's.

"How are all the Pelham ladies today in their hats and their pastel shades?" he asked.

It was the worst thing he could have said.

"They look all right," she answered, defensively. "What's the matter with them?"

He looked at the menu and then, curiously, across the table at her. She looked back at him steadily and let her gaze fall to his hands and to his nails that were too short and looked as though he bit them.

"Some of them are sweet," she said.

It seemed to her that he decided with almost indecent interest what he was going to eat. He was always hungry, too hungry, and she resented feeling that perhaps these dinners with her were the best ones he knew. She suddenly thought of the way he had of pushing his plate back when he had finished eating.

"It was perfect in the country today," she told him. "I very nearly called you to tell you I wouldn't be in."

"Oh," he said. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, it wasn't *vital*. It was just that it was so heavenly, and I knew New York would be hot and sticky and dreadful. *You* know."

"It would have been all right," he said, "if you didn't want to come in."

"Don't be silly," she said. "We all went to Rye for a swim, and Douglas Collins was there. I haven't seen him in ages. He was all scratched up. He'd smashed his car, and he was terribly funny about it. He's perfectly crazy. He doesn't care about anything."

She shook her head amusedly over Douglas Collins. Across the table beside Joe's water glass, she noticed an envelope stuffed with papers and she knew that he had brought something to show her.

"Did I ever tell you about the time we all went to Coney Island all the way from Pelham in a taxi? I don't know what made us, except that it seemed like a good idea at the time. Anyway, we took this terrible old cab and the driver's name was Cecil something. Imagine a taxi driver being named Cecil! None of the windows would open and Douglas put his hand through one and smashed the glass. It was funny."

Joe's head was bent too close to his plate as he ate. "Why can't he talk to me?" she thought indignantly. "Why can't he talk in just a silly sort of way? He's waiting for me to be quiet so he can begin telling me about himself again."

She gave a suppressed little yawn. "Do you know, I think I'm *sleepy*! Or maybe it's because this place is hot. I was telling Jeanie about this place and she *adored* it. Once this boy took Jeanie just for fun to a little Rumanian place on Second Avenue and she was thrilled!" She nodded toward the trellis. "I told her about the roses," she said. And laughed.

"Did you tell her about me?"

"Oh," she said. "Jeanie loves hearing about you. You fascinate her."

She pushed her food about the plate with her fork. It was a veal cutlet covered

thickly with tomato sauce. "I'm not hungry," she told him. "I don't know how you can eat in this weather."

"I didn't have any lunch," he said.

"We ate on the beach. A lot of terrible things."

"Look, Libby," Joe said. "I want to tell you something. I have a chance to do some tutoring. This fellow is no darned good, but his old man is dead set on having him be a doctor, and I thought I'd talk it over with you and see if you minded."

"See if I *minded*?" she repeated. "Why should I mind? I mean, if you can get this job, I suppose you have to."

"Well, you see, I'll be tutoring him in the evenings mostly. I won't be able to see you much."

"Life is real, Life is earnest," she said. She leaned back in her chair and looked at him. "I used to have a funny teacher. And every time I did anything half-way decent, he used to say it was very commendable. So I think what you're going to do is very commendable."

She took a sip of her water, but the water was warm and the glass felt greasy. "Now then," she said. "Tell me about it."

But he was silent for so long that she began to talk again and her voice sounded unpleasant to her. "Jeanie and I have been deviling Mother to take us somewhere. Of course, we're having loads of fun, but I think every once in a while anybody's apt to get restless. We thought it would be fun to just get in the car and start off somewhere. Maybe Canada or some place like that."

It seemed to her that she talked on and on. She told him about the youngest Owen boy getting tight at the club and waking up the next morning on the fifth tee; she told him about the Harrises who had only been married four months and

were getting a divorce, and that "Nina Harris is no fool, though, she's going to ask for plenty of alimony and she'll get it, too"; she told him about middle-aged Harvey Lyon who had simply walked out on his wife, but "you couldn't blame him much. She was this perfect *mouse*, and he'd stood her for fifteen years"; she told him that the Marsdens had had another baby and "weren't they foolish? Because they're posted at the club even"; she told him that Jeanie didn't want to go back to the same school and had threatened to get herself kicked out if her mother made her go. Her talk was a cruel caricature of the sort of talk she had heard all her life.

But it gave her a queer sense of exhilaration and for a while she enjoyed listening to herself and watching Joe's face. She remembered a book she had read once about a woman who deliberately disillusioned the man she was in love with for his own good, and it made her feel hard and unnatural.

IV

Outside the restaurant, standing in the street, Joe asked, "What would you like to do? Would you like to see a movie or something?"

It was the first time he had suggested doing anything. Usually, they sat and talked, or, rather, he talked and she listened until it was time for her train to leave. There was something about his asking her what she wanted to do that made her collapse completely. "I don't know,"

she said. "I think I'm tired. I think I want to go home."

They started walking toward the subway. "Joe," she asked, "may we take a taxi?"

In the taxi, they sat far apart, Joe with his face set looking out the window. If he would only, she thought, take my hand or kiss me now, everything would be all right. I could tell him then. I could tell him what I've done.

At the station, after he paid the driver, she touched his arm. "Joe," she said, "don't come any farther with me. I'm going to get a magazine or something. And I want to call up this girl I know. I promised her I would."

He stood there looking miserably at her. "Libby," he asked. "What's the matter?"

She looked back at him brightly. "Why, nothing," she told him, her voice surprised and puzzled.

"Well, I'll telephone you. Shall I?"

But she could only keep on looking at him brightly, and touch his hand before she walked away. Once, going down the steps, she almost turned and ran back, but she hurried on until she was seated in the train and it was too late. It was quite a while before the train pulled out, and she sat there in the dark hot station wanting to cry.

I've done something terrible, she thought. What kind of girl am I? What will ever happen to me now? Nothing fine can ever happen to me now. How are heroes' wives made?

THE ASCENDANCY OF THE PEASANT

BY M. W. FODOR

ONE of the interesting lessons of the many revolutions which the various countries of Europe have experienced during the past seventeen years has been that the revolutionists often profited least from them. In Austria, Hungary, and Germany in 1918, and in Spain in 1931, the revolutions were made by the town workers while the peasants looked on phlegmatically. But where are the Reds of these countries today? Their parties have been annihilated; their leaders shot, imprisoned, or exiled; their trade unions broken up and the property of the socialist organizations confiscated—but the peasants of Central and Southeastern Europe, though not contributing at all to the revolutions, are still in possession of the land and of the political and economic advantages which they gained as a result of the rising of the town proletariat. The peasant, yesterday a serf, is today the master of the Central European situation. He is marching hand in hand with the small bourgeoisie of the cities, another group which took no part in the original revolutions. This small bourgeoisie plays an apparently dominating role in many countries, but the peasants, though their rise was less evident and spectacular, are the real masters of the situation. Even the most autocratic dictatorships can exist only through the silent toleration of this inert yet compelling force—compelling through their number and the position which they occupy between right and left.

200

In Central Europe the peasant holds today, to a great extent, the nations' economic and political future in his hands. Yet his emergence on the scene has been so undramatic, so absolutely the result of circumstances which he himself did not precipitate, that students of European politics pass him over with hardly a word.

The peasant class before the war was definitely on the decline. In 1920 Dr. Schlittenbauer, one of the moving spirits of the Bavarian peasant movement, pointed out in a memorandum that the whole tendency before the war had led to the disappearance of the smallholders and the concentration of the land in the hands of a few estate owners. He made a number of suggestions for reversing this process and returning the erstwhile industrial population to the land, estimating that at least five million city workers could thus be given livelihood. Dr. Schlittenbauer's statement regarding the situation in Germany might have been made of every other country in Central and Southeastern Europe. The twenty years before the war had witnessed the decay of the smallholder almost everywhere.

Throughout Central Europe, in the nineties of the last century, and after, the agricultural population drifted into the cities to become industrial workers, and their holdings were often turned into hunting grounds for the aristocracy. This happened especially in the eastern parts of Germany, in Austria, and in many parts of Hungary.

In all these countries the peasants who survived subsisted at the lowest standard of life. They were ignorant to the point of illiteracy (except in Germany and Austria), and nobody attempted to educate them. They were economically exploited by the cities. They worked from dawn till dark, children, wives, and all.

The war, the successive revolutions, the Entente blockade, and inter-state barriers, were all major catastrophes to the city population, but they contributed to the rise of the peasant—the coming into power of a hitherto declining and exploited class. Russian and overseas wheat being no longer available, the Central European countries had to obtain food within their own boundaries. Whereas before 1914 the basis of the economic life of Western-Central Europe was industrial production—and thus politics was in the hands of the aristocrats and of the big financial and industrial interests—the war shifted the economic basis back to food. As a result, a large part of the political power went into the hands of the peasants, and soon this hitherto unrepresented class gained increasing control over the affairs of Central Europe.

It is true that the world crisis has hit agriculture in the first line, and the economic power of the peasant has diminished in consequence; but the other classes have been impoverished even more. Thus the economic-political influence of the peasant suffered only absolutely, not relatively. Political developments in some countries and the rise of dictatorships in others may have temporarily checked the peasant movement, but while suffering a setback in one country, it gained influence in another. Today it is generally admitted that the peasant is the backbone of the political and economic life of every Central and Southeastern European country.

Every parliament and each dictator must court him, and is bound to arrange national policy according to the wishes of this large, silent, only semi-conscious, and yet irresistible force.

The gains which the peasant population attained after the war were multifarious. Their chief acquisitions were: first, the obtaining of political power which they lacked before the war; second, agrarian reform in practically all Central European countries; third, the development of co-operative societies and banking; fourth, the creation of agricultural chambers as part of the vocational representation of the peasant interests; fifth, development of agricultural education; and, sixth, social welfare institutions for the agricultural workers.

Since the World War fourteen countries in Central and Eastern Europe have adopted legislation for agrarian land reform. With this move the most important wish of the peasant, namely to obtain land sufficient to feed his family and to produce a small surplus, has been realized. The former serf has thus become a proprietor. Now the property owner, however small his property may be, evolves a mentality which, in many ways, is closely akin to that of the bourgeoisie. So the land reform acts, which came into existence through the sympathies of the socialists for the oppressed peasants, created a new group which has become an enemy to those who helped the peasants to the possession of land. The landless proletariat was on the way to becoming Bolshevik; the landed peasant, though by no means a fascist, at least willingly tolerated the growth of a movement which, as the peasants believed, was promoting his interests to retain the newly gained private property. Kronos devoured his own son; the peasant is devouring

his brother, the town proletarian, who helped him into the possession of land.

The importance of this increased influence of the peasantry will be realized if one takes into consideration the fact that, of the total population of 98,000,000 people in Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania, 68,000,000 (seventy per cent) are agricultural workers. As this hitherto unassuming and neglected class awakens to consciousness of its power, it will become an even more decisive factor in the political, economic, and social life of Central Europe. In the following paragraphs I intend to analyze the progress made by this class in the various countries during the last sixteen years, and especially in comparison with its status in the pre-war days.

II

The Czechoslovak Republic inherited, from the Austrian parts of the old monarchy, the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, while from the Hungarian parts she acquired Slovakia and Carpathian Ruthenia. The parts which had belonged to Hungary were predominantly agricultural; the provinces inherited from Austria had produced 35% of the wheat, 48% of the rye, and 90% of the sugar beet requirement of old Austria. In the new democratic Republic of Czechoslovakia the feudal system of land-ownership as well as the ruling social conditions were found unsatisfactory, and a decision was made to introduce important reforms. Two thousand large landowners, mostly feudal noblemen, possessed one-third of the country, while two million peasants were landless or owned patches of land wholly insufficient for their existence.

Bohemia and Moravia were considered

pre-eminently as industrial parts before the war, and the influence of the captains of industry, together with that of the landowning aristocrats, prevailed. The masters of the new Czechoslovakia disliked the landowners, who in their eyes were the representatives of a decayed regime. As nationalists they disliked the industrial captains, because these were mostly Germans. To decrease the influence of the aristocrats and of the pan-German industrial lords, the government tried to support with all its power the peasants who were Czech nationalists and democratic at the same time. In the first government coalitions the Agrarians played an important part, and their influence continuously increased, until in October, 1925, this largest amongst the non-Socialist parties supplied the Premier in the person of Antonin Svehla. In 1926 there was a brief period of aristocratic-industrial rule, but ever since then the Premier has come from the ranks of the Agrarians; and in addition, important portfolios such as War, Agriculture, and Education have been filled by members of the same party.

This political dominance of the peasant, supported by the strong democratic spirit of President Masaryk, caused the liquidation of the old feudal system of land-ownership; and a very thorough land reform was introduced in Czechoslovakia. The land reform law restricted ownership of land in general to 625 acres, and at most to 1250 acres. By the survey of the State Land Office ten million acres of land were slated for redistribution.

During the first ten years of the land reform more than three million acres were handed over to new owners. Fifty-three per cent of the partitioned estates passed into the hands of farmers who already possessed land; 23% to landless peasants, and 24% passed into the

hands of people belonging to other professions, many of whom were Czech legionnaires during the war. Under a so-called colonization scheme, 2100 families, given houses and land to the extent of from thirty to seventy-five acres, were settled in 120 already existent parishes and in twenty-eight newly created settlements. The number of people who received land amounted to well over half a million. During the last five years a number of large forest properties have also come under the land reform and been allotted, mostly to various communities or cities.

Those who feared the adverse effects of the Czechoslovak agrarian reform upon the production figures were mistaken. It is true that the measures adopted amounted to confiscation. Though a nominal low price was paid to the former owners in forms of obligations, this sum was swallowed up by fees, duties, and special taxation. The comparatively high prosperity of the peasant then was attained with the help of high agrarian protective tariffs and by export-import prohibitions and licences; but, naturally, this artificial protection of the interest of the agrarian strata of the population has adversely affected the standard of life of the city dwellers who have had to pay the bill.

III

The parts of the Austrian Empire which now constitute the territory of the Austrian Federal State contained a larger peasant class in the pre-war days than was the case in the districts which became part and parcel of Czechoslovakia. When in 1921 the Catholic Clerical (Christian Social) party took over the lead in the bourgeois government coalition, the in-

fluence of the peasant increased accordingly, for this party recruited its voters mostly from the agricultural population. The peasants of the countryside demanded certain reforms which were apt to increase both their political and economic influence. No land reform measure was ever passed in Austria, but the already powerful and numerous peasant class succeeded in pushing through many reforms which benefited the rural population.

Besides being well represented in parliament, the peasants established on February 22, 1922, the Lower-Austrian Chamber of Agriculture, an organization designed to serve as the autonomous representation of the agricultural and forestry interests of the Lower Austrian rural population. Some years later similar organizations were established in seven of the other states. The founder of the first chamber was Josef Reither. His right-hand man, who assisted in its creation, was his secretary, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, later Chancellor of Austria.

Dr. Dollfuss was of peasant extraction and remained until his tragic death an indomitable fighter for the interest of the class from which he originated. His clear-cut and energetic policy (which, of course, was highly disadvantageous to the city population) aimed at the moral and material improvement of the peasants. Before the war present-day Austria, like Bohemia, was in reality an industrial country, but Dr. Dollfuss, through the medium of the Chambers of Agriculture, as well as through high agrarian tariffs, aimed to put the peasant in the forefront of Austrian life. Just as Czech agriculture was aided by the establishment of high agrarian customs duties, the Chambers of Agriculture in Austria worked for the increase of agrarian tariffs in their country.

When in May, 1932, Dr. Dollfuss be-

came Chancellor of Austria, the influence of the agrarians naturally witnessed a further increase. Even after the abolition of the constitution in 1934 the peasants' influence remained strong in the various consultative bodies of the new corporative state.

As result of Dr. Dollfuss' pro-agrarian policy the peasants of the lowlands profited enormously by the tariffs, but the lot of the mountain peasants remained pitiful. The chief export product of the mountains was lumber, which until 1931 was exported mostly to Germany. But for various reasons, and not the least among them being the political feud between Nazi Germany and Catholic Austria, the German market became less and less available for the Austrian products, thus delivering a serious blow to the peasants. New trade treaties with Italy, Hungary and France only partially offset the loss suffered by the drop in exports to Germany.

Poland is predominantly agricultural. Under the Russian, German and Austrian administrations before the war, the big landowners were supreme in various parts of the then-divided Poland. After the war the Poles suffered enormously from the vigorous Bolshevik propaganda in neighboring Soviet-Russia, and in face of this danger the Polish parliament in July, 1919, adopted a drastic resolution of far-reaching land reform. At that time there were 16,000 owners of huge estates, while two-thirds of the population possessed less than twelve acres, or no land at all. But an even more drastic land reform law was passed in December, 1925. This law provided for a division of five million acres of land annually, for a period of ten years. A definite scheme for compensation was adopted. By the end of 1930 some 483,000 new farm holdings, covering five million

acres of land, were created, while 240,000 smallholders obtained additional land, amounting to another five million acres.

Until 1926 the political influence of the peasants, represented by the moderate Piast party of Witos and by the more radical Deliverance party, was considerable. From the end of the war until 1926 the peasant leader Witos was three times Premier of Poland. His last government was ousted by the *putsch* of Marshal Pilsudski in May, 1926. But despite this temporary setback and a campaign of defamation against Witos, the peasants of Poland gained enormously, especially if their lot is compared with the pre-war days.

Rumania, another neighbor of Russia, was compelled in 1917 to adopt agrarian reforms on a large scale to prevent the spread of Bolshevism amongst the landless proletariat. By a decree-law of 1918 the expropriation of estates of "foreigners" and the division of the domains of the Rumanian aristocrats began, this latter class obtaining compensation in the form of bonds payable in installments spread over forty years. Altogether fifteen million acres of land were expropriated. Of this, ten million acres were arable, providing land for 630,000 families in Rumania proper, 310,000 in Transylvania, 357,000 in Bessarabia, and 71,000 in the Bukovina. In addition to the land reform, agricultural chambers were formed all over the country to represent the interests of the peasants.

The political influence of the Rumanian peasant has fluctuated during the past sixteen years. The so-called "liberal" governments represented the interests of industries and banking as well as of the city population. Peasant dissatisfaction reached such a point that Rumania was brought to the verge of civil war in 1926 by the

peasants' threats to march on Bucharest. In November, 1928, the Regency was forced to call Julius Maniu, the Transylvania peasant leader, to the helm of the country. From that date until the spring of 1931 the peasant party directed the fate of Rumanian politics; and, after the one-year experiment of Jorga's semi-dictatorial regime came to an end, the peasant party was called upon once more to direct the affairs of the country, and it remained in office until November, 1933. The "liberal" Tatarescu government which followed them did not dare to infringe on any privileges of the peasants gained during the last decade.

The lot of the peasant improved comparatively slightly in Hungary. After the fall of the Béla Kun (Bolshevik) regime in 1919 the peasants became the strongest party in the Hungarian parliament; but after the death of the peasant leader, Szabo de Nagyatad, the feudal Premier, Count Bethlen, succeeded in breaking up the ranks of the peasants and reduced them to an uninfluential wing of his own United Government party. The land reform provided by a special law brought about the division of only a few estates, and the number of peasants who obtained land has not been very large, especially if compared with those of the neighboring countries.

Yet even in Hungary the situation has improved during the last two years. The present Premier, Julius Goemboes, was in the post-war days a champion of land reform and included a conservative yet efficient land reform scheme in his government program. The Agrarian party meanwhile has become the strongest party of the opposition, and they have demanded real land reform. The leader of this oppositional group, Tibor Eckhardt, is an old friend and former member of Goem-

boes's one-time fascist party. A *rap-prochement*, now under way between the Premier and the leader of the opposition, probably will develop into a coalition for the next elections; and if such should prove to be the case, then in Hungary also the outlook for the attainment of more political and economic power by the peasants will have brightened considerably.

IV

The kingdom of Yugoslavia effected a far-reaching land reform almost in the beginning of her existence. More than three million acres of land were divided among the peasants, benefiting 370,000 families. Politically, however, only the Croatian peasant party played an important part before the dictatorship. The Serbian Agrarian party made determined but almost vain efforts to establish influence among the peasants. The dictatorship abolished all parties. The dictatorial regime, though 80% of the population is of rural stock, does not grant any proper representation to this important class. Yet economically the lot of the South-Slav peasants is, compared with the pre-war situation, much better, especially in Macedonia and Bosnia, where until 1914 a semi-serf system survived from the days of the Turkish rule.

Bulgaria has always been a country of the smallholders, and a land reform was not required. After the war the peasant dictator Stambulisky ruled there. Under his regime the peasants benefited enormously through the establishment of co-operatives, agricultural schools, research institutes, etc. But he was murdered in June, 1923, and a White Terror swept over the country as a result. Despite the terror, however, the agrarians were able to retain most of the advantages gained under the Green Dic-

tatorship. In 1932 the peasants entered the Mushanoff government as partners in a coalition. The *putsch* of May 19, 1934, abolished parliamentary representation, but economically this change effected the agrarians very little.

Albania has also adopted a thorough land reform during the last three years, and almost 4000 peasants and immigrants obtained free holdings. King Zog invited agricultural advisers into the country, and ordered the replacing of the primitive wooden plows by steel.

V

We thus see that the peasant class all over Europe, almost unrepresented in politics before the war, has gained great influence in the direction of the affairs of the respective states, though much of the political gain was paralyzed later on by the establishment of Fascist and dictatorial regimes in various countries. But even these dictatorially ruled countries have had to take cognizance of the increasing political influence of the peasants.

This influence holds in store for the whole of Europe both a promise and a threat. The promise is that the improvement of the status of a class which before the war was composed of serfs will become a stabilizing influence. If the agricultural crisis, which appears to be slowly on the ebb, is once overcome and the material prosperity of the peasant is restored, an important strata of the population will become available for the consumption of the industrial products of the world market.

Another promise is that the peasant is fundamentally democratic. Even if today

he supplies the silent support for the various dictatorships, he has remained a democrat in his heart and this latent power may probably help to restore democratic forms of governments, which the different dictatorships have abolished.

Navigating between capital on the one side and labor on the other, it appeared for some time that the peasant would have the decisive word in shaping the destinies of European society. But the agrarian movement has one great draw-back: the peasant masses cannot be organized as, for example, labor has been organized. After the war an endeavor was made to bring the agrarians of Europe together in a Green International. (First meeting in August, 1920, in Passau.) But because of the slow and conservative nature of the peasant the organization proceeded only with difficulties, and the world economic crisis has dealt it almost fatal blows.

At present the peasants are organized, if organized at all, on national lines, and the chief threat they hold over Europe is their jingoism. French nationalism at the bottom is the nationalism of the French peasants. And just as the thrifty, democratic, and yet suspicious French peasant is the real power even today in France, so the same prospects can be expected in Central Europe.

The agrarians in these parts, who obtained land through the reforms, will remain intensely nationalistic. Though pacifists in their hearts, they can be easily convinced that their property, which is more important to them than their lives, can be maintained only with the help of a strong army. And if there comes another serious world crisis, the peasants can easily be persuaded to embark on a war.

PUNISHMENT FOR DISEASE

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

DURING the Dark Ages every individual was presumed to possess, in his standard kit of organs, arteries and ligaments, a sort of self-regulating carburetor known as a free will. Since the faculty was deemed a part of the indestructible soul, its functions could not be affected by any diseases of the perishable body. Hence philosophers were equally accountable with lunatics for every infraction of the penal code. Even as late as the Eighteenth Century, paranoiacs and monomaniacs were bound with iron chains to teach them not to consort with the Prince of Darkness. In Colonial America, the legal opinion of hysteria and neurasthenia was so enlightened that witch-hunting and wizard-baiting were the respectable pastimes of God-fearing and right-thinking Christians.

In more recent times such customs have been replaced by state hospitals and homes for the feeble-minded. But the distinction between criminality and pathology is still legally uncertain, and the substitution of punishment for medication is by no means a forgotten sport.

Narcotic addiction, viewed without moral indignation, is a definite disease, known to doctors as chronic opium poisoning. The agonies attending the lack of the drug, often resulting in nervous collapse and sometimes death, are well known to every apprentice nurse. The habitual dose of morphia is just as indispensable to the addict as food and water: only with

his accustomed sniff or injection can he approach normality. Without his anodyne he has no more control of his symptoms than a furious maniac has of his reflexes. His will-power to cure himself, without expert treatment, is about as effective as the voluntary efforts of a traumatic patient to replace his amputated leg.

As early as 1916, Dr. M. J. Wilbert, of the United States Public Health Service, pointed out that "the treatment of drug addiction is a psychologic and medical and not a criminal or penologic problem." But as a matter of sober law, the condition is still considered a punishable vice, self-induced and maliciously retained, for which the patrol wagon serves the ends of justice better than the ambulance. In New York City, a standard fine of \$25 is imposed on Chinese opium smokers, as if they were free to go forth, destroy their brass pipes, and puff no more. A San Francisco superior judge complains that nearly half of his official business consists of meting out penalties to victims of drug disease. Some of the prisoners are charged with no other offense than the possession of barely enough opiates to escape pain for a day or two. Others are guilty of the unpardonable atrocity of passing a shot or bindle to an equally addicted companion.

During a four-month period in 1929, a total of 2407 persons in all parts of the country were reported as violators of the narcotic laws. Two hundred and thirty-nine of the cases involved improper deal-

ings with drugs legitimately obtained. Of the remaining 2158 persons, 1593 were drug addicts. So it appears that the efforts of the constabulary, in the conquest of the opium evil, are largely limited to persecuting the victims. The procedure is no less preposterous than jailing all citizens whose purses have been stolen, in the hope that purse-snatchers will suffer for lack of customers.

II

The prospect is discouraging enough to warrant some suspicion that turnkeys are not competent nurses, and that the prophylactic value of jail bars for drug disease is no greater than the king's touch for scrofula. But it will appear that, next to common sense, there is no commodity that travels at a slower pace toward legislative halls than scientific knowledge.

Under the Oregon statute, for instance, addicts must be dealt with "as provided by law for the punishment of vagrancy." It is assumed that the drug habit inevitably produces the popular picture of the sneaky, emaciated picaro of the underworld. Yet the condition exists among the honest and respectable citizens of every social class. According to Terry and Pellens, some cases of addiction are not easily detected by the average physician.

In Minnesota, the provision against habit-forming drugs applies only to cocaine and its compounds. Morphine is simply listed with such poisons as strychnine and pennyroyal, and may be sold by any druggist who is willing to keep a record of his sales. In South Carolina, cocaine is under strict legal control, but opium and its derivatives are not even included among the poisons, and morphinists are not given a word of statutory recognition. The fact remains, however, that habitual users of

cocaine alone probably comprise no more than five per cent of all drug habitués. Moreover, while the extract of the coca leaf is extremely dangerous for its permanent effects on the nervous system, it belongs to the class of stimulants; and its use may be discontinued without any of the tortures of opium hunger.

A number of states classify habit-forming drugs with alcohol, and prohibit only their "excessive" use. Evidently a person may take moderate doses of his favorite opiate for convivial reasons, without danger to himself or the public weal. Maryland defines an "habitual drunkard" as a person deprived of reasonable self-control through the immoderate use of "spiritous, malt, or fermented liquors, cocaine or other narcotics." Hence it would be logical to speak of a beer addict, a wine fiend, or a morphine toper. The State of Iowa enacted a law in 1911 prescribing the surgical sterilization of "drug fiends." Yet one of the symptoms of opium poisoning is the decrease of sex desire, followed by amenorrhea in women and total impotence in men. For reasons unknown to science or the police, the narcotic laws of Ohio are enforced by the State Secretary of Agriculture. Presumably he is expected to badger a few addicts while supervising "animal husbandry, the state fairs, and the dairies."

Of course, the morphinist who manages to dodge the agents of justice may view such legal stupidities with characteristic narcotic calm. But when he is unable to pay the price demanded by his illicit dispensary, he finds that legislative misinformation is far from amusing. The agonies of opium withdrawal will overtake him as soon as the last injection begins to wear off. But in most states, a doctor may lose his license if he administers solely to the satisfaction of drug hunger. An inter-

esting definition of common humanity is in force in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. An ordinary patient may be given narcotics when *needed* to allay the pain of any acute or chronic affliction, but an addict in the same condition must suffer, because the drug is also *needed* for the symptoms of his habit.

The laws of other commonwealths are merciful only by comparison. In California, for instance, a narcomaniac may be relieved of pain, provided that his addiction is complicated by serious physical ailments. In other cases, the doctor must either evict the patient from his office, or proceed immediately to perform a legally prescribed cure. To be sure, the proper method of weaning an addict of his drug is a highly controversial medical question. One group of students argues for abrupt withdrawal; another for rapid, and a third for gradual. They all agree, however, that no single system will fit every case, and that a period of preparation should precede the ordeal. Indeed, any other course would be tantamount to removing a troublesome appendix, without first taking the precaution of examining the patient's heart.

But the learned California legislators prefer to regard drug craving as a standard semi-criminal affliction, curable in jails as well as infirmaries, according to a standardized system of medication. The law instructs the physician to begin with a maximum of eight grains of morphine or four grains of heroin, to reduce the dosage fifty per cent in fifteen days, and to withhold the drug completely at the end of thirty days. In specific instances this plan may produce chronic invalidism, with the return of the habit as an unavoidable necessity. But if the patient demands a second "cure," the same legal formula will be repeated.

Superimposed upon this crazy quilt of conflicting and barbarous state laws is the Harrison Narcotic Act, a Federal revenue measure with a moral purpose. By paying a prescribed tax and keeping proper records, a physician may have the opium derivatives required in his legitimate practice. In dealing with the drug habit, however, he must follow the law and the departmental regulations. He may use his best professional judgment in treating an addict for renal calculi, pneumonia, broken limbs and similar acute conditions, or in dealing with such incurable ailments as cancer and advanced tuberculosis; while in cases of "senility and the infirmities of old age" he may administer barely enough opiates "to sustain life." But any doctor who prescribes solely "for the purpose of providing the user with narcotics sufficient to keep him comfortable" may be fined and imprisoned for his merciful violation of the law.

III

In other words, drug disease gains dignity by the pathological company it keeps. In its isolated state, it is still a forbidden vice to which justice gives no quarter. Of course, the neurosis of a Château-Thierry survivor may be infinitely more incurable than the average case of consumption. In themselves, the pains of old age may be no greater than those of a common cold compared to the withdrawal agonies of an addict in his thirties. But nurses and physicians must forget such subtleties and take their instructions from the Bureau of Narcotics. Until lately, the Director of Prohibition was the supreme arbiter in the relationship of doctor and patient. The average quidnunc of the narcotic squad may not be able to distinguish a pair of forceps from a stethoscope, but the fact does not prevent him from submitting

trained physicians to elaborate inquisitions as to the wherefores of giving morphia in specific instances.

One would suspect, from this strict legal supervision of the medical profession, that most of its members are unscrupulous Sangrados whose mania is to apply hypodermic needles for every case of pimples and barber's itch. The narcotic habit may be due to a multiplicity of causes, including physical suffering, emotional inadequacy, psychopathic predispositions, and pernicious social environment: but the cases of medical origin appear to be surprisingly few, considering the invaluable uses of morphine in the humanities of ethical practice.

Of a group of 1593 addicts studied by the United States Public Health Service in 1929, only 285 claimed therapeutic treatment as the cause of the habit. Another official report based on 10,000 earlier cases shows that legitimate medication was responsible for less than two per cent. It is often suggested that legal red-tape has increased medical caution. Yet in 1914, before the enactment of the federal law, Dr. P. M. Lichtenstein inquired into the histories of 1000 addicts at the City Prison, Manhattan, and found that only twenty traced their woes to physicians' prescriptions.

Among the reasons for the various state and federal discriminations between one patient and another is that drug addiction is attributable to an original voluntary act. But lack of foresight is also the cause of many other diseases, such as apoplexy from over-exertion, syphilis from sexual negligence, and broken skulls from careless driving. Yet no one argues that medical care in such cases should be the exclusive privilege of vigilant saints.

Some of the legislation may be ascribed to the old puritan notion that pleasure is

sinful, wedded to the popular error that the extract of the somniferous poppy is the addict's passport to a land of joy, forbidden to the uninitiated. But although the first few doses of opium or its alkaloids may, in some individuals, produce a happy intoxication, the only euphoria of the confirmed addict is the escape of suffering. "He gets nothing of pleasure from narcotic administration," says Dr. Bishop. "My only sensuality," Coleridge lamented between sips of laudanum, "is to be without pain."

Another legalized illusion is that every dope fiend is *ipso facto* a criminal for whom intense suffering is better than medical pampering. There is no doubt that some malefactors are drug-sick, while others are diabetic, paretic, or even gouty. It is also true that able-bodied scoundrels who have already planned foraging expeditions may seek added courage in cocaine or marihuana. But other offenders have achieved signal successes with ordinary firewater. In either case, they are such notorious squealers that no superior cook will employ them in a creditable job.

The usual addiction, however, is for heroin or morphine. Being both derived from opium, their characteristic effect is not criminal aggression but general apathy for all forms of exertion, virtuous or mischievous. Indeed, as Dr. Lawrence Kolb suggests, "violent crime would be much less prevalent if all habitual criminals were addicts" who could obtain sufficient opiates to keep them comfortable. The collisions of most morphinists or heroinists with the police are due either to the habit itself, or to some trivial theft, usually shoplifting, motivated by the need of money to procure the next dose. Hence their prison tenancy is ordinarily limited to the municipal or county jails, while the higher institutions are reserved for healthier knaves.

It was reported by Lewis E. Lawes, warden of Sing Sing, that there were only sixty-eight addicts among the 1562 persons who became his guests in 1932-33. Warden Holohan, of San Quentin, informs me that "the percentage of prisoners received who are, or have been, addicted, is 3.61 per cent."

IV

It is sometimes argued that the law must be cruel to achieve the kindness of forcing addicts to submit to treatment. Yet doctors have repeatedly testified that "most narcotic users are willing to undergo physical torture" to rid themselves of the habit. Indeed it should be obvious that no man prefers to go through life with a daily set of expensive crutches if he can maintain his balance without them.

It is by no means certain, however, that any great percentage of addicts can be cured. When the inducing cause is some painful physical disease, the withdrawal of the drug is neither possible nor sensible. In many other cases, the habit is evidence of an abnormal nervous system, a condition that will not yield to any known sutures, pills, or amputations. Hence the psychic or emotional factors that produced the original addiction will continue to operate toward a return to the drug. A committee of eminent British physicians concluded, some years ago, that "relapse, sooner or later, appears to be the rule, and permanent cure the exception." The same opinion is expressed by numerous American investigators. By special decision, the Treasury Department prefers to contend for a more optimistic prospect. But it adds a saving clause to the effect that the patient must be "otherwise physically restored to health and strengthened in will power." Unfortunately, however, doctors

are not told what body bolts must be tightened in order to rehabilitate an ailing mind or restore a statutory freedom of choice.

Even assuming that drug disease is curable in most cases, the fact remains that the law has made small provision for hospitalization; although it is generally admitted that without such restraint permanent recovery is rare. A narcotic farm with a capacity of 1400 patients has been opened recently by the federal government at Lexington, Kentucky. A similar sanitarium with 100 beds is provided by California. But no other facilities exist anywhere, except the regular state asylums which are already fully tenanted by 351,489 insane and feeble-minded patients. One need not take the highest estimated number of drug addicts to conclude that their accommodation is impossible without releasing all other medical wards of the Republic.

But even if this were desirable, it would not be legally permissible. The laws of seventeen states contain no provision whatever for the commitment of addicts into hospitals, public or private. Whether ailing or dying, drug-starved or fully dosed, such sufferers receive no other legal recognition than to be sentenced to jail as moral delinquents. In seven other jurisdictions, institutional care is permitted only at the patient's request. In the remaining twenty-four commonwealths, confinement may be either compulsory or voluntary, but no general attempt is made to enroll any considerable number of the citizens afflicted. In fact, hospitalization is frequently regarded as an attenuated form of legal vendetta, rather than as an obvious prompting of elementary humanity.

In Maine, for instance, the period of medical restraint is limited to ninety days. If opium poisoning disobeys such a writ

of ejection, the patient must, regardless of his social position, make the necessary connections with the underworld peddlers. According to the legal wisdom of Oklahoma, no county in the state may send more than four addicts a year to an "institute" at public expense, and the cost for each patient must not exceed \$100, including board and lodging. If the disease refuses to vanish for the stipulated consideration, the victim must struggle along without nursing. In Michigan, a drug user guilty of a crime may be kept at the Wayne County Hospital for as long as two years. But his law-abiding colleague must find a private institution, competent enough to cure seventy-five per cent of its addiction cases, and willing to take another for \$100. In this amusing mixture of official penury and medical ignorance, the learned law-makers assume that the cure of chronic opium poisoning is complete as soon as the drug is withdrawn. Doctors insist, however, that without seven or eight months of individualized after-care, a relapse is nearly always certain.

In North Dakota and Maryland, no addict may be treated twice at the expense of the same county. In the event of relapse he can probably defeat the law by moving to another parish. But such a plea of geographical mitigation will not serve in Nevada, where no drug slave may crash the gates of a state hospital more than once, regardless of county boundaries. Narcotic addiction is evidently a disease in the first instance, and a crime in the second. The same equivocation between punishment and cure is manifest in the act of Congress establishing the federal narcotic sanitarium. Addict-offenders may be admitted, together with law-abiding applicants of American nationality; but an "unconvicted alien" cannot break in except by perpetrating a robbery or some

other crime. He is then entitled to both treatment and deportation, while the harmless opium-eating foreigner must remain with us without benefit of doctors.

Thus it appears, on the whole, that in begrudgingly offering medical care, the law stands at the bedside of the addict as a fumbling nurse with healing balm in one hand and a punitive tomahawk in the other, unable to decide whether to attack the disease or punish its owner for having acquired it.

V

As may be expected, this modern bibliography of reading prison sentences to dope fiends has never caused the international narcotic smugglers to succumb to the lethargy of their own potions. Despite the laudable efforts of the League of Nations, the question of reducing the cultivation of the opium poppy still remains in the consoling stage of "collecting data from the different countries." According to William Collins, Persia alone devotes about 70,000 acres to the enterprise, and its annual crop yields "nine per cent of the national revenue." The Chinese Government has recently executed 263 relapsed addicts: but nevertheless China continues to produce nine times more opium than all other nations together; and the shipments confiscated by customs officers in San Francisco are still decorated with fancy Oriental dragons.

It was expected that through a treaty providing for the registration of exports and imports, each nation would confine its opiate supplies to its own medicinal needs. But, unfortunately, not all opium producing countries have ratified the agreement. Japan still reserves the privilege of manufacturing and exporting without hindrance, while Manchukuo reaps immense revenues from an official monopoly in the forbid-

den drugs. To make matters worse, some of the signatory nations prefer to believe that internal control of exports does not mean actual limitation of their manufacture. In England, the emulation of De Quincey is subject to a formidable list of penalties. But this does not prevent the British Government of India from gathering huge opium returns in international trade. In 1928, one factory in Alsace manufactured about two and a half times more heroin than is annually required for the medical purposes of the world. Two years later three establishments of similar capacity were suppressed in Turkey. But ten more arose soon after in Bulgaria in competition with a few others in Hungary.

So, on the whole, the accomplishments of the League have been largely moral and rhetorical, with small effect on the contraband supply of narcotics. Consequently the United States is still in the center of two tidal waves of opium, originating respectively in Asia and in Europe, and converging amicably somewhere in the Mississippi Valley. When the opiates seized in America in 1930 were officially weighed, the scales tipped at three and one-third tons avoirdupois. The morphine alone amounted to 26,492 ounces, and exceeded by 11,536 ounces the legal supply on hand at the close of the same year.

The latest available report of the United States Government to the League of Nations shows that twice as much smoking opium was confiscated by officers during 1933 as in 1932; which provokes the suspicion that the "vice hitherto on the decline in the United States has undergone a marked recrudescence." The price of bootlegged morphine remained about the same as during the preceding year, "indicating that the supplies continue to be smuggled in"; while in the case of heroin, the contraband merchants declared bargains to

move their oversupply, and the cost fell "ten to thirty-five per cent in 1933," compared to the preceding twelve-month period.

Furthermore, the ultimate consumer was not compelled to take inferior wares, for the merchandise had been "turned out by well-equipped factories, and not by the sort of equipment found in clandestine manufacture." The report concludes that "the demands of the illicit trade are still being met." With all due praise to official candor, the facts are pretty sad, after twenty-one years of law enforcement.

Yet these conditions should not be surprising. The traffic in drugs is, by the nature of the commodity and the more imperious needs of the purchaser, a much easier racket than the rum-running of pre-Repeal days. In the illicit market, the price of opiates is from 1000 to 1500 per cent higher than that of the medical supplies. Each grain of morphine is worth five times its weight in gold. A hollow umbrella cane properly stuffed with heroin may bring its owner as much as \$1000. The contents of the false bottom of a trunk may equal the returns of the average kidnap ransom. Three years ago a chambermaid was caught on the steamship *Paris* with eight and three-fourths pounds of opium concealed under her dress; each trip from the dock to the steamer was worth twice her annual salary.

The search for narcotics at the ports of entry is not in charge of any special corps of police, but is a part of the routine of preventing duty evasions on French perfumes and Venetian glass. It is doubtful, however, whether drug smuggling could be stopped by assigning the United States Marines to the task. The inspection of every bundle, box, and barrel would obviously paralyze legitimate international

trade. Hence it is seldom that a shipment of opium is detected or that its owner is compelled to explain it.

Some time ago, customs officers at Brooklyn were ordered to destroy forty-one barrels of unclaimed Turkish olives. The merchandise was badly spoiled, but four of the containers yielded eighty-five pounds of heroin in first-class condition. The official report says: "It was not possible to determine definitely who, in the United States, was responsible for this attempted unlawful importation." Another consignment, packed in soldered tins, was fastened with steel strips in barrels of olive oil. In a third instance, profitable cargoes of drugs were found in the hollow staves of tubs containing live turtles.

Yet in 1932, the total number of convictions under the Federal Narcotic Drugs Import and Export Act, dealing mostly with smugglers, was only twenty-two, and the average sentence was less than three years. So it appears that an opulent narcotic baron with Chinese or Hungarian connections has no more chance of vacationing in prison than has a wretched addict of reaching a hospital. Equally rare is the detection of smaller jobbers and distributors in the home market. The bolder ones manage to do business through the postal facilities of the government itself. Their more cautious confreres have been known to carry morphine and heroin in the hub caps of their automobiles, refilled cigarettes, hollow pencils, the seams of their clothing, the hollowed-out heels of their shoes, and even the orifices of their bodies.

As to the number of consumers supplied by this major industry, no figures are available other than a series of conflicting estimates. To be sure, most official utterances since 1924 have placed the number at 100,000, and have stuck to it with the

tenacity of the school boy who had counted the stars in the Milky Way. Yet the only superiority of this guess is that there is none lower. Another computation ascribes 500,000 to the State of New York alone; while a third argues convincingly for a total of nearly 2,000,000 for the country as a whole. But whatever the true figure, there is small reason to believe that the prevailing legal policy is having any effect toward its reduction.

It has been repeatedly shown that the average age of morphinists is between 30 and 34 years. Heroin users are even younger. Unless it is argued that narcotics are conducive to extraordinary longevity, or that when the Harrison Act was passed in 1914, most addicts were attending grammar school, it is difficult to resist the contention of the International White Cross that about seventy-five per cent of all opium consumers now among us arose since the enactment of the federal statute.

It is easy to predict that within a few years, the growing crop of young votaries of the hypodermic will more than replace the older veterans who started "on the junk" by taking a little paregoric for their health's sake. For it must be remembered that a new addict is a permanent customer, and a few initiatory shots intelligently distributed by any peddler will usually yield him revenues for a lifetime.

VI

Yet if lawgivers could be induced to make up their minds that punitive shillalahs are neither civilized nor effective in the cure of opium poisoning, the sensible method of dealing with the problem would become obvious. Indeed, a plan that was both practical and humane was demonstrated by physicians some years ago. It must be remembered that until 1914, most addicts

were obtaining their supplies through channels more or less legal. With the enactment of the federal statute, there came a drug famine, during which the smugglers and peddlers were preparing to take control of the rich market created by operation of the law. Thousands of narcotic users who had previously led adjusted lives with the aid of their daily medicine, were compelled by the agonies of their unsatisfied opiate hunger to place themselves at the mercy of the police, the charitable agencies, and the boards of health.

In some communities, including Los Angeles and New York, the situation became so acute that emergency narcotic clinics arose virtually out of pure necessity, regardless of the stern provisions of the Harrison Act. One of these institutions was created by municipal ordinance at Shreveport, Louisiana, and continued to function until 1921. Since the officials in charge were doctors and nurses, the methods of operation were in marked contrast with those of the average police department. All cases of genuine addiction were carefully registered for identification by photographing and fingerprinting. The drug craving alone was deemed sufficient reason to supply the necessary opiates, until more specific medication was indicated in each case. The incurables were treated for their basic ailments in order to reduce their accustomed dosage. No longer exploited by criminal peddlers, or pursued by the police, many of them were enabled to live in decency, and to support themselves and their families. The curables were systematically nursed in preparation for the ordeal of drug withdrawal. Every case was given specialized treatment according to its history and prognosis. When the narcotic craving had been controlled, several months of additional care were allowed for physical and psychic convalescence. Finally,

the patient was released on probation, and his chances of social rehabilitation were studied to prevent relapse.

The general citizenry was thankful for a reduction in the petty misdemeanors usually committed by addicts, and for the fact that the new method of dealing with them did not involve any increase in taxes. A nominal profit on the drugs was ample to make the institution self-supporting. The most important result, however, was the destructive competition of legally available drugs against the contraband goods. The dispensary sold morphine at six cents a grain, compared to the \$1.50 a grain demanded by racketeers. It goes without saying that no sane addict preferred to pay the old price.

No rational explanation was ever given for the suppression of such institutions, and indeed none exists except that their merciful ministrations were in conflict with the legal doctrine of addiction as a vice. But this attitude is incompatible with recent gestures of hospitalization. If it is admitted that a few hundred addicts are proper subjects for medical attention, it is not easy to understand why several hundred thousand others should be dealt with by the police or forced to endure the tortures of opium abstinence at large.

Whatever the cause of the habit, the fact of addiction cannot be both an affliction and an iniquity. Ordinary consistency would seem to require the repeal of all punitive legislation against drug victims, and the re-establishment, possibly under the direction of a national board of health, of clinics and dispensaries such as I have mentioned.

One thing is certain: the attempt to control disease through the penal laws clearly belongs to the category of the burning of witches and the flagellation of the insane.

AUCTIONEERS OF PARADISE

BY HASSOLDT DAVIS

THE South Sea Islands offer today the most curious and blighting instance of man's assumption of prerogatives supposedly reserved to God: nowhere else on earth has the ignorant native been forced so mercilessly to sacrifice his lands, his customs, even his sunlight, upon the altar of a deity he is unable to understand. All that the islander holds dearest has been taken away from him by the porters of Christian gospel: his art, condemned as offensive to Jehovah; his revered ancestors, consigned to a Christian hell; his songs and dances, banned as immoral; even at times the bounteous fruits of the land, forbidden him because they are contributory to indolence (the Rev. J. M. Orsmund built his church of the most productive breadfruit trees in Borabora because that wild fruit, the staple of island diet, was too easily obtained). The missionary has certainly been the Serpent in the Polynesian Garden of Eden; for it was he alone who taught the natives shame, and foisted the sins of Europe upon a simple people who had recognized hitherto only one sin — that of interfering with a neighbor's happiness.

It is generally intolerable that any religion, however righteous it may seem to its adherents, should be rammed down the throats of children, and squirted like vaccine into the minds of adults. Such forcible conversion has everywhere in Polynesia resulted in complete confusion. To the native mind, one form of idolatry has merely

been substituted for another. The islander's wooden *tikis* and *togogs* have been abolished, and in their stead he must worship the idol of a tortured Christ. Cannibalism is forbidden him, yet he must eat God's flesh and drink His blood at Holy Communion. Polytheism is condemned, yet the Trinity is urged upon him. His cosmogony, which was once quite sufficient for his intelligence, is now jumbled with an alien genesis. His gods, who procreated normally, are rebuked as shameful by the automatic birth of Jesus. The native is today afraid of love, of hell, of sunlight, and believes in nothing utterly.

Throughout five thousand miles of island-speckled sea, among various simple peoples, it is the same. The Polynesians, Melanesians, Micronesians, and Malays, all have been warped from their native integrity by the ambitious Christian apostle who would make over every man to his own pattern, and who has never realized that the problem was not one of turning the native Christian, but of turning Christianity native, of splicing a new religion neatly into an old and barbarous one. All the material was there, virgin and curious. The evangelist in Oceania was welcomed gladly, given generously the sites he asked for, listened to with such courtesy and tolerance as he had never before encountered among savages. Yet it never occurred to him that his God, Who ordained all, might have given the natives that perfect climate, that exquisite

scenery and ease of living, because He was pleased with them.

One can easily imagine the complacency with which the first English missionaries set themselves to whittling the human brands they had snatched from the burning. One visions them, these British men of God, marching in a tense and doleful group like praying mantes, along the golden sands toward the natives who were dancing there; dancing in broad daylight too, not covertly in the dark to obscure their sin; urging their babies to dance, guiding the limbs of crones to a delirious rhythm. The sun through the palm fronds stippled their clean brown bodies with living shadow, but it shunned the long black garments of the Advocates who came to teach the natives shame, to instruct them "for their own good" that God's sunlight was sinful upon nude bodies, and that salvation was to be found in the unhealthy cumbrous folds of Mother Hubbards. The native's flowers and *tapa* clothes were condemned as vain and indecent, and the missionary, working in league with the trader, prevailed upon them to adopt the most hideous of civilized garments and swathe themselves in it from chin to ankle. Just as they had formerly swum nude or in loin cloths, they now swam in Mother Hubbards, allowed them to dry upon their bodies, and died like gnats of lung disease. Tuberculosis, which was brought by the trader and encouraged by mission morality, has more than decimated the population of the Marquesas in less than one hundred years.

Today, at Cheki and other Seventh Day Adventist villages on Marovo Lagoon in the Solomons, the missionaries have forbidden the natives, according to Julius Fleischmann's recent book, *Footsteps in the Sea*, "to eat any meat or shellfish; nor can they smoke tobacco, wear necklaces or

ornaments of any kind. Dancing is strictly taboo. They now produce nothing but baskets, walking sticks, raffia bracelets and clam shell armlets. They are not allowed to wear these, but can produce them for sale so as to have money for the collection box at church. . . . The population has decreased in recent years because of high infant mortality, a condition which was taken care of by the polygamous system under which the people lived, but polygamy is now considered 'immoral.' The loss of a people's mores, ambitions, liberty, and racial individuality is a stiff price to pay for 'getting religion,' especially when it is extremely doubtful whether they have any comprehension of what it is all about."

Whatever may be the errors of detail in O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas*, he at least saw clearly the poisonous shadow which the white man has cast upon the Tahitian sun. "The efforts of missionaries," he wrote, "have killed the joy of living as they have crushed out the old barbarities, uprooting together everything, good and bad, that religion meant to the native. They have given him instead rites that mystify him, dogmas he can only dimly understand, and a little comfort in the miseries brought upon him by trade. . . . Only a St. Francis Xavier or a Livingstone, a great moral force, could lift the people now from the slough of despond in which they expire. . . . Upon this people, sparkingly alive, spirited as wild horses . . . religion, as forced upon them, has been not only a narcotic, but a death potion."

Fortunately for the South Seas, Christianity has not yet obtained such hold upon the natives that it may not loosen before the claws of half-remembered and indigenous gods; the great day of the missions is nearly over; the original ardor for the

white man's faith is rapidly waning as the native discovers its novelty dulled, its tenets inadequate to his needs, its foundations disputed or ignored completely by its Aryan advocates. But the record of one hundred and fifty years of God's work remains to shame the historian.

II

The early evangelists, Marco Polo in China, Livingstone in Africa, Damien at Molokai, went unselfishly and with the utmost altruism to their work of saving souls for God. They were heroes, true fighting men who braved sickness and savagery with no government to protect them in those far lands. But the missionaries in Oceania today are more like spiritual pawnbrokers, safely removed from the hazards of primitive life. The salaries of the Protestants, at least, are sufficient to cover their needs comfortably and permit savings. The mission gives them the hardwood for their houses, and the natives contribute the labor. The cost of clothing is nil, as the Advocates are usually content with a few shirts, black trousers, and coats; and their laundry bills, judging from personal observation of their dress, reflect an exemplary thrift. Practically all their food is supplied them gratis, and the little they have to buy, such as canned goods and bread, they purchase cheaply from the ubiquitous Chinese storekeepers. If they have launches, or other conveyances, these are maintained out of mission funds.

Julius Fleischmann states that a missionary in the Solomon Islands receives a salary of about \$1200 a year, out of which \$200 is expended for living costs. One year out of every five is a holiday with full pay and transportation home. "Before he leaves on vacation his people generally collect about

\$500 as a parting gift, along with curios of about the same monetary value. . . ."

This implies that a Scotch Presbyterian may readily save \$5000 in four years of tutoring his savages — a profitable business indeed. In South China I was told that in the larger stations £200 annually was not an unusual salary; and in Fiji, according to one correspondent who has lived there seventeen years, "the stipends are £200 to £250, residence and perquisites."

In Raietea, Society Islands, the French Protestant missionary and his wife live comfortably in an enormous house surrounded by acres of fertile land. The descendants of missionaries in Hawaii represent much of the wealth of the islands, all derived from lands properly owned by the natives. The largest pineapple plantation there until recently was owned "by a man whose father started out on his Honolulu career with a Bible in one hand and a bundle of blank deeds in the other," according to Owen P. White.

The story is the same throughout all the South Sea islands. At present it is sheer nonsense to talk of the heroism and sacrifice of those who go forth to convert the heathen. With few exceptions their lives are easier, more varied, more prosperous, than at home. There is no sacrifice involved in abandoning a life of semi-squalor and pittance in America for one of far better income, more power and importance, among lovely islands and a people who confuse you with the God you represent. It is estimated that the Protestant missions of America raise over \$50,000,000 annually for direct and indirect propaganda.

Both the Catholics and the Protestants engage covertly but extensively in trade, although it is forbidden by many governments. Not content with "borrowing" the native's land, these churches deny him the produce of it. In the Fiji Islands, the

Catholics, Methodists (Australian), and Wesleyans all own great areas of land and trade in copra. In the list of private properties in what was formerly German New Guinea, I find the following (figures from *The Times Empire Supplement*):

	<i>Acres</i>
Rheinische Mission (Lutheran Calvinists)	2,897
Neuendettelsau Mission (Lutheran).....	10,411
Liebenzell Mission (Lutheran)....	25
Methodist Mission (Australian)....	5,387
Moorish Mission (Roman Catholic). 4,087	
Capuchin Mission (Roman Catholic)	1,159
Sacred Heart Mission (Roman Catholic)	39,536
Catholic Mission of the Holy Ghost.	17,203

Thus do the meek inherit the earth.

The Melbourne *Argus* presents an astonishing report on the activities of various missions. I quote in part:

The problem which faces Australia at the moment is not the missionary as a minister of religion, or the missionary as a doctor of medicine, but the missionary as a business man, and a very astute business man at that. All the missions are extensive landholders, selling their copra in the open market, and deriving an annual income running into many thousands of pounds. The two largest German missions are the Mission of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ and the Mission of the Holy Ghost. The former owns 35,000 acres freehold throughout the islands, the latter owns 17,000. And for business purposes they are gravely registered as companies under the titles, *The Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, Limited*, and *The Holy Ghost, Limited*. The former is actually the fourth largest trading concern in the late German islands. Besides its plantations it conducts sawmills and other commercial enterprises. Throughout the war these missions, with the smaller ones, claimed immunity on the score of religion, and endeavored to gain the same privileges for the business side of the concern as had been granted the spiritual side. A custom's officer at Rabaul tells how the

missions were importing large quantities of wine duty-free "for use at communion." Becoming suspicious, he opened a case and found that it contained champagne, sparkling hock, and other wines not usually associated with communion service. The missionaries were granted liberal concessions with regard to the recruiting of natives; workers on their plantations were ingenuously styled "pupils" or "converts." Many of the missionaries were far keener on converting their coconuts into copra than on converting Kanakas to Christianity.

An excellent business: not only does the native's soul belong to the white man's God, but his lands as well, both being held in eternal pawn by the church and her gentle ambassadors.

III

In 1774 the first missionaries, Spaniards, came to Tahiti to "proclaim Jesus Christ and Him crucified," but left soon after, discouraged by the polite attention and stubborn resistance jointly offered them. In 1797 the first English missionaries descended from the ship *Duff*. They labored futilely many years to swerve the natives from paganism, some in Tahiti, some in Tongatabu, and a few in the distant Marquesas where the islands were even more bountiful and the people more arrogant. The conversion of the Tahitian king was their first reward, and after him the entire population became nominally Christian, largely because, as the records reveal, conversion led to protection by the white invaders. The native did not realize that he was soon to be left without rights, without gaiety, without pride in race achievements, even without his proper name, which would be changed at Holy Communion from a charming mouthful of vowels like Tetuanui to a dull grunt like John.

Church statistics are not dependable, nor

are the figures of one sect safe from denial by that sect's rivals. If one were to accept the mission reports of the various churches in the South Sea islands — Catholic, French Protestant, Mormon, Methodist, Seventh Day Adventist, and several others — the number of claimed converts would closely approach the total population there. No allowance is made for the many natives who embrace Christianity briefly and backslide to heathenism. No sect will admit officially the great and continuous flux of natives through its church and into the church of rivals as the novelty of the first declines. A convert once made is, officially, a convert forever, the prisoned hostage of God, whether he worships idols covertly or is already dead and in his native heaven.

The Rt. Rev. J. C. Hoare, the Bishop of Victoria, Hongkong, writing in *Mankind and The Church*, asserts that in one year there were 41,000 Chinese children baptized at the point of death by the Jesuits. These are converts. However, it is as difficult for the layman as for the rival parson to regard such figures placidly, not merely because they imply that missionary work is a wholesale business, but because they show it patently as an unscrupulous one. Yet what else is there to send as dividends to those at home who have invested their hopes, their prayers, and pennies in the enterprise? They cannot be told, those churchwomen and Sunday school children, of conversions made under duress, nor of the bitter rivalry between sect and sect which undermines all Christian effort by so confounding the native that he can hold to none.

The isolated archipelagoes of Micronesia offer an example. Since their first settlement by the Portuguese in 1527, these islands, which include the Carolines, the Marshalls, and the Marianas, have been proselytized successively by Spanish Catho-

lics, American Protestants, German Catholics, Spanish Jesuits, and finally in 1927 by German Catholics again, while at various periods two or more of these sects have been at work simultaneously, their territories overlapping though their interests remained remote as the poles. It is therefore understandable that the native, confronted with this medley and instructed alternately that the doctrines of other sects are blackguard impostures, should doubt them all.

One need only read the reports and circular letters of missionaries to see how heavily this factional warfare weighs upon apostle and convert alike. Yet without compromise, which has proved impossible, or the friendly division of heathen territory, there is nothing for the good men to do but fight each for his particular salvation. A convert to a rival fold is little better than a heathen still. The best test of mission sincerity is its intolerance of all but its own doctrine, though this very sincerity is pathetic because blind.

When the mission hospital at Ambrim, New Hebrides, was destroyed by a volcanic eruption, hundreds of native converts were found by the missionaries to be making sacrifices to their own gods, since it was incredible to them that the white God of Love should have afflicted them, and particularly His own hostel. It must not be assumed that these backsliders had lost their faith in God; they still admitted Him, but now only as a likable inferior to the demons. This is the sort of reasoning against which the missionary, armed with the sword and buckler of the True God, fights so stoutly. And since argument and preaching are ineffectual, he must convert by material bribery, by medicine, and education.

For it has been admitted by churchmen that the means of conversion are unim-

portant so long as the end is accomplished. These means may seem unethical in that the native is converted by fear or the desire for some material gain, but the evangelists defend them as the tools of eventual salvation. The Rev. Deane tells of asking twenty-six Christian natives of Fiji the reasons for their conversion. One was converted through reading Matt. xxv, 46: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment!" One was converted by a nightmare; three through being sent to jail; one was frightened by a policeman; eleven changed because they had been seriously ill; one was shipwrecked; and only eight became Christians by influence of gospel preaching. And five of these latter had been frightened by sermons on the above-mentioned Biblical text. Deane concluded: "Only two grew up on the calmer knowledge of Christianity, and even they were largely under the dominion of fear in their religious experience. Since that inquiry, made about ten years ago, I have come upon innumerable cases of a similar kind."

The church discovered early that one of its most effective means of propaganda was through the magic of medicine, a ruse deplored by Christians and intelligent heathens alike. Again, like idolatry, it is but a substitution of pagan for Christian wonder-working, proving nothing, but convincing the superstitious native that in some respects the new candidate for deity has tricks unknown to the pagan incumbents. The evincing of Christian love by healing the sick, according to Christ's precept, would be admirable indeed if it were not used exclusively as a bribe towards conversion. In all, except perhaps the Salvation Army hospitals, evangelizing is placed before philanthropy in importance. The sick native is welcomed to the mission. He is treated to the best of the mission doctor's often inadequate knowledge, and

meanwhile is preached to, cajoled, threatened with hell-fire, and administered pills in flacons whose labels bear verses from the Bible, all in hope that the patient's gratitude for treatment will offer an opening to conversion.

Re-thinking Missions, a sound inquiry by a commission of churchmen and laymen (Chairman, William Earnest Hocking, of Harvard), makes this point definite in its suggestions for improved mission work: "Service rendered in love, responding to conscious need, given without inducement, offering disinterested relief of suffering, fulfills with nobility the obligations of a Christian physician to those whom he serves. . . . But the use of medical or other professional service as a direct means of making converts, or public services in wards from which patients cannot escape, is subtly coercive, and improper." The commission agreed that the clinical work of American missions in the Pacific was incompetent and ill-managed. The physicians frequently were inexperienced, the hospitals understaffed and not properly equipped to care for the major maladies of the East, such as leprosy, syphilis, and malaria. Too often mere nostrums and prayers, with a dash or two of baptismal water, have been used where chaulmoogra or salvarsan was specific. "Meanwhile," says the commission, "patients have been accumulating who, because of the progress of their diseases, or thanks to other doctors, have discovered the inadequacy of the medical service they received, and who wonder if the doctor's gospel message was not as erroneous as his treatment. Gradually his crowd begins to dwindle."

The findings of this group make credible the rather startling results of a similar inquiry by The China Medical Missionary Association a few years back. Out of two hundred mission hospitals examined, two-

thirds had no isolation block for infectious cases, no screened kitchens, no screened latrines, no means of sterilizing bedding; one-third had no clean hospital garments for patients, no protection against flies and mosquitoes, no trained nurse, or no nurse at all other than the patient's own friends; some hospitals never bathed their patients, and some did not possess a bath of any description. Under such circumstances (and these are not confined to China), it is inevitable that mission hospitals should be fertile breeding grounds for disease; inevitable also that intelligent natives should scorn Christianity as a literal plague. Even in the distant islands of New Guinea, Fiji, and Tahiti, the smallest government-controlled medical stations effect more actual cures than the pretentious mission; and without subsidy of the Will of God.

It would be absurd to generalize upon all medical missions. There are surely exceptions. The French nuns at the leper colony in Tahiti devote four years each to the care of the afflicted, and largely through their humanity have made it possible for government physicians to carry on their work. The Mormons, well-educated men with clinical experience at home, have been respected throughout Oceania for their care of the sick. It is unfortunate that the missionaries generally achieve so little in the way of back-handed amends for the maladies which they and their Christian brothers brought the natives one hundred years ago.

"Alas!" wrote O'Brien, "it could not have been the true Christ who was brought to them, for they had flourished mightily under Oro, and they began almost at once to die. Not peace, but a sword, a sword of horrors, of frightful ills, was brought them." And the missionaries, with stern righteousness, thereupon founded their

clinics. They converted by them, and when the potential conversion ranks were exhausted they moved to greener fields. Whatever little they have accomplished in Oceania for the benefit of the natives has been almost entirely in the way of education, if one can believe that such a partial education of savages to desire our fripperies is beneficial. It is unfortunate that their preceptors have usually been men whose piety outweighed their secular learning, and who were unprepared to teach simply, in the native language, the knowledge they wished to impart.

It is fair neither to God nor native that a young cleric, lacking a gradual reorientation during which he might learn the native's tongue and needs, should be abruptly set down in a primitive community. This is too often the case, and the zealot must dispense his creed blindly, fortuitously, until he has learned what proper provision might have foreseen. The result is a confusion both of creed and culture which leaves the native baffled. For many years an earnest missionary to New Guinea, in attempting to explain the Virgin Birth, misused the word *kanukanuma* to designate the Holy Ghost. The Father of Jesus, he insisted steadfastly, was none other than *kanukanuma*. And the natives listened with wonder, for they were hearing that Jesus was conceived by *sweet potatoes*.

"Educational missions," said the Rev. W. E. S. Holland at a Pan-Anglican Congress, "are only justified as they afford openings for powerful missionary influence." Though the missionaries have held to that tenet strictly, delivering a pound of gospel with every ounce of education, the gospel has largely sifted through and the remnant learning has merely been sufficient to enable natives to read and pervert their employers' accounts. This is progress. The

natives have learned the letter of the law only to despise its spirit. They have learned hymns only to corrupt them into jolly, salacious ballads. And they have learned, through reading and the example of their religious preceptors, that superior white men do no manual work; so that the educated, Christianized native is by far a poorer workman than his heathen brother. He may have abandoned cannibalism and infanticide, but he has exchanged for them arrogance, lying, drink, laziness, and petty thievery. This may be due in part to the fact that converts to Christianity are very rarely found among the intelligent, high-caste natives. A little adult learning in the hands of a Polynesian or Melanesian is not merely a dangerous thing; it is a disease destructive of all his race holds finest. European children cannot be helped by concentrated metaphysics as a steady fare; no more can adult natives on a proportionate diet.

It is undeniable that certain natives, under the ministrations of exceptional missionaries, have become virtuous men respected by their own people and Europeans alike. It is probable also that these would have been equally respected by the thoughtful had they clung to barbarism and pagan gods. But, unfortunately, there are few missionaries in the South Seas sufficiently wise to be able, in the first place, to discover the native whose mind can profit by Christian training, and in the second, to apply such training to the native's advantage.

IV

The missionary, even as a business man trading in salvation, can hardly be admired; as a benefactor he must be deplored. It is true that in every important mission field, China, India, Africa, and the South

Seas, he has sold religion mostly to the lowest and least intelligent classes, through the expedients of medicine, education, caste equality, and, in the case of Oceania, Chautauqua showmanship. He realized early that the best means of wooing the complacent natives was by catering to their love of entertainment, by giving them sonorous hymns to bellow, by thrilling them with an oratory which they naturally loved, and by dunning their excessive pride when there were collections to be made.

Rev. Maurice Frater in *Midst Volcanic Fires* writes of the New Hebrides native: "He gives away nothing unless he has a prospect of something in return. The native word for collection is *sonimani* . . . which literally means 'to throw away money.' Yet he is quite willing to do so if the show in return is worth it."

I can illustrate this best by a personal experience on the island Monoi in Polynesia. Monoi is a tiny atoll of four hundred nominally Christian natives. No white men live there permanently, there are few traders, and the missionaries rarely visit except at Easter when they come for their annual collection. This was such an occasion. Easter, Christ's resurrection, was to be celebrated by a contribution of francs to the mission coffers, the natives informed me. They were vague as to other motives for the visit. It was just one of those Christian things that happened, a sort of back-handed holiday like Sunday, or the free rum festival when one has signed a deed of land to a foreigner.

It was plain that the missionaries were non-sectarian to these simple islanders, though they had been molested variously by them for two hundred years. Personalities alone counted—and the religious show. I had been told of Catholics (the-men-with-skirts) who tended the sick and were unafraid to admit that they had oc-

casionally seen ghosts; of the grim Protestants (the black-trousered) who couldn't even see their own angels; of the hearty Mormons (the white-trousered) who held perhaps the strangest notions and were admired accordingly: but I knew that the natives were unaware of any spiritual difference in the approach of these men to God. All they cared was that the coming Protestants (Monoi had been Catholic the year before), would bring a good show to the island. They realized fully that they must now pay for their spiritual guidance, even all they had earned in this last year, but that bothered them little for they knew that they should not only have an excuse for discreet celebration, but a reason for boasting thereafter; they never forgot that Paenui, their ancient rival and a much larger island, could pay proportionately little more than Monoi.

Throughout the week I heard the legends of Atua, who was the God of missionaries, rehearsed with gestures and much alarum. The church had called obscene the simple torso-twisting of the natives' delight, so there was to be no dancing, though they all might sing at the festival. Old Tamano, the chief, had zealously guarded a Catholic hymnal given to him by the former missionary, and thought it might do equally well for the coming Protestants. With this they rehearsed.

But the natives were not alone in their preparations. The *tupapaus*, the ghosts of the island, were now everywhere, I learned, making a grand to-do and rehearsing all kinds of performances with which to welcome the angels that the missionaries would surely bring. *Tupapaus* had unwound the *pareu* skirt of the island's one steadfast virgin when she danced at the crowded assembly. *Tupapaus* had put the long, inflated pig-gut in Mrs. Fierceness-Of-Blackness's bed. Hideous ghosts with

flaming beards had been seen by the most conservative gentry in the main village, and the *oromatua nihoniho-roroa*, the cannibal *tupapaus*, the ghost-eaters, were now soughing round the mountain tombs of the dead, looking for their feebler kin to eat them.

On the morning of the advent, as soon as the keenest eye discerned the boat of God approaching, there was everywhere a fury of excitement. The enormous bird-cage *hymine* house, some seventy feet long by forty wide, was refurbished as a church. The bamboo walls were cleaned, the floor was sprinkled with fresh sand, and wasp nests were removed from a small area of the thatched roof beneath which the new pastor would preach.

The tiny sailboat came gradually closer, tacking against adverse winds, and there was some discussion ashore as to whether the Christian angels could fly straight through the wind or must tack against it. Young Nanu claimed that *tupapaus* burned a hole through the air with their flaming whiskers, no matter how hard the wind was blowing, but old Tamano, grunting contemptuously, claimed that angels flew above the wind entirely. And there were many friendly arguments as to whether the domestic *tupapau*, which flew with its tail and fought with its teeth, could vanquish the imported angel which flew with wings and fought mysteriously by turning an apparently inexhaustible supply of other cheeks. . . .

Then the boat slid through the pass of islands, and suddenly we could see our visitors rising from a huddle on the cockpit floor. There were seventeen of them, one white and sixteen native. The corpulent white pastor, with his boyish lock of mustard-colored hair hanging over one eyebrow, was evidently new to the job and frightened, but his sixteen gigantic native

brethren strode truculently and glumly into the village, kissing all who met them and muttering of the munificence of the rival island Paenui. Sixteen men of God they were, however remote in knowledge; sixteen lumbering monuments hoisting sixteen black umbrellas whenever the sun shone warmly or a drop of God's rain moistened them, these brutes who were healthy savages only a few years ago. The little pastor walked ahead of them, making pious conversation in a preposterous native tongue.

That night there was great feasting. The sandy floor of the house had been carpeted from end to end with enormous *api* leaves, and the walls were decorated austere-ly with the fronds of young bamboo. There were no flowers, and none wore them; these happy islanders who always wore flowers tucked in the *pareu* belt or behind the ear had been made to understand that flowers were but a vain adornment.

At the beginning of the meal the pastor was respectfully prodded to his feet by his henchmen. He clasped his hands before his paunch, looked at his plate, and falteringly spoke. God Atua had been very good to Monoi, he said, to have contributed the wherewithal for such munificence of food. But that was doubtless because the natives of Monoi had been so heedful of God, and so lavish in contributing to His works. Pastors all over the South Seas, said the pastor, would remember the Monoians in their prayers. God bless the food and the partakers of it. Amen.

Then indeed there was great feasting, and when the natives were sated they sang lustily in their own language whatever Roman Catholic hymns they could recall from the year before. The long hut was filled by now; even the babies were there, astraddle their mothers' hips, dozing or suckling sleepily beneath a handkerchief,

(the breasts must not be bared). Of the four hundred and thirty-eight recorded people on the island, probably seven-eighths were assembled there, with all the money they possessed, to be contributed, all or part of it, according to the value of the show.

The women chanted shrilly and the men accompanied with weird vocal effects of drum and guitar, an extraordinary music which resembled the instrumental so fully that it was hard to believe that whining strings and grunting hides were not being plied furtively. It was a desperate chanting. When the song had diminished gradually to a mere burr of tone, hanging there, throbbing, a girl's voice would rise suddenly, lifting with it one by one the voices of the others until the whole chorus reached the awful apex, then gradually subsiding to the level of the proper song. The singers sat almost motionless, their hands in their laps, palms upward, their eyes fixed casually upon the little round pastor flanked by his sixteen pious giants at the end of the room. Only the song moved. There was no wind to disturb the lamps or the motley of shadow paving the floor. Then the song stopped suddenly, for one of the native missionaries had risen. He flung his hands towards the people, then on high towards God, and with great eloquence thanked the people of Monoi for their hospitality.

They should be remembered, he said, not in his prayers only, but in those of his fifteen brothers, and in the super-prayers of the pastor himself. Now, said he, the contributions to the cause of God Atua should be gathered, and he hoped Monoi would be as generous with francs as it was proficient in song. My neighbor Nanu, an arrant heathen, grunted reprovingly.

One after another the sixteen native missionaries spoke their little pieces, each embroidering on that of the last until the

promises of heavenly bliss, and the efficacy of initiate prayer, and the munificence of Monoï had achieved, like the crescendo of the native song, a volume so great as to be terrible. Then the little pastor rose and with neither gestures nor eloquence bowed his head and read from his notebook a simple prayer which, though lacking in drama, was effective in its outspoken simplicity. Monoï being heartily recommended to God's grace, the pastor paused a moment and raised his eyes to the crowd.

"Now," said he finally, "I think that you should all join me to render thanks that you have as your nearest and dearest neighbor the island Paenui, a land of Christian people, your brothers in Christ, who regard the name of Monoï, now as always, as a synonym for piety and generosity and virtue. And, people of Monoï, I know that you in your hearts must love them, and admire them equally, for this year they have contributed two thousand one hundred and fifty francs to the maintenance of the Protestant Church in the islands. And thus they have shown their faith in God, people of Monoï, and their wish that you also may derive the benefits of His bounty. Let us ask the blessings of God upon them."

The pastor bowed his head, and every head in the house bowed low. There was a moment of silence. "Amen," said the pastor.

The native missionary who had spoken first now leaped to his feet and confronted the crowd, while the pastor pulled forward a small metal trunk and unlocked its two padlocks.

"How much does the Chief think that Monoï can contribute?" the missionary demanded.

Old Tamano hesitated, to visualize the figures of Paenui's contribution. "We are a small poor island," he said at last. "We can-

not sell our copra as Paenui can. But I think we might contribute about sixteen hundred francs. . . ."

"Sixteen hundred! Surely you can do better than that!" said the auctioneer of Paradise. "Seventeen hundred?"

"Eh," the chief agreed.

"Good. Ask the headmen of your districts how much each district can give, Brother Tamano."

The chief pulled nervously at his little goatee and summoned the headmen in turn to stand before him, playing them against each other as Paenui had been played against Monoï. "How much, Tutu? One hundred francs? You have good fishermen in your district, Tutu; you have large houses."

The pastor wrote ONE HUNDRED FRANCS in large letters on a square of cardboard which was hung in view of all. He wrote the district name, VAIEA, in still larger letters beside it.

"How much, Aveii?" Old Aveii, the Twin-maker, could not hear distinctly, but caught the question when Tamano pointed to the lettered card.

"One hundred and fifteen francs," he chirped, and it was written.

"How much, Nari?"

Nari looked about for support from his clan. There was only one way open, and that led upward. "One hundred and twenty-five," he said proudly, though his voice quavered.

The nine districts were played against each other, and each sought within the means of its childish pride to be more lavish than the others. The total, the chief admitted humbly when he had added the figures on the card, was only sixteen hundred and some odd francs. This hurt his pride, of course, for he had fallen down on his promise, and he turned to the headmen furiously. "Collect the money!" he ordered.

"Are we to be so outstripped in generosity by the dirty savages of Paenui?" (This was hardly a Christian sentence, as the pursed lips of the missionaries implied.)

Each man of each district was brought up separately to the center of the room where the pastor sat beside his open trunk, and each, unrolling a wad of soiled coins and bills, was constrained by his pitiful pride to give more than he had planned, lest his neighbor outdo him.

"1690," the pastor wrote on the cardboard. "1700. . . . 1710. . . . 1717. . . . 1728. . . ."

The old chief was beaming now and twisting his goatee to a needle point. Ah, but he had good people! They stuck by him!

There was already a great heap of money on the top tray of the pastor's trunk, and there was one district yet to come.

"1740. . . . 1769. . . . 1770. . . ."

"Wait!" cried one of the huge brown missionaries. "My brother," he addressed the donor of the single coin, "I fear the devil has made this coin, for it is not a good one. It bends in the teeth . . . 1769," he corrected the pastor.

This was too much for me. I left quietly and was walking through the purple shadows of the jungle path, through moonlight and shadow alternately as the palms swung to a gentle wind, when young Nanu, the heathen, accosted me.

"It isn't fair! It isn't honest!" he broke out at last, this boy to whom a breach of honesty was still the only sin. "They know as well as I that copra sold for only thirty centimes the kilo last year. They know how little we produced, and that the seventeen hundred francs they took from us is nearly all our island earned! What will we have tomorrow, now that last year's earnings have gone to buy a heaven where we don't belong? Isn't our own *Rohutu*-

Noanoa better for us? Haven't our gods kept faith with us? The God *Tu*, or the God *Ta'aroa*, or even the great God *Taneh*, who eats the bodies of us, would never send us among the white men to steal their souls from their white god!"

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Nanu would be consoled if only he knew that, in all likelihood, the missions and their agents will have relinquished his island before he dies. The coral church they built some years ago is now in ruins, and the native convert who supposedly maintains Sabbath and services in Monoi has himself backslid to an indolence of faith which, if not barbarous, is at best non-partisan. The despair of the mission is evident in its diminishing visits to such small islands as Monoi. God seems content that children should believe in fairies until they reach the cultural age when His worship shall be fit for them.

The missions in Oceania must thus watch their own work being rapidly undone by those to whom they have brought enlightenment, particularly by the sons of the early converts who now realize that the old religion, or none at all, is better than one which they can neither assimilate nor accept by faith alone. The islands of Polynesia are the least encouraging. Already, thanks to the efforts of Alain Gerbault and the late Governor of Tahiti, the old law prohibiting the wearing of the native *pareu* in town has been repealed. Wan bodies are meeting daylight again, and wan minds are freshening vigorously. One cannot predict that Europe will profit thereby, but one can be confident that the brown people of the islands will live more happily and therefore more virtuously than under the mistaken dominion of the auctioneers of Paradise.

THE CLINIC

Radio Takes Over the News

BY SILAS BENT

Spor news, until a few years ago the monopoly of the daily press and its favorite arena of showmanship, is fast becoming obsolescent as a journalistic asset. Always a costly commodity, virtually given away as bait for the advertising columns, it begins to be a liability. Minor factors contributing to this debacle are chain newspapers, which embrace one-sixth of the dailies in this country and reach one-third of their audience; and syndicates, which displace additional news every time they sell another feature. But the main factor is the *Eulenspiegel* radio.

Like its legendary prototype, a clown and adventurer, the radio has ceased to be a joke. In speed it compares with the newspaper as the hare with the tortoise. Every day it skims the cream from the afternoon's headlines; every evening it takes the edge off the morrow's news. Thus it vitiates, in a nation which reads little but headlines, the main function of the press.

Aside from the initial advantage of unexampled speed, the radio has the advantage of the aural over the ocular. To receive information or entertainment through the air is a lazier and pleasanter way than through the printed word; that is why gossip and rumor fly so much faster than pedestrian prose. Radio reports are more vivid and varied. Sometimes, to be sure, the broadcaster heightens excitement and deepens color by exaggerated or false reports, just as newspapers have done in certain phases of their development. The press is

not guiltless in this regard even in its sober present; the Associated Press, which boasts of its accuracy, distributed an erroneous verdict in the Hauptmann case, and erred also in its flash telling of the Supreme Court's gold clause decision.

In dealing with the unexpected and dangerous radio, newspaper owners, publishers and editors have been just on the sunny side of lunacy. At the outset radio was news and got free play. When the National Broadcasting Company was formed in 1926, and a phenomenon became an institution, it proved to be a good story. When daily programs came along, they were printed as prepared because of reader interest. In a lucid interval the newspapers did decide to delete from them the names of advertising sponsors, but whenever publishers tried the experiment of throwing out the whole thing bodily, there was a yelp from the public. Thus journalism has given millions of dollars in free publicity to a competitor calculated to deflect its course and alter the very nature of its structure.

Although the advertising phase of competition between the two is far less vital than the matter of news, it still is not to be belittled. While the revenue from the press was falling off from this source, which supplies three-fourths of all income, the radio was leaping forward, in part by draining advertisements from newspaper columns. Last year the newspapers sold space for nearly half a billion dollars, and broadcasting stations sold time for some-

thing less than seventy millions; but the figure for the press represented a gain over the sorrowful preceding year of but one-tenth, while radio gained by nearly one-half.

In advertising, one disadvantage of the radio is that the volume and character of its circulation are difficult to gauge, whereas these are points about which the man who spends money for air-time is deeply concerned. As a news disseminator, the radio is ephemeral and of no use for reference. This knowledge the press hugs fondly to its bosom, along with the fact that the radio has formed no tradition of public service and is licensed, enjoying therefore none of the "freedom" of its competitor. Whether we have a free press in this country is open to debate, and in such debates I have long taken the negative side. Moreover, governmental licensing and a regulatory commission are contingencies which the press may have to face any day, because the newspapers are vitally charged with a public use and therefore become public utilities.

Without regard to this possibility, which might curtail the exploitation of primary passions and the prodigious overplay of current spectacles, spot news in itself tends daily to become a greater liability. Its stereotypes, fashioned to appeal to the fourteen-year-old mind, prevent the presentation of events with any regard to their relative importance, and impose a method of selection which is intended to be exciting and is always heterogeneous. Day after day there is a deadly sameness about the product. Only personnel and locale are changed. Whenever we have too much of the spicy, we cease to taste it; when everything is spectacular, drama loses life. Thus spot news of the sort dished up by the daily press tends to destroy itself.

However, this type of news is committing suicide slowly and expensively. Marlen Pew of *Editor and Publisher* estimates that the daily press spends more than two millions a month on spot news. He arrives at this figure by taking fifteen per cent of the annual advertising income — \$75,000,000 — for total news operations, telegraph, local and office handling; and he finds that about one-third of this sum goes for material by telegraph and cable. But his estimate takes no account, obviously, of the cost of covering local spot news. The Hauptmann trial, for example, was a local story, in effect, for New York papers, and was reported at extravagant expense, without considering the acres of white paper consumed. It would be more correct, I hazard, to say that dailies spend four millions a month on spot news. And now radio is destroying the salability of this erstwhile best-selling commodity.

As a part of the intermittent lunacy which has characterized the newspapers, it may as well be set down that they were the first to discover radio as a news agency. They bought radio stations because they thought that a fillip of news over the air would help circulation. Soon independent stations edged into the field, and then had the effrontery, actually, to sell news programs to advertisers of depilatories, soaps and insecticides. Something had to be done, and the newspapers, in what appeared to be another lucid interval, undertook to do it. They negotiated an agreement with the two great broadcasting systems to supply free news (it had been filched from them theretofore); but they limited the selection, and specified that it should not be used until after it had appeared in their daily issues. Thus the tortoise tried to hobble the hare. It was not quite a lucid essay, and was doomed to failure. Hearst's International News Service and the United Press

(Scripps-Howard), representing the two largest newspaper chains, brazenly sold news outside the main networks. The American Newspaper Publishers Association, at its last convention, despairingly gave these news agencies permission to do what they had already done. Meanwhile Trans-Radio, organized and manned by former newspaper men, was supplying to radio a voluminous report, without time restrictions, for commercial purposes. This agency, moreover, had threatened to set up a sort of Associated Press of the air, and had gone a considerable way in that direction, acquiring hundreds of correspondents.

Many newspaper owners thought from the first that the way to meet the difficulty was to operate radio stations, so that Greek might meet Greek in his own town *agora*, so to speak. One hundred and fourteen stations are owned by papers — Hearst has seven — or are affiliated with them. The *Chicago Tribune*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, the *Kansas City Star*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Buffalo Evening News* and the *Milwaukee Journal* are successful papers owning their broadcasting stations. In Minneapolis and in St. Paul, the *Journal*, the *Dispatch-Pioneer Press*, the *Star*, the *Daily News* and the *Tribune* — all the dailies in the Twin Cities — have made a compact with the four broadcasting stations whereby they agree concerning “ethical practices,” forbid rebating on advertising and undertake to co-operate.

Neither conflict nor compromise, however, can stay for long the disappearance of spot news from the daily press. The patterns cut by the elder James Gordon Bennett, which blazed the way for yellow journalism and prevail even now, will soon be useless. William Randolph Hearst, who

discovered and exploited amusement as a sauce for information, is the prophet of the new day; and the newspaper syndicates, which sell interpretative articles, news-behind-the-news and features, are his *minnesingers*.

Breathes there a man with imagination so dead that he will read in nine-point type a verbatim report of a “fireside chat” by the President after he has listened to that ingratiating voice on the air? No, but somebody may want to refer to it a year later, in order to accuse Mr. Roosevelt of an inconsistency. And so with other news, of greater or less importance, there remains, then, a function for the daily or weekly press as a reference reservoir, even after spot news has lost its pulling power. The papers will maintain their circulation — if it can be maintained — in the character of entertainers and interpreters.

Always there is in the offing the threat of television. When one can *see* news happen while listening to it, the newspaper as such will receive its *coup de grace*. Moreover, even the department store, which so far has scorned radio as an advertising medium, will be able to show manikins parading in new frocks while the frocks are described, and demonstrate a new household utility visually as well as orally. One trembles to think what will become of the newspaper, so far as its present capacities and appeals and revenues are concerned, when this time arrives. I believe the daily will go by the board, and that we will have weeklies blessed with some of the qualities of the *Manchester Guardian*, yet containing summaries of important happenings with documentary material, with interpretations of political, economic and social events, with fewer pages devoted to comics and to the lovelorn. In this way the ill wind of radio may blow the press some benefit.

War Planes in the Stratosphere

BY J. J. DE BARY

EVER since the World War, the technical value of height has been recognized for all forms of aerial engagement. An aeroplane that can outclimb its opponent holds the whiphand, no matter how great the opponent's speed. If one aircraft can rise above another, it does not matter, so far as attack and defense are concerned, whether that other is capable of travelling at 70 miles an hour or at 700; the security of the one having the height advantage is assured. It is surprising, therefore, that the military significance of the experimental work being done in Europe with aircraft designed to operate in the stratosphere has been ignored, ridiculed, or dismissed as academic. Statements have been made saying that the stratospheric machine is being developed purely for commercial purposes; but many commercial assets can be turned into military assets. Today there can no longer be any doubt that the air staffs of the chief powers are alive to the potential military importance of the experimental high-flying planes.

Originally the chief objective of those who turned their attention to stratospheric aircraft was a higher economic speed. The total resistance of an aeroplane, these people argued, is made up of the resistance due to forward motion and the resistance due to lift; the horizontal and vertical resistances, as they might be called. No matter what the height and the air density, a wing, to lift a given weight, must set up an equal amount of drag. But there are on the aeroplane such parts as the fuselage, the undercarriage, the struts and the empennage, the drag of which, not being a function of the lift, decreases with the increase in height. The result is that the economic speed at

great heights, other things being equal, will be greater than at sea level. Higher economic speed brings with it greater range, so that the stratospheric aircraft, if the practical difficulties can be overcome, will not only climb higher than the conventional type but will have a much higher speed and a greater range.

In order to obtain high speed near the ground, as we have seen in the Schneider Trophy seaplanes, high wing loading is necessary, perhaps exceeding forty pounds per square foot, and calling for a high landing speed, say 100 miles per hour. Now it has been pointed out that the lift remains constant according to the weight of the machine, no matter what the height, so that, for a given speed and a given weight, the wing area of an aeroplane, designed to operate at 40,000 feet, will be greater than the wing area of one designed to operate at 500 feet. The high-flying ship, therefore, will have a lower wing loading and a lower landing speed.

This has an immediately discernible effect upon air-fighting characteristics. At a given height, say 32,000 feet, the margin of air speed over the stall for the conventional aircraft will be small, whereas for the stratospheric plane it will be great. The conventional aircraft will be staggering about on sharp turns, barely able to maintain height and only partially controllable. At the smallest increase in wing loading through centrifugal loads, the machine will stall. Not so the stratospheric ship, which will remain controllable: it will be, therefore, the first really high-speed aircraft with a low landing speed. With a top speed at 23,000 feet of two hundred and fifty miles an hour, it will be loaded at only twelve

pounds per square foot. It will alter the whole complexion of speed-range technique; it will possess speed-range in the highest degree. In fact there are no features in aeronautics more vital to the military machine than those which the stratospheric aircraft, as visualized in Europe today, ought to possess.

But it may be objected that this type of aeroplane is still far from the practical stage, and that it may fail. This is true. The problems of engines, air screws, and pressure cabins for the plane's occupants are immense and will require much work before being solved. But there is nothing in these problems to suggest that they are insoluble. The supercharging of aero-engines is now standard practice. There can be no insurmountable obstacle in the way of an extension of that practice to the degree necessary to obtain a sufficient output of power at the operating height. The engine of the Farman stratospheric aircraft is reported to have three superchargers, which the pilot brings into operation successively as he mounts.

The variable pitch air screw for strato-flying is probably a more difficult problem than the engine. But again it is not a new problem. Variable pitch screws for use within the ordinary range of altitudes are already procurable. The Hamilton and the Standard in America are two examples. The French three-bladed Ratier, fitted to the Guerchais stratospheric aircraft, is another. Nothing more than an extension of the system is needed.

The constant maintenance of suitable engine temperature may also be difficult; but again work has been begun in this direction and there is nothing to indicate that it cannot be continued.

From the aeroplane designer's point of view the pressure cabin is really the only new problem. And the pressure cabin is

the determining factor of the stratospheric aircraft, the feature that singles it out from other planes. Although it is possible that human beings could live if they were warmed and fed oxygen at 50,000 feet, they could not live long, so the pressure cabin is a necessity in the stratospheric plane. It must be supplied, as the pressure cabins of the European experimental machines are supplied, with a pressure pump, with warming apparatus, and with an oxygen supply system. The problem is similar to that faced by the submarine designer, but probably not so difficult. For the maximum pressure which this pressure cabin will be called upon to withstand will obviously be atmospheric pressure, a small amount compared with the immense pressures met with in a submarine. But, although the pressure cabin seems a small problem compared with a submarine, it is a new problem. The oil-sealed glands for leading the controls through to the interior of the cabin, and the provision of good view for the pilot, will require considerable thought and experiment. In one French machine the pilot is housed in a sort of tank, entering it through a manhole. There is a double window with a device for preventing fogging of the glass.

The altitudes at which stratospheric aircraft will develop their highest speeds vary. The Farman has a calculated operational height of 62,000 feet, at which it is hoped it will be able to fly at 317 miles an hour. At 33,000 feet, it has a calculated speed of 245 miles an hour, while at ground level its top speed will be only 130 miles. The Guerchais has a calculated speed of 210 miles an hour at sea level and 249 miles an hour at 23,000 feet. It will climb — if the designer's figures are proved in practice — to 50,000 feet in fifty-one minutes. Its engine is a 700-horsepower Lorraine with a special blower, and it has a three-bladed, variable pitch Ratier

air screw. No definite data have been permitted to leak out regarding the German Junkers J-49, the only machine to have successfully undergone actual test flights; it is reported to have shown an extremely satisfactory performance both as to speed and operational ceiling.

For military purposes, the stratospheric aircraft may be visualized as a day bomber and as a fighter, the one producing the necessity for the other. The function of the day bomber is to carry a load of bombs to a given objective, to drop them and to return. For actual bombing the machine must be able to fight and must face anti-aircraft gunfire. But on the journey out, and part of the journey back, the ability to fly very high, at more than 40,000 feet, would be of value both tactically and psychologically. On the outward journey the machine would avoid anti-aircraft fire and would not likely be attacked by defending planes.

The entire defense system of the United States and of most other countries is based upon the accurate spotting of hostile aircraft by ground observers. The system of continuous defensive air patrol, if used at all, is to be aided by ground observation. However, the system of continuous patrol becomes less and less effective as the height of the attacking aircraft increases.

If the operational height of day bombers is raised from 20,000 feet to 40,000, the cubic space to be searched is doubled. If the hostile aircraft cannot be seen from the ground, the chances of their passing through the defenses without being attacked are greatly increased. Clearly, if two nations were at war and only one of them possessed stratospheric aircraft, that nation would possess

a decisive advantage at the outset. It would not only be able to raid places deep in enemy territory, but would have a better chance of completing raids without its machines being shot down. The crews of the bombers, keeping beyond the range of accurate anti-aircraft fire, would arrive at their objectives fresh. The same can be said of long-distance photographic and reconnaissance patrols. For the return journey the planes would climb. They probably would be attacked while at low altitudes doing their bombing and photography; but they could afterwards again seek height. And the higher they went, the more rapid their rate of climb, and the less the chance of pursuing machines overtaking them.

The vulnerability of the stratospheric aircraft has been exaggerated. A bullet through the pressure chamber would not destroy it. The occupants could probably maintain consciousness long enough to bring their craft down to the height where life can be supported. And if it was found that the time taken to descend was so great as to endanger life, some form of individual oxygen apparatus could be provided.

The greatest problem in the field of stratospheric aircraft is that of operating guns at great heights, and providing a clear view for the pilot and gunner. But nothing has occurred so far to indicate that these are insurmountable difficulties. We have seen a period of intense concentration on speed; the next step will be a period of intense concentration on height. The stratospheric military aircraft will appear, and when it appears it will produce fundamental tactical changes in the art of aerial warfare.



The Truth About Pain Killers

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

IT is easy to stop pain. There are many drugs that will perform this pleasant service, and modern synthetic chemistry is adding new ones every year. Accordingly, if you are addicted to self-medication, all you have to do is go to the nearest drugstore for relief from almost any form of discomfort. It is agreed, however, that such a procedure is often highly objectionable. The reason commonly cited is that the layman does not possess sufficient knowledge to select the proper drug. But mere lack of knowledge is not the most fundamental objection. The chief divergence between self-medication and scientific treatment lies in a radical difference of emphasis. The layman with a pain is interested almost exclusively in removing symptoms. The physician, on the other hand, is interested in finding and removing causes. If he employs pain killers, he uses them as palliatives only; he knows that in a majority of cases they do not cure, but merely give temporary relief.

This attitude—the scientific attitude—is comparatively modern. In earlier days physicians themselves treated symptoms rather than causes, instead of treating diseases as general disorders with various manifestations, they treated each symptom separately. Thus if a patient suffered with dull headache, aching of hips and loins, nausea, fits with cold, hot, and sweating stages, each symptom would be treated as a separate ailment and no consideration given to the underlying cause. Today each symptom is regarded as a clue upon which to base a diagnosis. The patient would be known to be suffering from malaria, and quinine, one of the few specifics in medicine, would be administered.

Pain, then, is usually a sign that something fundamental ought to be done. Fantus divides pain into four categories:

Pain due to local disease of an organ or tissue.

Muscle pains, as in over-strain or rheumatic affections.

Nerve pains: neuritis or neuralgia.

Mental pain or psychalgia: pain occurring without adequate discoverable causation.

Sometimes these occur in combination, but rational therapy consists in distinguishing them as far as possible and searching for causes, which may be infection, physical injury, fatigue, psychic maladjustment or other factors. Thus a headache may have its origin in sinus infection, catarrhal fever, intestinal or other visceral disorders, neuritis and neuralgia, neurasthenia, overwork, and various toxic conditions due to poison or disease. This by no means exhausts the list, but it illustrates the difficulty as well as the importance of correct diagnosis.

Admittedly our medical science is incomplete. Many pains (migraine for example), are of origin so obscure that no one knows exactly the cause. Here, treatment of symptoms is the only kind possible. Others urgently require relief at the same time that causal therapy is undertaken. Sleep, for example, is important; hence the administration of a drug to deaden pain and induce slumber is often indispensable, regardless of other treatment. The indiscriminate taking of sedative or analgesic drugs is of course an evil; on the other hand the exercise of Spartan courage and endurance at the expense of adequate rest may be an admirable demonstration of

character, but quite unintelligent and unwise.

Certain proprietary manufacturers, however, often exploit claims to the effect that their remedies (unlike others) are entirely safe. The usual intimation is of a marvelous new, secret discovery. The plain fact is that drugs chosen for such exploitation are commonly well-known drugs with familiar virtues and dangers. As for new discoveries, there is no possible way of knowing in advance whether they are even moderately safe. They have to be tested in actual practice before satisfactory judgment can be given. Therefore it is merely elementary common sense to avoid "newest discoveries."

It is convenient to divide all drugs used to relieve pain into three general classifications, the *sedatives*, which quiet the nerves; the *hypnotics*, which induce sleep; and the *analgesics* or pain killers. To be complete, other drugs can be classed as pain killers, but they are not of the type that the normal layman would use. *Narcotics*, such as opium or cocaine, relieve pain, and broadly speaking the definition of a narcotic might include the classes of drugs listed above. *Anesthetics*, such as ether and chloroform, produce a complete state of insensibility to pain and of course have their uses in surgery.

The best known sedatives are the bromides of potassium, sodium, etc. They are chiefly used in conditions of nervous irritability, but have the disadvantage that continued administration, besides being depressing, is likely to cause serious skin eruptions. The numerous headache and cold remedies containing the prefix "bromo" as part of their trade names are an indication of the high reputation which this drug once enjoyed; fortunately the amount of bromides contained in these remedies is very small. There is probably

no occasion for the average person to take drugs of the sedative class except under the direction of a physician. Rest, recreation, hygienic living and, in severer cases, psychotherapy are infinitely to be preferred.

Midway between the sedatives and true hypnotics is a small group exemplified by carbromal, which is interesting as an example of synthetic chemistry. As its chemical name — diethylbromacetylurea — implies, the molecules of this substance contain groups of atoms derived from alcohol, bromine, and urea, all of which possess sedative properties. The guiding purpose was to select those groups having an affinity for nerve tissues and arrange them into a new compound, much as an architect, with various materials at his disposal, and having a given need in view, might construct a new building. These synthetic compounds are not mere mixtures, but are definite entities with definite, though often highly complex, chemical formulas. Technically, carbromal is a ureide, and it is interesting to note that barbitol compounds, which are perhaps the most widely used of all hypnotics, are also ureides. Urea is a by-product of life processes, but is now made synthetically.

Chloral hydrate was one of the earliest synthetic hypnotics, and was eagerly welcomed as a substitute for opiates, as a sedative and sleep-inducing drug. Yet it proved to have dangers of its own, for it depresses the heart and respiratory system, and may be fatal in large doses. When administered with alcohol it is especially dangerous; the knockout drops of the Gay Nineties were chloral hydrate. It now has been largely superseded by newer drugs, chiefly the barbitol compounds.

Barbitol and barbitol compounds are widely sold under trade names. Many people have acquired the habit of using such

drugs, perhaps initially as the result of doctors' prescriptions. Under a physician's direction they are relatively safe; they are, however, attendant with danger and their indiscriminate use is unwise. Other hypnotics such as paraldehyde are occasionally used, but the soundest advice is that sleeping potions should be taken only as a last resort. If they are necessary they should be fitted to the patient, and perhaps varied from time to time. Only the physician is competent to cope with cases of prolonged insomnia. Frequently, however, a certain amount of wakefulness is preferable to the after-effects of any drug. In any event the mildest measures should be tried first. These matters were fully discussed in my article "The Truth About Sleep" in the June AMERICAN MERCURY.

The most common pain killers for internal use are the coal tar analgesics. Aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid) is made by treating salicylic acid with concentrated acetic acid. Salicylic acid compounds, particularly sodium salicylate, have long been used in the treatment of rheumatic fever and similar affections. Aspirin was introduced to avoid the gastric symptoms frequently caused by the salicylates proper, the theory being that it would not liberate salicylic acid in the acid medium of the stomach, but only after reaching the alkaline medium of the intestines. Curiously enough, current advertising of some manufacturers stresses quickness of disintegration as a factor of distinguishing merit. This involves a double confusion. Any aspirin can be made to disintegrate rapidly by increasing the amount of starch normally used in the tablet as a binder; but disintegration is a different matter from solubility or the rate of absorption into the blood. (All true aspirin products have the same general characteristics, regardless of brand.) True aspirin is and should be

more or less insoluble. That is one of its chief merits, hence quick disintegration, if it has any effect, is probably a disadvantage rather than otherwise. Actually if you want a quickly soluble product, choose sodium salicylate—but it is much more likely to nauseate and irritate the stomach.

Aspirin is useful in minor aches and pains and in the symptomatic treatment of colds, but it does not cure. It is primarily a pain reliever, nothing more. Fortunately, it is relatively safe, although it will seriously affect persons who happen to be hypersensitive to it.

The search for other synthetic analgesics led to the discovery of another group, the pyrazol-paramidophenol compounds, of which acetanilid, acetphenedin, antipyrine and amidopyrine are in common use by physicians and by purveyors of popular headache remedies and similar nostrums. Of these drugs, acetanilid is best known. It is the principal ingredient of certain effervescent headache remedies sold at drug-store fountains, and the very fact that such enormous amounts are consumed without observable ill effects is an indication of relative safety. Years ago, however, the Food and Drug Administration issued a warning against acetanilid, and it undoubtedly should be used with caution.

Amidopyrine has had a curious history. It was long regarded as one of the safest of the analgesic drugs. It is now extensively advertised to women (under trade names) for "regular" pain. As in the case of aspirin and acetanilid, enormous quantities have been consumed. Recent investigations have incriminated the drug as the cause of a somewhat rare, mysterious and fatal malady variously known as neutropenia, agranulocytosis, etc. Probably the fact is that a certain small percentage of individuals have an idiosyncrasy for the drug, but the high mortality associated

with the disease in question suggests that self-administration should be avoided.

The action of analgesic drugs may be compared to the cutting of a telephone line. This effectually prevents the transmission of messages and may temporarily be conducive to the comfort and well-being of subscribers who do not want to be disturbed; in the same way the typical pain killer interrupts the transmission of sensory impulses or renders them less urgent, and consequently lessens or abolishes the sensation which we feel as pain. The analogy is somewhat crude, but illustrates the highly artificial character of this kind of relief. Pain serves the function of calling our attention to a condition requiring constructive action; assuming we have heeded the warning and have done all that can be done to remedy the cause, then we are perhaps justified in putting up a barrier against the mere iteration of the pain.

External applications for the relief of pain are chiefly irritants which locally produce reddening of the skin and are sometimes efficacious, not merely for superficial aches but for lessening discomfort in underlying organs or structures. The use of irritants, even to the point of blistering, is one of great antiquity; they were once supposed to draw out pain and disease. With the advance of medical knowledge such theories had to be abandoned and the practice of applying poultices and plasters has been to a large extent abandoned. Nevertheless, in some fashion, not well understood, irritant applications, whether drugs or hot fomentations, are sometimes capable of acting at a distance. It is known, for example, that "counter-irritation is most effective when applied at a definite place for each internal inflammation." Sollmann, however, sums up the matter by saying that the relief experienced

"is partly explained by homologous reflexes, but largely by the diversion of the attention of the patient from the disease pain to the usually more bearable sensations of the counter-irritant."

Claims for analgesic balms, liniments and ointments to the effect that they are deeply penetrating may be interpreted in the light of this statement. Such preparations are primarily counter-irritants. They are virtually harmless, although, as in the case of mustard plasters, care must be taken not to damage the skin.

Fantus quotes the dictum that it is "far easier to rub a disease into a limb than to rub it out of the mind." This somewhat cryptic utterance is intended to suggest that often the best treatment for any given pain is neglect or contempt, a kind of primitive psychotherapy. Psychogenic pains and troubles cover a wide range; sometimes they have a certain amount of physical basis, sometimes not. Every miracle worker depends largely on his powers of psychic suggestion. Nearly all of us, even the most matter-of-fact, have known headaches to disappear under the influence of emotional excitement. Mere diversion or recreation will sometimes be more efficacious than any drug.

Literature—Analyses of many "nerve remedies" will be found in the pamphlet on *Epilepsy Cures* issued by the American Medical Association (535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago). In fact, the reports and publications of the Bureau of Investigation of this association, and specific information which can be obtained by personal correspondence with this bureau, will be interesting to the layman. There are practically no treatises on pain suitable for the general reader. For the action of individual drugs, see the medical textbooks of Sollman, Cushby, Bastedo, Fantus, and others.

THE THEATER

BY PERCY HAMMOND

THE Drama, after a summer-time of gestation, is now in the throes of accouchement, giving birth to its annual litter. A fruitful art, it has the knack of diligent procreation and, like the poor, it spawns profusely. According to Mr. Zolotov, the Broadway theater's official censusman, a hundred plays, shows, and operas are already announced, with many more expected. They range from Mr. Billy Rose's Barnum-drama, by Messrs. MacArthur and Hecht, *Jumbo*, to the *Trojan Women* and the *Agamemnon* of Euripides. In between are all the items in the catalogue of Polonius, and other variations suitable to our extending scheme of entertainment. Ere the robins come again, the Drama will have added as usual to our family of lessons and experiences, rendering us more efficient than ever to live capably, with life's puzzles solved for us by Shakespearè, Sidney Howard, Clifford Odets, Ivor Novello, Eugene O'Neill, Russel Crouse, and similar teachers from all the ages.

The more ardent and anxious drama-lovers look, of course, to the Theater Guild for their passion's encouragement, hoping to find in its essays a satisfactory stimulant. Seldom does the Guild fail to justify this confidence in one way or another. It is rich, it is reasonably progressive, it is prudent, literate, daring, and addicted to cautious adventure on the Stage's perilous paths. Its achievements from its lowly genesis to its present prestige and affluence entitle it to be called

the First of the organized theaters, national or otherwise. There is nothing in its class in Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, or Dublin, despite reports from eager American pilgrims to the shabby shrines of those capitals. Governed by a flexible directorate of aesthetic lawyers, bankers, architects, playwrights, troupers, and actors, it does the best that can be done to reconcile life to the Drama. Impatient pioneers disagree with this conservative impression and belittle the Guild as out-of-fashion in its Tory radicalism. Its product, they say, is as passé as its sedate subscribers, of whom it is said that they flush bashfully and pleasantly whenever the laureate Mr. O'Neill mentions the word incest.

The Guild this year proposes a program that will include Miss Fontanne as Katherine and Mr. Lunt as Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, done as an antic as well as a lark with a cast containing "acrobats, midgets, and persons dressed as horses." With that extravaganza off its mind it will recreate *Porgy*, a drama of the Southern Negro by Dubose and Dorothy Heyward, set to music and verse by the rhythmic Gershwins, George and Ira, who have been steeping themselves in the subject by prolonged sojourn in the Carolinas. The Guild has also in mind a dramatization of James M. Cain's front-page murder study, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and a modernized Greek tragedy by Robert Turney about Atreus, the parent of Agamemnon and Menelaus,

who was famous in his day for having slain three faithless nephews and served their flesh at a family banquet.

Welcoming us to Elsinore this year will be Mr. Leslie Howard, who will endeavor in his sly way to interpret the Sweet Prince in a revival of *Hamlet*, the most mysterious and talked-about of the Scandinavians with the possible exception of Mr. Ivar Kreuger. I have seen, as man and boy, Booth, Barrett, the Irvings, Otis Skinner, Forbes-Robertson, Mantell, Barrymore, Sothorn, and Sarah Bernhardt impersonate the brooding Dane: all of their thoughtful performances, however, left me in a rhetorical daze from which I expect Mr. Howard to extract me and to clarify such confusions as the Swan may have neglected to explain in the luxuriant symphony of his song. Another Hamlet, that of Mr. John Geigud, a youthful celebrity of the London theater, has been bidden hither, with the invitation still being warily considered. But Miss Gladys Cooper of England has favorably noticed the beckoning finger of Crosby Gaige and will join us and Philip Merivale in an exposition of *Othello*—a set-up if ever there was one—with a muscular, violent, and musical melodrama played by actors well-equipped to play it and under auspices as rainbow as any that Broadway affords.

What was described by critics last year as the “living” theater sprang briskly to life from the pen of Clifford Odets, a gifted young protestant boiling over the hot coals of secession. Made indignant by his discovery that rapacity and injustice exist, he let out some fluent theatrical outcries against those ancient institutions, and sought to eradicate, via the Drama, the evils of luck, circumstance, and the failure of the Creator to create all men equal. In *Waiting for Lefty*, an ingenious allegory

celebrating the villainies of employers and the virtues of their employees, he tore into the present scheme of things furiously. In *Awake and Sing*, a glib Bronx-drama, full of fruity characterizations and dialogue, he turned out a show so showy that its propaganda was almost invisible. Glancing then to distraught and self-satisfied Germany he presented a one-act Hitler tragedy, *Till the Day I Die*, designed to call attention to, and remedy, the ills that have beset a once healthy people. It was but a little dab when compared, for instance, to Feuchtwanger’s calm and impressive *The Oppermans*, proving again that the book is mightier than the stage. Although no arrows, at the moment, are preparing to be shot from Mr. Odet’s venomous quiver, I warn entrenched Greed and Avarice that he is on their trail, determined to obliterate them from what has been referred to as the face of the earth. John Howard Lawson is also taking aim at them through a play advocating their destruction and which one or another of the talented and aggressive Theatrical Groups, Alliances, and Unions will produce in devotion to a cause. The Theater Union, by the way, which operates gallantly in Miss Le Gallienne’s abandoned Civic Repertory house, will do a version of Gorki’s *Mother* with appropriate songs and dances. About the plans and purposes of Miss Le Gallienne herself a silence hovers; but Miss Cornell, having definitely established herself as the First of America’s actresses, will add to her gallery one of the more glamorous Ibsen heroines, and the Joan of Arc of Mr. Shaw’s acid and sentimental imagination.

Peace, of course, will pipe its angry notes this year from the Drama’s hilltops, presenting unanswerable arguments that war is mankind’s principal pest and that rulers would not indulge in it were soldiers

wise. Sidney Howard, one of the most enthusiastic and not the least expert of the dramatists, has made a play from the cruelly ironic *Paths of Glory* by Humphrey Cobb, and in it he will reveal to us that war is tragic and should not be permitted. In the offing is a similar sermon by Dr. John H. Holmes, a New York evangelist, whose indignant pulpiteerings breathe wrathful opposition to this, that, and the other thing.

Walter Hampden, seeing in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* lessons applicable to present crises, ponders an excursion in that neglected tragedy, and hopes to show us how the noble Romans treated the hungry mobs. Usually indifferent to New York

playgoers, he will visit them this season with not only *Coriolanus* in his portmanteau, but also *Achilles Had a Heel*, something by Martin Flavin with a record of performances in the Community Playhouse of Pasadena last year.

Meantime such shrewd showmen as Sam Harris and Max Gordon, skilled in the capture of prosperous follies as they fly, will put their fingers on two or three paying entertainments, with music or without. I suspect that the new season in Times Square will be, as usual, the everlasting and unchangeable program of the good, the bad, and the mediocre, with possibly twelve able plays to be found in the expected list of 150.



DIRGE FOR THE SPIRIT

BY ROSS EDWARDS PIERCE

LET the cold marble be broidered in blue and green
 And no more be seen
 Let the tried bone
 Unharness the burden of flesh and waste and be gone

For the heart
 Must learn to bear it out alone . . .

Let the tall white chargers that tread up the shore of the sea
 Turn and flee
 Let the light
 Be received back
 On a long tide of night

For the mind
 Must learn to give over its pinnacles and be resigned

Let the wolf howl and the tiger cry
 And the black rain sweep down tremendously
 Let the carousing winds off topless cliffs be hurled
 Down down down down to the bottom of the world.

THE LIBRARY

Somerset Maugham in Spain

BY JAMES BOYD

DON FERNANDO, by W. Somerset Maugham. \$2.50. 6 x 8¼; 307 pp. New York: Doubleday, Doran.

A FEW months ago Ford Madox Ford gave himself and all other people of proper sensibilities the pleasure of bringing out a book in praise of the ancient and genial kingdom of Provence. And now in very different vein, Somerset Maugham reverts to the Golden Age of Spain and to his own Golden Age when he first visited Seville and, with much desultory study, revolved plans for a romance of the region's great days. Except that each book was written, one feels, for the writer's own contentment and release, there is little in common between the two. It could hardly be expected otherwise. Mr. Ford is a man who has never grown old. Mr. Maugham is a man who, if we may judge by *Of Human Bondage* was, whether through circumstance or his own fates, never young. It is all the more, then, a comment on the age that these two chief practitioners of writing, in temper so diverse, should almost simultaneously and with a nostalgia that stirs and at the same time saddens, revert to some form of the past.

Don Fernando is a stout and affable proprietor of a tavern in Seville and also of a small casual business in antiques, who gives, since the youth refuses obstinately to buy it, an old vellum-bound volume to his friend and tavern patron, a young Englishman named Somerset Maugham. The

volume turns out to be the life of Saint Ignatius. This leads to reflections on the Spiritual Exercises of the Jesuits and thence, by examples, comment, discussion, to the great days of Spain. There are from time to time summaries of lives of saints, of writers, and of painters, and these, as summaries do, seem to resist the greatest talent. It is of no importance. They are the slight, if somewhat wooden pegs, on which the writer hangs his wealth of insight and of knowledge.

We have in brief the curious life of Lope de Vega, the thoughts of Saint Theresa, the many aspects and the riddles of El Greco, details about Cervantes, including, with no undue emphasis, mention of a source of revenue not often cited by biographers, and much else, apparently miscellaneous, but all designed to illustrate and explain the Spirit of Spain in the days when she stood highest before the world. We see philosophers and saints, adventurers and mountebanks, proud, impecunious grandees and strolling players. We have a scene of tavern life, of the crowd at a play, and we gain some notion of Spanish cooking and of Spanish ideas of a practical joke. The contrasting elements of sixteenth century Spain are here and the contrasting elements in the Spaniard as a type.

But this *recherche du temps perdu* is in turn only secondary to Maugham's search for his own position, a search which, for the writer, for the thinking man today,

whether old or young, is not easy. Perhaps it never was. Yet one can feel, as Maugham does, that in the confident Victorian Age, in Spain's era of the Catholic faith, there were at least initial certitudes. Certainly *Don Fernando* is suffused and unified by the sense of faith, a faith Catholic and positive and rigid, and at the same time given a special potency and color by the one great pervasive quality of Spain. "No one can travel through the various paths of the Spanish scene in the sixteenth century without getting a frequent glimpse of that mysticism that seems to dwell only just below the threshold of consciousness in so many of these passionate men who, you would have thought, were completely immersed in the turmoil of the world. In Spain you are seldom long out of sight of the mountains. They rise before you, arid, gaunt and austere; blue on the far horizon, they seem to summon you to a new and magic world. The Sierra Nevada with its mantle of snow is remote and formidable, but in the dawn or at sunset shines with a coloured beauty not of this earth. And so mysticism, never very far away, unobtrusive but insistent, with its strange attraction that all the human in you resists, seems to haunt the shadows that darken the brilliant prospect. It is like a troubling, tragic and lovely theme that runs through a florid symphony. It is disconcerting and yet you cannot but attend to it."

As in this passage and often more strikingly, the writing in *Don Fernando* is deceptively simple in its style. As I read and note its effortless lucidity, its hidden music, combining to sustain with apparent facility, apparently simple statements which in truth carry the most complex and exciting implications, I reflect that never has such a pure technical virtuoso been more successful throughout his life in putting his talents, precisely when and how he wishes,

to the service of the good living and financial security which he is frank enough in prizing. Somerset Maugham has always been a born, if frigid, story teller — that goes without saying — but I wonder whether part of the secret of his success is not that the mass of his readers, such is the perfection of his style, simply have no conception of how good he is.

In *Don Fernando* this style is never more serviceable, more striking in its merits than in the reflections and comments which lie, like the illuminated high points of an airway, along the course of the book. Speaking most frequently of writing, of the writer's function, point of view, position, he has the wit to throw off searching epigrams, the courage, when required, to utter platitudes and, it must be added, the human fallibility to propound dogmas susceptible of contradiction even by himself. If at one moment he betrays the craftsman's slightly pedantic apprehensiveness of forces stronger than his predetermined plans, at another he recognizes that created character, after all, rather than scheme, is the touchstone of the writer's art. "But I was a little afraid of Augustin de Rojas," he says. "When a writer falls into the hands of so vivid a personality as this, he can never be sure he will not be led along paths he has no wish to tread. A fellow of this sort can very well take things into his own control and give occasion to a book quite different from that which the author had proposed to write." Ah, yes, we tell ourselves, that is just the sort of *contre-temps* which Mr. Pickwick visited on Dickens, and Don Quixote on Cervantes. And then, sure enough, we find Maugham saying, "If you chance to create a type he will go marching down the ages to the end of time. You gave him life and he holds you forever in the remembrances of men. It is the best fortune that can ever

happen to an author. Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and Don Juan Tenorio are all three immortal."

These excursions of his into questions of writing are but part of the essential theme of the book, an intensely interesting part to any who like to take either their writing or their reading with the most sharp and savory sort of insight and reflection—in searching for them again, as well as for numberless other memorable passages, scattered as they are throughout the book, I was moved to regret that there was no table of contents in the 19th Century manner: "Chapter VI. George Borrow on Spanish—a young man in Grenada—the Spanish idiom—anecdote of King Louis XIV—the professional writer and the amateur—the first of the poor grandees."

But, if we except the most esoteric and futile circles, it is impossible to discuss writing without discussing man's life and his posture toward the universe. It is here that Maugham reaches the heart of what must have moved him to write *Don Fernando*. It is here that what he says so simply and so well is most universal, if most inconclusive, and to that degree most strikingly a symbol of the age.

Denouncing at one point the Whistler-Wilde art for art's sake fallacy, from which he had long since recanted, he points out that its theory was that the object of a work of art was to arouse the aesthetic emotion. But what is emotion, he asks, that results in nothing? The value of emotion is in its effects. Santa Theresa insisted on this over and over again. The ecstasy of union with the Godhead was precious only if it resulted in greater capacity for works. Great works, he concludes, enrich the soul so that it is capable of a nobler and more fruitful activity. Their effects are worthy deeds.

So far Maugham has carried us. We

stand with him now on the brink. What then? What are these worthy deeds? "Should you ask me," he confesses, "I should find it hard to reply. Provisionally at all events, I should be willing enough to accept the maxim of Fray Luis de Leon: 'The beauty of life,' he says, 'is nothing but this, that each should act in conformity with his nature and his business.'" Small wonder that Mr. Maugham's acceptance is provisional; the ills of life, too, are quite as apt to flow from men who insist on acting in conformity with their natures and their businesses. Worthy deeds and the beauty of life are the fruit of men acting in freedom and sustained by belief. To Mr. Maugham faiths of the past seem like blind alleys cut in a primeval jungle. So they may, and so they do to many of us nowadays.

If then, as he says, he has beliefs, not merely envy of beliefs of other days, having traveled so far through the history of his own thoughts and of those days, this was the place for him, not to turn back from the threshold with a casual reference of dismissal, but to state them. Whatever they are, if they are his and deeply held, they would have made the fitting ending to the book.

For as things are, barred by an age of irritable despair from roads to splendor, mankind, throughout most of the world called civilized, seeks solace in denial of the individual spirit in its blood and welcomes mere blind power, surrendering both freedom and belief. Or if, like Mr. Maugham, a few have the manhood to face the temper of the times, no answer seems to come to them; they end by seeking refuge in themselves or in some irrecoverable past as he has in his youth when the world lay before him and behind, close on every hand, lay the days when Spain bred saints and heroes.

The New Fall Fiction

BY FRANCES C. LAMONT ROBBINS

Vein of Iron by Ellen Glasgow (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). Ten or twelve years ago, when there were questions as to what contribution the South would make to the renaissance of American fiction, Ellen Glasgow said: "What the South needs now is blood and irony." She has, herself, given the South its most powerful, because its most intelligent irony; and in her new novel, she offers blood. Followed to its logical conclusion, the hopeless, denigrating attitude toward humanity which characterizes the contemporary school of fiction, would lead to the universal suicide of a race of worms. Miss Glasgow, in *Vein of Iron*, tapping the iron in her own soul, bears witness to man's kinship with God. Her Fincastles came from Scotland to the Valley of Virginia in Indian days, as leaders, pastors, scholars, rebels. Whether they lived by faith in predestination and a Presbyterian God, or by faith in free will and the God within themselves, they lived bravely and well. Circumstances had no final power over them. They bore unquestioning the burden of their own behavior. In *Vein of Iron*, the twentieth-century Fincastles are the indomitable grandmother; the scholarly humanist father, free thinker, then pacifist; the daughter, a modern woman except in her willingness to assume the responsibility for her acts, who lives through war, prosperity, and depression, a balanced, fearless spirit. The Fincastles can no more be broken and cast down than can "God's Mountain" which rises high behind their valley manse. The story, in its setting of contemporary life well understood, depends for interest upon no originality of plot. Its major characters are complemented and set-off by the

secondary ones; the "tidewater" mother, whose sweet fragility endeared her to the stalwart Fincastles, people who lived in remarkable emotional independence and to whom the clinging, delicate woman must have seemed always a child; the young husband, broken on the modern wheel; the background characters who make of Valley town and Tidewater city a microcosmic world. The firm, warm quality of Miss Glasgow's prose has never shown to better advantage than in this fine novel.

A woman of controlled sensibility, who has never needed to take care lest she be romantic, Miss Glasgow has, in *Vein of Iron*, foregone the delights of iron for the joys of a larger sympathy. Where she has sometimes been merely clever, she is, here, wise. She brings to her work that third element, rare in contemporary American fiction, which makes for permanence. In her, creative gift and literary talent, too infrequently found together in our modern novelists, are supplemented by a truly cultivated mind. It is a thing that the pure poet, mouthpiece for emotions and wisdom beyond his own, can do without. But we have few pure poets among our novelists today, and I believe that the emptiness of their minds accounts for the shallowness and lack of resonance in their work. Deep calleth to deep.

Taken as a whole, Ellen Glasgow's work has a truth which goes beyond realism; though she is a realist, she never descends to the realistic. Her highly cultivated intelligence, perfectly aware of the implications of modern life, is not deceived by the current visions, either of a new earth or of a new heaven. Her firm belief in the vein of iron in man holds her interest fast to the

greatest of subjects, the struggle of the individual against Fate.

A faith in the healing and sustaining qualities of the land, a minor theme in Ellen Glasgow's book, is the main theme of *Brothers Three*, by John M. Oskinson (Macmillan, \$2.50), a good, solid novel of an Oklahoma farm. Francis Odell, inspired farmer built on an ancient, perdurable model, settles in Indian Territory in the seventies. His sons, though they become one a storekeeper, one a cattleman, and one the boy who leaves the farm for the city, are drawn back from joys, follies, ambitions and disappointments to the land which bred and made them, and are united, through their love for it, into an enduring family unit. The separate stories of the brothers tied into one whole, like sheaves by a binder, are well developed, timely, and convincing. Mr. Oskinson's narrative style is fluent, if not distinguished for any particular freshness or beauty. His dialogue is natural, his characterizations unusually fine, and he suggests with skill the subtle variations and resemblances of character which one so often sees in the different members of a large, close-knit family. Put "brothers" for "sisters" in Ovid's lines and you have the essence of the Odells — "Their faces are not all alike, nor yet unlike, but such as those of sisters ought to be." Under-Ridge Farm is the farm idealized, perhaps, but the thoroughly human people who lived on it are not idealized at all. Mr. Oskinson is not alone, nowadays, in preaching a return to the land. He is a graphic preacher, and his text is a sound one.



In *Dwell in the Wilderness* by Alvah C. Bessie (Covici-Friede, \$2.50), we have

another family novel, but one built on the now more common theme of the disintegration of the family, its cruelties and lack of understanding. The fashion of looking at the black side of life is no nearer the true mean than the silly old fashion of looking on the bright side, saying wood-pussy for skunk. The Fincastles and the Odells are happily as real as the Morrisises, who begin their sorry family life humbly in a Michigan village of the eighties and end it, so far as the book goes, gaudily, in or near Detroit of the thirties. Mr. Bessie's tendency to caricature what he does not understand destroys the reality of his characters, once he brings them to maturity. As children, the Morris sons and daughters are individual and lifelike. As they grow older they fade into a drab, dim pattern. Eben Morris, the father, is shadowy throughout, and Amelia, the mother, is a puritanical, domineering fool out of some superior funnypaper. Mr. Bessie, carrying his story along for fifty years, uses newspaper headlines and popular songs to suggest the passage of time, a scheme which was effective when new. His work has a sluggish vitality and an earnestness which hint of slow growth and possible ripeness to come.



The West again, this time Texas, is the setting of *The Wind Blew West* by Edwin Lanham (Longmans, Green, \$2.50), a historical novel. Three men, a pious homesteader, a young lawyer looking for the main chance but developing, on the way, a civic conscience, and a French adventurer, are drawn to Rutherford, Texas, by a land-shark's alluring description of a growing town, with work and wealth for all. Texas of the seventies is virgin soil for the historical novelist, rich in color and incident. Mr. Lanham, drawing heavily on histor-

ical records and selecting carefully, has made a good story of the boom town, the railroad that never came, the Indians that came too often, and the men and women who made our frontier history.



Quaint continues to be the word which springs to mind when one thinks of the books of Esther Forbes. Her *Miss Marvel* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50) is a bitter little story of poor human beings who seek in imagination the joys denied them in the flesh — Endymions who dream their lover is the crescent moon. Miss Marvel lived in a New England mill-town and looked down her pretty nose at mill-hands, clerks, and the minister's consumptive son. She lived in Charleston and Cincinnati, and she came back to Wellsboro still looking down her nose, still writing unmailed letters to made-up sweethearts — "Dear You — Dear Unknown Friend — My Best Beloved." Whenever she reached out to touch life her gauche gesture was rebuffed. She became "The Marvel," she became eccentric, she became a poor little old mad-woman, living in a filthy house and dying on a heap of rotting finery. But the lover of her dreams was always waiting just beyond. Back and forth between today and yesterday, in and out between the particular and the general, Miss Forbes' morality play takes its way, subtle and deft, bitter-sweet.



The Wind of Morning by Thomas Cam-bourne (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50) could have been a better novel. In the middle of it, the author had some sort of suspension of perception, and failed to grasp the horns of the dilemma he had created. Hugh Brune, made wealthy by a fortunate scientific discovery, buys an island off the Breton

coast and proceeds to bring up his children according to his doctrine of complete liberty for self-development. Given a hint of abnormality in the relationship of the twin daughters, a visiting lad, and complete lack of normal social contacts, then tragedy is to be expected. Dr. Brune's theory of non-interference leads to the climax of the plot; and the core of the book lies in his question: What price freedom? But Mr. Cam-bourne allows his story to dribble off from that point into a talky anticlimax. Much of the book is written with poetic insight, and there is a rapturous quality to the story of young love which suggests the youthful romance of Lucy and Richard Feverel, with its running accompaniment of Meredithian aphorisms paralleled in modern terms by Hugh Brune's sociological and educational theories.



The Wedge by Herman B. Deutsch (Stokes, \$2.50) is a fascinating, sometimes horrible, but always engrossing resume of the Mexican Revolution from the fall of Diaz to the rise of Carranza as seen through the eyes of the boy, Desiderio Triana, an image-maker's son. From babyhood, Desiderio had planned to be an artist, but he was swept into the current of the revolution while still little enough to be spanked. As a lad he chanced to witness the death by torture of the Gonzales brothers, and was therefore chosen by their family as its instrument of revenge. Desiderio became a follower of Villa's soldiers and learned how infuriated men serve a God of vengeance. Mr. Deutsch builds up a vivid background of the unique Mexican civilization, and his book is drenched with the beauty, romance, and cruelty of that fabulous land.



They Shoot Horses, Don't They? by Horace McCoy (Simon & Schuster, \$2) is a long short story, an incident expanded into a novelette. Fiction, as well as drama, is being influenced by the cinema. The technique of the pictures is being more and more frequently applied to the structure of the novel. In this story of a marathon dance, and the murder that followed it, the hysteria of witless, empty youth is well handled. The chapters are headed with cinema captions, and an effect of tension is successfully created.



There have been several collections of stories and sketches published this month, of which the best is *Life with Father* by Clarence Day (Knopf, \$2). This small book exemplifies the axiom that the whole is greater than its parts, for now that the head of the Day household has been assembled from among the magazines, he appears as a three-dimensional masterpiece, one of the richest and most completely realized figures in American fiction. One writes "fiction" advisedly, for Day, Senior, is the creation of an artist, though the original of the portrait is the artist's father. It is doubtful if a son ever wrote more irreverently of his parent, but these outrageously funny anecdotes well up from warm depths of affection and a respect too complete and genuine to fear truth. As the author says, if there had been a trace of meanness in Father, he would not have been so noisy. He emerges triumphantly as a blustering, hot-tempered, honorable, and gallant gentleman.



In *Feliciano* (Scribners, \$2.50), Stark Young, presenting sketches of the old South, then and now, adds further details to the picture of Southern culture which he

is making. These sketches, footnotes to *So Red the Rose*, are precious not only for their exquisite beauty and sharp fragrance but for the valuable moral lesson which they have for modern America. There is a saying of Confucius which begins, "When courtesy and music fail," and runs down the steps of man's descent from order to chaos. Mr. Young's record of the South calls that saying, and all that it implies, to mind.



All the Young Men by Oliver La Farge (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50) is a collection of stories of Southwestern sheepherding Indians. Mr. La Farge is sentimental about his chosen heroes, and his sense of humor has gone visiting. He plays off his Indians, to their infinite advantage, against Taos art-colonists, wealthy sensation-seeking females, and pot-bellied Nordic egoists. The tales are rich in local color.



Frances Marion's *Valley People* (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2) are stories of rural life in California. Though they are written by a widely-known writer of scenarios they contain no trace of those qualities which we habitually sum up as Hollywood. Sincere in treatment, thoroughly human in conception, the stories reveal the poignant tragedies and sinister undercurrents which often lie beneath the placid surface of farm life.



Josephine Johnson's *Winter Orchard* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50) gathers into a volume, which probably owes its publication to the publicity attendant on Miss Johnson's Pulitzer prize, a group of poetic vignettes of American country life. I did not read *Now in November*, and it is hard to

find prize material in these sketches. Miss Johnson's knowledge of the minutiae of country life is remarkable and she is highly sensitive. But this work is the untrammelled self-expression of a young person intoxicated to the point of incoherence by her sensuous delight in sounds, sights, smells, feelings, and not the product of a finished, selective artist in prose.



The Voice of Bugle Ann by MacKinlay Kantor (Coward, McCann, \$1.25) is a longish short story published as a novel. It is a good tale of men and dogs in the Missouri hills, marked by several excellent characterizations and plenty of suspense.



This month brought me six English novels. *Honour Come Back* by Naomi Jacob (Macmillan, \$2.50) is an excellent and absorbing character novel. Honour did not come back to young Michael Benham, but balance and rest from his egomania, did come to him. Obsessed, unbalanced by his sensitivity to pain in others, his horror of having to see living creatures suffer, Michael hugged fear to his bosom as his dearest possession. After a wretched childhood passed mostly in enduring and fleeing the lashing tongue of his martinet father, Michael, for fear of fear, went to war. Just before the armistice, he deserted, driven to decisive action at long last. He then fell into a kind of walking stupor from which he was finally aroused by the catharsis of confession to a wise priest, after which he was able to settle into a comfortable peasant's life in Italy. The denouement of the story is a little too easy to be satisfying.



In *Time's Door* (Macmillan, \$2.50), Esther Meynell has music for her hero, the

hardest kind of propagandist to handle. It is written by a scholar, whose musical and historical background is ample, and who has considerable literary talent, but no gift for fiction. Young Giovanni, pupil of Paganini and collateral descendant of a pupil of Bach's, opens Time's door, and slips back and forth tenuously between the major key of his life as a virtuoso in early nineteenth century Rome and Leipsic, and the minor of his vision life as his own uncle, pupil-inmate of Bach's own house, timid lover of Bach's daughter. Scholarship, love and understanding of music and musicians, and many fine scenes make an interesting, often touching book, but not a good novel.



Fly Now, Falcon by Pamela Frankau (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50) and *Double Turn* by Audrey Lucas (Dutton, \$2) are novels by the daughters of writers, and both deal with mileus which their authors know. *Fly Now, Falcon* is a thoughtful and penetrating story of literary London, unfortunately cluttered up with too many subordinate characters. *Double Turn* is a sympathetic tale of a player's vicissitudes on the London vaudeville stage. These books are refreshingly free from the exaggeration and sensational eroticism which so often characterize stories of the artistic world.



Land Under England by Joseph O'Neill (Simon & Schuster, \$2) is the best satirical fantasy I have read since the *Time Machine*. Anthony Julian, of the Julians of Hadrian's Wall, seeking his lost father, finds his way down into a land under England where live descendants of the Romans who, when the legions were withdrawn, one by one fled underground to escape the Saxon onslaught. In their dreadful country,

reached after wild adventures, Julian finds the Roman state grown to its awful perfection, a world of mindless, senseless robots, governed by the willpower of their leader, united by fear into a featureless mass. How Julian fought against the hypnosis of fear, how he found his father, and what came of their meeting is the story. This is, of course, a he-who-runs-may-read satire on the fascist or communist state in which the state becomes a Moloch-entity, and man exists for the state and not the state for man. Its effect is harrowing to a degree. One comes out of the book as Julian came out of the depths, gasping, glad to be alive in a lovely, untidy world of blundering individualists, where apples sometimes grow wild, and men make heroic mistakes, and we suffer fools, gladly.



The New Poetry

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

THERE are, say, ten important, twenty interesting, and seventy-five readable poets plying their none too profitable trade in America today. And there are between four hundred thousand and a million versifiers feverishly waiting to be hailed, discovered, printed, and otherwise presented to the public between the relative permanence of cloth covers. Does this seem too fantastic a figure? According to an inquiry made with the help of the *Publishers' Weekly*, it was ascertained that, in the last twenty-five years, some four thousand American writers had published volumes of recognizable and, presumably, original verse. Deduction and simple arithmetic guide us to the larger figures. For every poet fortunate enough to face posterity with a book there are certainly ten

poets — the number is probably nearer fifty — who have seen their lines attain the impressiveness of print in monthly magazines, weekly organs of opinion, poetry journals, trade papers, and newspaper columns without ever achieving their names on the back of a bound volume. Forty to a hundred thousand poets, then, practicing their craft with varying success and consistently little reward. But the relentless progress of mathematics will not let us stop. For every poet who has, somehow, persuaded a suspicious editor to exhibit the delicate offspring of his fancy, there are again ten (or fifty) poets who have discovered that Spring is beautiful and that Love is wonderful, who have chewed innumerable pencils, crumpled countless sheets of innocent white paper — *Papier ist geduldig* — cursed the inadequacy of the Rhyming Dictionary, and have managed to get their lines to fit without ever, alas, seeing their brain-children appear in public. These are, in all likelihood, the unhappiest half million to one million people in America, for it is obvious that at least one in every hundred persons has found out the affinity between “love” and “heaven above,” and is agog with his discovery. But they are not the most exploited. The most sought after, the most deceived, and generally the most preyed upon are the more articulate — and more ascertainable — forty to a hundred thousand whose names can be found in the smaller poetry magazines, those incubators of the not quite competent and altogether inconspicuous.

It is in these little poetry magazines that the not too gifted find an audience — if only an audience of themselves — and it is here that the not too fastidious publisher finds his willing victim. In the fifteen years since 1920, more than one hundred magazines devoted themselves exclusively to the publication of verse, about forty-

five of them surviving in 1935. No historian of the period can afford to neglect the veteran *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, consistently well-edited since 1912, the experimental quarterlies *Smoke* and *Alcestis*, the more popular *The Measure*, *The Fugitive*, *Voices*, *The Lyric*, *The American Poetry Journal*, all the way down to such strange ephemera as *Silhouette*, *Decimal*, *Embryo*, *Skyline*, *Fantasy*, *Parnassus*, *Driftwind*, *Spirit*, *Star-Dust*, *Troubador*, *Kaleidoscope*, *The Rebel Poet*, to say nothing of the countless undergraduate publications.

Mrs. Homozelle Gaw McJones, let us say, has appeared in one or more of the lesser poetry periodicals. Now if Mrs. McJones has five hundred dollars, it is a safe bet that one of seven publishers will issue the book within a few months of the first follow-up letter. But if Mrs. McJones has only two hundred and forty dollars, she still interests the publisher who specializes in obscure, incompetent, but not wholly impoverished poets. Publisher X will not print an entire book for her; but he will find several others of her kind who have at least one hundred dollars in common, and he will pack the unaffiliated group together under such a title as *A Poetry Recital*, or *A Quintet of Singers*, or *Songs by Seven*, or something equally inspired. Even if Mrs. McJones can wheedle no more than twenty-five dollars from her husband she need not despair. One ingenious publisher is issuing an anthology for each state of the Union: in these even the humblest and least affluent poetaster can be represented (for a small consideration), and when the field has been thoroughly mowed the publisher can start reaping again with *The Second Book of Wisconsin Verse*, *The Third Book of Minnesota Poets*, or *Singers of South Dakota — Series Four*.

Mrs. McJones may even find herself in the imposing (on the cover) looking *Principal Poets of the World*, unselfishly (in a manner of speaking) issued by The Mitre Press, London, England, which, among its "first" five hundred poets, includes perhaps five of whom anyone has heard and four hundred and ninety-five like Mary Leedy Flanigan ("Fate took her to town and in higher society she became gross — one of them — but she hopes to slough it off in time and attain her angelhood again in the simplicities born to her in the rude hut — before she knew that men leaned from virtue"), Agnes Harriet Kearnan ("Her rambles in quest of wildflowers, wattle-gum, cranberries, yams, etc., are still dear to her memory"), Schuyler R. Myers ("Spent his early years in the simple but wholesome surroundings of rural life, where Nature displayed no scenes of grandeur except the sky, but supplied liberally the luring charms of bird and flower"), Ella Marie (Miss) Powers ("She was among the first to write school programmes for the observance of Flag Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Memorial Day, and other events. . . . Few women have attempted such exhaustive work. Her motto has always been 'Accomplish something'"), Susan Myra Gregory ("of the true lineage of Sappho"), Katherine Hale Garvin ("her verse, marked always by a perfect craftsmanship, and by music and color, displays vivid imagination, keenness, subtlety, and dramatic characterization"), Lorna Collard ("took up the study of the harp and wrote poems, articles, plays; etc.") Margie Callander-Rule ("fired to ambition by winning a watch in a literary competition at fourteen. . . . Since then has been a prolific writer, but can only write on inspiration which then requires no re-writing"), Edith L. Tyndale Anderson Sloss ("a fusing of the best

blood in America of English descent"), Pearle Moore Stevens (born at Desdemonia, Texas. "I have tried to see beauty everywhere"), Mary Hovey ("She hopes she may live and write as the violet blooms, not for popularity, nor for money, but for beauty"), Louis M. Eilshemius ("His magic execution in painting and in literary composition places him at the head of all marvels of all the ages"), Marion Franklin Ham, Estelle Butt Duke, Daniel Garnett Bickers, and four hundred and eighty other "principal" poets.

Eight of their volumes are before me, eight newly-published books crowded with every conceivable error in taste and technique, with banality piled on platitude, with a reliance on an outworn rhetoric —

an unconscious encyclopedia of clichés. One of the jackets is typically grandiloquent: it informs the reader "this reflects alike the colorful panorama of autumn and an implicit sensing of inescapable sequences." Another begins: "To the immemorial end of the lifted voice and the lyric word, Bertha Williams brings a talent as unassailable as the stars and beautiful as sunshine!" A third, nonchalantly mixing its metaphors, declares "With eyes ahead and a firm grasp upon her material Mrs. Smith beats an illustrious path. . . . She should be remembered long for her clarity, her sureness, and the stout red heart which is rhythmic."

As someone (probably Barnum himself) said, Barnum was right.



Briefer Mention

BIOGRAPHY

MEMOIRS OF COUNT APPONYI.

The Macmillan Company

\$2.50

5½ x 8½; 326 pp.

New York

This volume of personal reminiscences is made up of notes which, according to Count Apponyi, were "gathered without premeditation or design, exactly as they occurred to me from the abundance of my memories." Briefly, it is the story of a cultivated Hungarian aristocrat who, although an ardent lover of spiritual things, dedicated his life to practical tasks. Born in 1846 and educated at the University of Vienna, Count Apponyi cultivated music as an avocation and won the friendship of both Liszt and Wagner, into whose select circles he was admitted. In 1872 he entered Parliament as a representative of the Hungarian Nationalists, and remained there for over fifty years — an uncompromising spokesman for Hungarian independence. There are chapters devoted to the author's impressions of Egypt, Italy, and Amer-

ica, intimate accounts of his musical friendships, and interesting sidelights on the peace conference at Versailles. Count Apponyi died in 1934. Throughout his long and profitable life he moved easily and gracefully with the times, having foreseen in youth the radical changes which were realized in his declining years. Except for occasional petty details and a few tedious platitudes, his story is an engaging one. There are illustrations.



THE PEOPLE'S KING.

By John Buchan

Houghton, Mifflin Company

\$2.75

5¼ x 8; 289 pp.

Boston

Added to the many tributes paid recently to George V of England in honor of his Silver Jubilee is this book by the Lord High Commissioner for Scotland. Starting with the year 1910, the author gives us a short, concise resume of his country's political, eco-

monic and social aspects. He goes on to explain how, in an age when crowns have almost universally proved unstable emblems of a glorious past, the English royal family has flourished; much of its power he attributes to the combination of democratic ideals with the pomp and dignity always beloved by the British. A well-written book, factual and clear.



PRINCE CHARLIE AND HIS LADIES.

By *Compton Mackenzie.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$3 6½ x 8½; 289 pp. *New York*

Compton Mackenzie sets out to whitewash the character of Prince Charles Edward, who, like all the Stuarts, has been maligned by biased historians of the 18th and 19th centuries; but the figure of the romantic Prince, smothered in the minutiae of quarrels and intrigues, fails to come to life. The ladies fare a little better; there are interesting pages on Anne Mackintosh and the romantic Flora Macdonald, as well as a carefully destructive analysis of the character of Charles' wife, Louise of Stolberg. A certain amount of Scottish exaggeration salts the book, with many pot shots at the Sassenach English. Mackenzie's Jacobite partisanship has a fervor that is oddly anachronistic. There is an index.



THE SEA IS MY WORKSHOP:

Memoirs Of A Life Guard.
By *Frank E. Walton, Jr.* *Dutton and Company*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 240 pp. *New York*

In the language of a hard-boiled newspaper reporter, Mr. Walton records some of the more dramatic moments in his career as a life guard, and also describes the nature of the preparation and training required of all candidates for this profession. In a very few words he disproves the popular belief that most of a life guard's time is spent in pursuit of the opposite sex—although he admits that the intention is always to please. "If a girl wants only beach companionship, he gives her just that." But "if she wants anything else, he can give her that too." Although Mr. Walton spoils many of his best descriptions by over-dramatizing them, others stand out as crisp and vital bits of reporting; on the whole, a fresh, engaging and virile book.

ASYLUM.

By *William Seabrook.* *Harcourt, Brace*
\$2 5½ x 8¼; 263 pp. *New York*

When friends persuaded him to take a cure for acute alcoholism, Mr. Seabrook allowed himself to be shut up for seven months in an asylum. It was his belief that there alone could he find the necessary rest to effect recovery. But, although in the end the cure was a success, rest and recovery were the things he did not find. Arriving at the asylum "drunk as a Bandusian goat," he was put at once through the machinery of the institution, and instead of a "nice quiet cell" he was plunged headlong into a society of lunatics. In crisp, journalistic style, flavored with racy wit and studied profanity, Mr. Seabrook describes his curious companions.

LAW

LAW AND THE LAWYERS.

By *Edward S. Robinson.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¼; 347 pp. *New York*

Professor Robinson is Professor of Psychology at Yale, and a lecturer in the Yale Law School. For several years he and Professor Thurman W. Arnold of the law school have conducted a seminar on the judicial institution, which has attracted considerable attention in the field of legal education. In this book he attempts to survey the science of jurisprudence from the detached viewpoint of a psychologist. The result is revealing and in many ways exciting. The trained lawyer, whose education is based upon veneration for precedent and tradition, is likely to accept unquestioningly much that is strange to the layman. Professor Robinson takes nothing for granted, but tests the validity of legal thought by the application of recognized scientific principles. His study of the judicial process is revealing. This book should be of great service to the intelligent lawyer and invaluable to the conscientious judge.



CIVILIZATION AND THE GROWTH OF LAW.

By *William A. Robson.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¼; 354 pp. *New York*

"The object of this book," the author says in his foreword, "is to depict the interactions between people's ideas about the universe on the one hand and the laws and government of

mankind on the other. I have endeavored to show how legal and political institutions have been influenced by magic, superstition, religion and science; and how these great forces have in turn been influenced by the law." Mr. Robson has achieved his purpose in a fascinating and readable fashion. Since the pioneer studies of Sir Henry Maine, anthropology and sociology have done much to dispel some of the confusion and mysticism surrounding legal institutions. Many of the earlier conceptions have been revised in the light of later knowledge. The present volume adds nothing in the way of original research, but it presents vividly a contemporary survey. The author is a barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn and reader in administrative law at the University of London. The book, he tells us, is a labor of love. The enjoyment that he derived from writing it will be shared by the reader.

LAW AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES.

By *Huntington Cairns.* *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*
\$4 8¼ x 5½; 279 pp. *New York*

Mr. Cairns presents in concise form the contributions that can be made by the social sciences to legal thinking. In separate chapters the author discusses the relation of anthropology, economics, sociology, psychology, and political theory to jurisprudence. Mr. Cairns, who is a literary advisor to the United States Treasury, has evidently read a lot, and his text is fortified by copious footnotes. Students of the science of law have for years felt the need for a closer and more conscious coordination of law with social science. This book should serve as a useful guide.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE NAZI DICTATORSHIP.

By *Frederick L. Schuman, Ph.D.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$3 5¼ x 8¼; 525 pp. *New York*

Dr. Schuman has written a history and interpretation of Hitlerism with vividness, and with a scholarly detachment that is particularly commendable in view of the provocative nature of the subject. And because of this very restraint in presentation it is all the more damning. The book traces the beginnings and growth of Nazism from Hitler's discharge from the army up to the end of last year. There are concise biographies and word pictures of the principal

characters that are necessary to an intelligent understanding of this most amazing phenomenon of modern times. Dr. Schuman's history will long remain an authoritative work on the subject. He has fortified his narrative with copious references and authorities that leave no doubt as to the authenticity of his statements.



THE ROMANCE OF MOUNTAINEERING.

By *R. L. G. Irving.* *E. P. Dutton*
\$5 6¼ x 9¼; 320 pp. *New York*

According to the publishers, this is the first book of its kind ever written in English. It is a thorough history of mountaineering from early times down to the present, written by an experienced climber with a long list of conquests to his credit. Mr. Irving describes in colorful detail the great peaks, methods of ascent, scientific aids, and the necessary precautions which must be taken by the uninitiated. Forty-one collotype reproductions from photographs of celebrated mountains add considerably to the fascination of the text, and the author's numerous philosophical asides give it additional value as substantial literature. "If there is reality," he concludes, "in the beauty of form, of colour, and of action that attracts us, in the truth which we climb to find and do slowly seem to find, and in the generosity which that dawning truth reveals, then we must be glad to find confirmation of our belief that mountains are indeed a true guide to these things." Whether read for information or mere entertainment, one will not fail to be impressed with the excellence of this book.



THE STORY OF RADIO.

By *Orrin E. Dunlap.* *The Dial Press*
\$2.75 5½ x 8½; 326 pp. *New York*

Mr. Dunlap, who is radio editor of the *New York Times*, published this book originally in 1927. He now brings it up to date by revising several of the earlier chapters and adding new material on the subject of television. The book explains the Hertzian waves, the short-wave spectrum, ultra-short waves, and various other technical matters about which the layman knows little. It discusses the early developments of radio transmission, describes the nature of the more recent improvements in apparatus, and closes with a few remarks on the problem of proposed government taxation. By presenting

the story in the form of an autobiography, with radio telling the history of its own career in the first person, Mr. Dunlap sacrifices much of the scholarly dignity which so thorough a book might otherwise have possessed. There are thirty-two illustrations and an index.



LIBERTY TO-DAY.

By C. E. M. Joad. E. P. Dutton and Company
\$1.50 5¼ x 7½; 216 pp. New York

The perils that threaten liberty are analyzed by the British philosopher, Mr. C. E. M. Joad, in a short book which does not contain anything new, but which does re-apply some ancient truths and sum up a good many scattered facts of which the world's few remaining free-men need to be advised. Liberty, he believes, is gradually disappearing throughout the civilized world. It is inseparable from democracy, "the only form of government that has been able to tolerate liberty in the past." And democracy, as everybody knows, has of late been taking a beating. Mr. Joad does not, however, abandon hope. Such liberty as still remains can be saved by promoting economic security, speeding up parliamentary procedure, and working out a sounder educational program, so that democracy can really function. The book has no index, a surprising omission for one whom his publishers bill as "one of England's best-known philosophical writers."



PRINCIPLES OF GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY.

By Kurt Koffka. Harcourt, Brace and Company
\$6 5¾ x 8¼; 720 pp. New York

The Gestalt theory, according to Professor Koffka, arose originally out of the dilemma of German psychology, which had no place for concepts of meaning and value, and which was therefore inadequate. In this book the principles of the theory are defined by the author, who is one of the leading authorities on the new psychology. Its fundamental purpose, he explains, is to help integrate the complexity of facts discovered by experimental work, and also to connect psychology with other sciences and with human life. A Gestalt is a product of organization. "To say that a process, or the product of a process, is a Gestalt means that it cannot be explained by mere chaos, the mere blind combination of essentially

unconnected causes; but that its essence is the reason of its existence." Positivism, therefore, is the Gestalt psychologist's most formidable enemy. Professor Koffka's book is comprehensive and solid; but somehow his arguments are not altogether convincing.



FACTORY FAMILY AND WOMAN IN THE SOVIET UNION.

By Susan Kingsbury and Mildred Fairchild. Putnam
\$3.50 5¾ x 8¼; 334 pp. New York

Two Bryn Mawr professors of social economy went to Russia to see how the Soviet treated its women. The report is a bulky volume, which sticks to the facts and avoids argument so far as possible. On the whole, the authors seem, in a judicial sort of way, friendly to the Russian experiment. They think that "equality between men and women and the sharing of responsibility for children, under state or government supervision, have given new life to age-old personal relationships," and are inclined to believe that this new social order has both stability and strength. The end papers have an interesting map of an ideal socialist city.



THE RUSSIAN JOURNAL.

By Lewis Carroll. Dutton and Company
\$3 5½ x 8¼; 208 pp. New York

Mr. John Francis McDermott, who compiled the present volume of Carrolliana, is also the editor of *The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll*. The *raison d'être* for this book is that most of the material included is either out of print or not accessible to the public. The selections are arranged in chronological order and are mostly prose: *Early Pieces*—from a family magazine that Carroll wrote for the amusement of his brothers and sisters; *The Journal of a Tour of Russia*—a long, dull record which is almost unknown, and is important only because it is a diary of the author's only foreign travel; an essay on the stage version of *Alice*; and selections from *Sylvie and Bruno*—Carroll's only extended attempt to emulate his masterpiece. Also there are several other minor papers. Only in the selections from *Sylvie and Bruno* does one find the marked characteristics—the satirical overtones, the nonsense, the curious logic—which make *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* immortal masterpieces.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

RANDOLPH BARTLETT, newspaperman, writer, and foreign correspondent, is at present a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*. He has previously contributed to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, and is at present engaged in documenting the true story of Calvin Coolidge and the Boston police strike, which will appear in these pages shortly.

SALLY BENSON was born in St. Louis, and is now living in rural Connecticut, from which retreat she contributes more or less regularly to literary magazines. *The Overcoat*, a story by Mrs. Benson which appeared in the November, 1934, issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, was included in Edward J. O'Brien's *The Best Short Stories 1935*. Her first novel, *Emily*, will be published by Covici-Friede in November.

SILAS BENT has been a newspaperman, dramatic critic, lecturer, and professor of journalism. Now a resident of Old Greenwich, Connecticut, he is well known as the author of *Ballyhoo — The Voice of the Press*, and *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, a Biography*.

JAMES BOYD is the author of *Drums, Marching On, Long Hunt*, and, more recently, *Roll River*. His home is in Southern Pines, North Carolina.

JAMES M. CAIN, formerly a newspaperman and editorial writer, is at present in Hollywood, where he divides his time between literary and film pursuits. He is the author of the much-discussed *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and has long been a regular contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

CONSTANCE CASSADY was born in Pittsburgh in 1903, was educated in New York City, and has lived in and near Chicago ever since. She has written two children's books, and a novel, *Even in Laughter*, published last spring.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is the well-known American poet and writer, whose home

is in Aurora, New York. His recent volumes of verse include *The Yoke of Thunder*, and *Ballads of Square-Told Americans*.

HASSOLDT DAVIS, a native of Boston, has spent most of his time abroad since leaving Harvard. In 1929 he went to the South Seas, where he met André Roosevelt, producer of the film *Goonah Goona*, and for several years was associated with him in the capacity of scenario writer. Mr. Davis' latest book, *Magic Under Monoi*, will be published shortly.

J. J. DE BARY, a resident of New York City, is an engineer by profession and a writer by choice. During the World War, he served with the Royal Air Force on the Western front. An extensive traveler abroad, he has written many articles on current scientific affairs for newspaper syndicates and magazines.

JEROME W. EPHRAIM, a resident of New York, is an authority on consumers and their purchasing habits, maintaining a manufacturing and technical service for subscribers. He is a constant contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. Other articles by Mr. Ephraim will appear in forthcoming issues.

WILLIAM FAULKNER, the Southern novelist who occupies a high place in contemporary American letters, has been a recent contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, his last story, *That Will Be Fine*, having appeared in the July issue. Among his distinguished books are *Pylon*, published last spring, *The Sound and the Fury*, *Light in August*, and *Sanctuary*. Mr. Faulkner's home and workshop is in Oxford, Mississippi.

M. W. FODOR has been for the last sixteen years the correspondent for *The Manchester Guardian* in Vienna and the Balkans. During the past year he has contributed several articles to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

ROBERT FROST, the author and poet, is a native of San Francisco, and now lives in Massachusetts, where he is a professor of English at Amherst College. In 1924 and 1930, he won the Pulitzer prize for poetry. His volumes of verse include *New Hampshire*, *Collected Poems*, and *A Lone Striker*.



PERCY HAMMOND, the distinguished drama critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, will contribute articles on the current theater to THE AMERICAN MERCURY from time to time.



JOHN HOLMES is 31 years old, a native of Somerville, Massachusetts, and a member of the English Department at Tufts College. He also occupies the positions of associate editor of the *American Poetry Journal*, and secretary of The New England Poetry Club.



FRANK R. KENT is the militant, outspoken political writer of the Maryland Free State, where his daily column on national affairs appears in the Baltimore *Sun*. He is the author of *The Great Game of Politics*, *History of the Democratic Party*, and *Political Behavior*, in addition to being the owner and editor of *The Maryland Almanac*.



W. F. KERNAN, a captain in the Regular Army, was educated at Tulane and Harvard. Following the World War, he served with the Inter-Allied Railway Commission and the American Relief Administration. In addition to contributing military articles to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, he is the translator of Marshal Foch's

Conduct of War. Capt. Kernan is now stationed at Madison Barracks, New York.



CHARLES MORGAN was born in Kent, England, in 1894, and was trained as an officer in the Royal Navy. In 1919 he was graduated from Oxford with honors in modern history. Mr. Morgan has been dramatic critic of the London *Times* since 1926. He is the author of *My Name Is Legion*, *Portrait in a Mirror*, and the best-seller, *The Fountain*, the latter winning for him the Hawthornden Prize in 1933. His forthcoming book, *Epitaph on George Moore*, from which the article in this issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is taken, will be published this fall by Macmillan.



ROSS EDWARDS PIERCE, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a young American poet whose verse has recently appeared in a number of magazines.



LAURENCE STALLINGS, the literary editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, is at present in Ethiopia, reporting for the press the imperialistic adventures of Il Duce. He will resume his reviews for THE LIBRARY upon his return to this country.



ANTHONY M. TURANO was born in Italy in 1894. His family emigrated to Colorado six years later. After a youthful but venturesome career, Mr. Turano was admitted to the Nevada bar in 1915 at the age of twenty-one, and has since devoted his time to legal practice in Reno.





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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page vii)

mind, this time in its relation to "supernatural influences," and attempts to show that "in the ever emotional idea of the unseen powers, as primitives conceive them, the predominating feature is not their characteristics, but the fear they inspire, and the necessity for protection against them." Primitives do not believe; they fear. This truth is patent in every aspect of their lives—their ceremonies and dances, their attitude toward dead ancestors, and their codes of morals. The indefinite nature of their supernatural conceptions invariably adds to the emotions which they evoke. The author presents some very interesting facts about omens, talismans, witchcraft, incest, defilement and purification, and other essential aspects of primitive culture. There is an index.



THE MEDICINE-MAN OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

By William Thomas Corlett. Charles C. Thomas
\$5 6¼ x 9½; 269 pp. Baltimore

In this book Dr. Corlett, the dermatologist, approaches the primitive cultures of the American Indian from a fresh standpoint, and brings to light the findings of ten years' study which carried him over two continents. His discussion of Indian diseases and the curious medicine-men in whose hands lay the treatment is presented in a simple, digestible style. Today, with the rapid decline of his race, the Indian, says Dr. Corlett, "looks with calm stoicism, knowing that the end must come, that the drum-beat will grow more and more muffled, that the joyous corn dance will no longer arouse his people, nor the buffalo hunt be more than a tradition of his tribe." There are excellent illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.



GENETICS.

By H. S. Jennings. W. W. Norton
\$4. 6¼ x 9½; 373 pp. New York

Dr. Jennings is Professor of Zoology and Director of the Zoological Laboratory at the Johns Hopkins University; he is one of the outstanding pioneers in the field of genetics. In this book he outlines the fundamentals of this American-born science for the benefit, supposedly, of

the general reader, avoiding as much as possible purely technical considerations. Separate chapters are devoted to the genetic system as exemplified by its relation to sex; the relation of the genetic system to characteristics; the constitution of the chromosomes; the rules and ratios of inheritance; genetic variations; and the genetic system as a whole. Despite the author's avowed precautions, the book will prove too specialized for the average reader. There are illustrations and an index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE MAGNATE.

By Hermann Hagedorn. Reynal and Hitchcock
\$3 5½ x 8¼; 343 pp. New York

William Boyce Thompson, the subject of this biography, was born in Alder Gulch, Nevada, in 1869. He began his career as a mining promoter in Butte, but soon came east to New York to gamble on the stock exchanges—a move which netted him millions and won him a place in the hearts of the Republican capitalists of the day, who nevertheless succeeded in using him to their best advantage on many occasions. At the time of the World War, he went abroad to study the Russian Revolution, and returned to America filled with the Soviet dream, although he found few sympathetic enthusiasts among his countrymen. It is not so much what he *did*, however, as what he *was* that makes him a figure of interest to historians. "He was the strangest combination imaginable of go-getter and philosopher, gambler and philanthropist, realist and dreamer," writes Mr. Hagedorn. "At heart he was an artist, but in mind he was always the detached scientist." Thompson died, paralyzed, in 1930. This is easily the most satisfactory study of the man that has ever been made.



R. D. B.'S PROCESSION.

By Ralph D. Blumenfeld. Macmillan Company
\$2.50 6 x 8¾; 285 pp. New York

Mr. Blumenfeld, an American by birth, has served for thirty years as editor of *The London Daily Express*. During this period he has had

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page x)

opportunity to meet many interesting people, and in this book he records his impressions of the most famous among them, including Tennyson, Bernhardt, Hardy, Lawrence of Arabia, Pavlova, Gladstone, Clemenceau, Whistler, Mark Twain and some forty others. The sketches are slight and unimportant, although delightful both in presentation and content. At the end of the book there is a section entitled "A Box of Old Letters", in which are included bits of correspondence received from distinguished figures in many walks of life. Mr. Blumenfeld has a casual, journalistic style, an ingratiating wit, and a shrewd insight into human personalities.



THOMAS MORE.

By R. W. Chambers. *Harcourt, Brace*
\$3.75 5¼ x 8¼; 416 pp. *New York*

This appreciative study of Thomas More, by one of England's foremost philologists, is an attempt to establish the great sixteenth-century statesman and author as the most civil of martyrs, and — despite the allegations of his critics — the most consistent of thinkers. Although Professor Chambers' integrity as a scholar cannot be laid open to question, one is inclined to feel that, in dealing with the personal character of his subject, he has over-indulged his penchant for eulogy: particularly in the comparison with Socrates and St. Francis. Nevertheless he has produced, on the whole, a sound and vital piece of work, perhaps rather too pro-Catholic in its point-of-view, but reasonably accurate and stylistically distinguished. There is an introductory chapter on source material; also an index.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE NEW DEAL AND FOREIGN TRADE.

By Alonzo E. Taylor. *The Macmillan Company*
\$3 6 x 9; 301 pp. *New York*

Using Secretary Wallace's *The World Must Choose* as his text, Dr. Taylor launches forth in a vigorous attack upon the New Deal's policy in international trade. The much-discussed "planned middle course" between international

ism and nationalism, which Wallace has advocated, will never, according to this critic, lead America out of the depression. If we insist on reform we may fail in recovery: "Secretary Wallace is too ambitious; he would socialize simultaneously the agricultures of the United States and of the world. And this would be attempted by trial and error abroad before the method is proved at home." Dr. Taylor believes that, despite new theories and theorists, the world will turn from planned foreign trade to simple rules and lower tariffs. There is an index.



A PHILOSOPHY OF FRIENDSHIP.

By Herbert Martin. *The Dial Press*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 287 pp. *New York*

Convinced that the world order of yesterday is gone, and that new conditions confront us which demand fresh attitudes and new types of treatment, Professor Martin suggests in this book that the solution of present troubles is through educated intelligence rather than traditional political loyalty. "A new leadership," he insists, "scientifically trained to deal with facts objectively, must be developed." And the burden, of course, falls rightfully upon our educational institutions — now in the hands of inefficient professors clinging to curricula which are altogether out of touch with the needs of the times. Youth must be educated in vital problems and changing conditions of current life. The author reveals good sound common sense, and his attack upon our present system of education is eminently sane, and not unjustified. There is an index.



MASKS AND MARIONETTES.

By Joseph Spencer Kennard. *Macmillan Company*
\$3.50 7 x 10¼; 129 pp. *New York*

In this book Dr. Kennard traces the origin and development of the Commedia dell'Arte in Italy. He includes brief but illuminating sketches about some of the more celebrated players and companies, and discusses their frequent difficulties with church and civic authorities. The last section of the book contains in brief outline the history of the marionette and the marionette theater in Italy during the eighteenth century. There are numerous illustrations and an index.

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PIANO VARIATIONS.

By Aaron Copland. Columbia (Nos. 68320-1D)
\$3 3 parts: 2 12-inch records New York

The place of honor on this month's record list goes to Columbia for putting on discs what is unquestionably the most impressive piece of music yet created on this side of the Atlantic, the Copland *Piano Variations*. Whatever one may think of the level represented in that qualification, this is genuinely respectable writing. The particular value of the phonograph for such music is reaffirmed, two-fold, with this recording—for public performances of it, even in New York, have been exceedingly infrequent, nor is it a work that can be assimilated at one hearing. In both respects the recording fulfills a function unique to it. Copland performs his own work in the bitten, vigorous manner which embellishes it so well, and the mechanics of the recording have been achieved with high success. On the fourth side is the *Nocturne* from Copland's *Two Pieces for Violin and Piano*, with the composer and Jacques Gordon as the performers. It is an attractive work, representing a style completely opposed to that of the *Variations* but, nevertheless, very skillfully accomplished.

ROMANZA ANDALUZA.

By Sarasate.

LA RONDE DES LUTINS.

By Bazzini. R. C. A.-Victor (No. 8695)
\$2 2 parts; 1 12-inch record Camden

Although the Sarasate piece is listed as the first side of this coupling, it is *La Ronde des Lutins* (*Dance of the Goblins*) which has the primary interest for the record-collector. A fabulously exact performance of this work was one of the earliest Heifetz records, nearly fifteen years ago. There has been none other to challenge it until this performance by Yehudi Menuhin. One does not get the same impression of ease from the newer record, but for a young man whose greatest triumphs have been with the Beethoven and Brahms concerti, this is an amazing accomplishment. For sheer mastery of the instrument, no record within recent memory has contained so convincing a demonstration. The violin tone has been excellently reproduced. Marcel Gazelle is the accompanist.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

QUARTET IN C (KÖCHEL 465).

By W. A. Mozart. Columbia (Nos. 68312-4D)
\$6 7 parts; 4 12-inch records New York

A much needed new recording of the first of the six great quartets dedicated by Mozart to his contemporary, Haydn, is the particular boon of this month's chamber music, especially in the kind of performance offered by the Gordon String Quartet. Previous recordings have not lacked subtlety, or robustness either, but this version combines both those qualities with technical and mechanical excellences which make it wholly a pleasure to commend to the music lover's attention. A particularly successful balance has been achieved by the engineers in reproducing the quartet, and the string tone is also excellent. As it is presently constituted, the Gordon Quartet shares first rank among native organizations with the Musical Art ensemble. This set displays the group at its best. On the odd side (backing the Menuetto of this quartet) are the Menuetto and Rondo from an early Mozart quartet in G minor, No. 80 in the Köchel catalogue.



ETCHINGS.

By Albert Spalding. R. C. A.-Victor (Nos. 1706-8)
\$4.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records Camden

Albert Spalding is heard as both violinist and composer in this set of pieces, grouped as Opus 5 in his output. They are short, contrasted little pieces, two or three on a ten-inch record with such descriptive titles as *Desert Twilight*, *Books*, *Hurdy-Gurdy*, *Fireflies*, *The Professor*, etc. Each has a definitive character and no little melodic charm, though originality is probably not claimed for them even by Mr. Spalding. They are, however, distinctly not merely "violin pieces", being fabricated with a nice contrapuntal skill and a tasteful, if conservative, harmonic sensitivity. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Spalding performs them *con amore*, with the pianistic assistance of his traditional associate, André Benoist.



OVERTURE — ALPHONSO AND ESTRELLA (Opus 69).

By Franz Schubert. Columbia (No. 68322 D)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record New York

Though this is described on the label as the *Rosamunde* overture (in addition to the title quoted above), it is more desirable to preserve the original designation, as the conventional *Rosamunde* overture is from the work known originally as *Die Zauberharfe*. It is no help that Columbia has labeled this record as *Opus 26*, assigned by Schubert to the *Zauberharfe-Rosamunde* overture. The proper designation for the *Alphonso and Estrella* overture is *Opus 69*. In any case, this has considerably less musical merit than the other *Rosamunde* overture. The performance by Sir Hamilton Harty is finely spirited, and the playing of the Halle Orchestra of Manchester leaves nothing to be desired.

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James Truslow Adams

THE GREATER GALAXY A fascinating picture of the development of our conception of the stellar universe.

George W. Gray

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Howard Lee McBain

The difficulties faced by New Dealers in amending the Constitution without bestowing upon Congress unforeseen and unforeseeable powers.

FEDERAL AID FOR THE CITY The President of Princeton discusses the fine line between cooperation and control and the implications of federal pioneering in low-cost housing.

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INVESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES Of interest and importance to everyone concerned with building, rebuilding or maintaining an estate.

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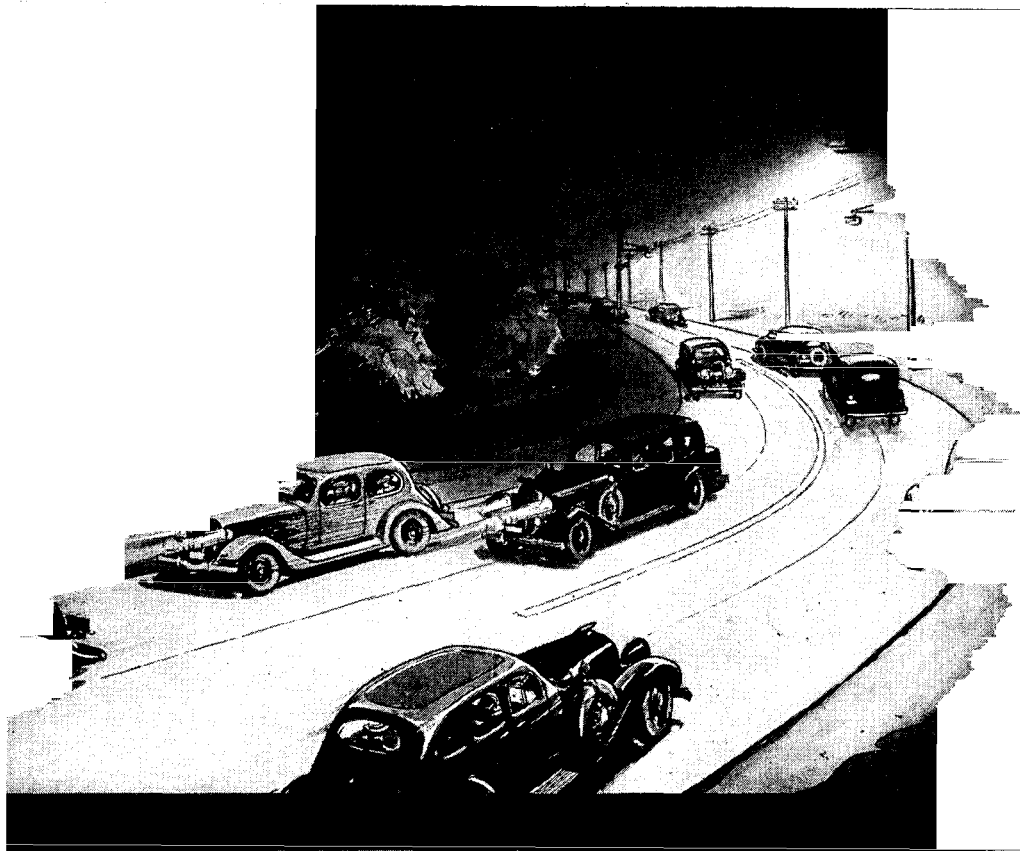
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